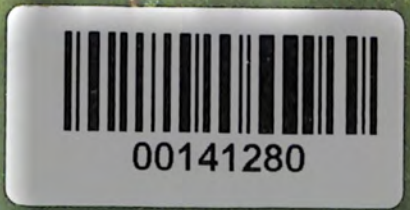
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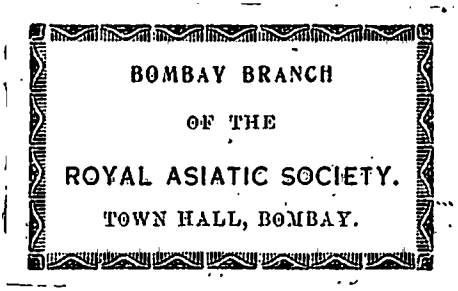

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On Miss Mary Campbell—

By many a strange Neglect diverted
The Muse & I had long been parted
At length by chance we met at last
At eve when every toil was past

The Muse insinuating Maid
Soon set me to my ancient trade
Says She "Since I my Service proffer
'Tis hard that you should spurn the offer
Believe me tho unkind you be
You'll not find every one like me

Thomas Campbell.

1789.

---

8 Victoria Square Pimlico—

11 March 1842

1842

My dear Beattie—

Will you breakfast with me on Tuesday next—as soon after ten as convenient to meet the poets Rogers & Moore

Yours ever truly

Tho^s Campbell—

FAC-SIMILE OF CAMPBELL'S HAND-WRITING.

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

14.280

EDITED BY

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

ONE OF HIS EXECUTORS.

WWA.C.5

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

HIS MARRIED LIFE.

BEING now fairly settled in the metropolis, and seated at his own happy hearth, Campbell viewed all the affairs of life under a new and cheering aspect. His friends had increased in number and influence; his reputation stood high; literary employment was daily offered him on liberal terms; and he could now, by his own testimony, "labour from morning to night without a feeling of wonted languor and depression." His letters of that date are filled with pictures of domestic happiness. He is ready to exclaim with a brother poet—

> "The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
> Life's Paradise, great Princess, the soul's quiet
> Sinews of Concord, earth by immortality."

From a mass of letters written at this interesting period, I select the following:—

TO JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

35, UPPER EATON STREET, PIMLICO, *November* 3, 1803.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I have been in most impatient expectation of meeting you in Scotland, and introducing you to my bride;

but at last—after some attempts to support a husband's authority—I have been obliged to concede this point to the lady, who will not yet consent to go north. I do not now expect to realise my plan of rustication near Edinburgh before February; but in spite of my present delay, I can assure you the old plan is nearer my heart than ever. Now that the public astonishment has a little subsided, and the nation at large grown familiar with the idea of contemplating my unhappy marriage, I picture to myself the precincts of Edinburgh; be sure a cottage—as the best compromise we could make between town and country. Edinburgh—John Richardson and Jemmy Grahame shaking their heads like two mandarins at my fireside! moralising upon the folly of early wedlock!—Mocha Coffee—my wife has been in Geneva and makes it to perfection; she is besides a very mild body, and—except in points of any consequence—would give us our own will to make as much, and talk as much as we liked. Such are the scenes, I trust, not in distant perspective. I cannot tax myself with either misapprehending or changing my opinion of the *summum bonum*. It is precisely what is now before me. I see the book of life opened.—The characters written upon it are—mental employment such as to amount to industry, without swelling to fatigue; a friend to be always with—and a friend to have for ever—although met with only in the gay moments of leisure.——I have a little too much industry, I own, at present; for the constant consciousness of what I have now to answer for, beats an alarm-bell in my heart, when I detect myself indolent—and my hours of writing are now from morning to night.

The worthy being who stands next on my list of blessings, is such, that if I asked my affections upon oath—did they ever find her match? they would say upon oath

—Nay—never!——And now for my friends, John. It was no compliment for a dreary forlorn pilgrim in Germany, to wish for your society—and to think that it would be better than solitude; but it is now a pledge how dear I hold you, when I think how blest—how supremely blest I should be, if I had the sum of God's gifts made complete by having the friend, who wishes me most happiness, to come and see me happy.

Oh, that I had my doors fortified with all the art of Vauban!—with drawbridges and covert ways—and chevaux-de-frize to impale my guzzling gossips, who masticate my sweet seed-cake!—and only one gate to admit my far-off Richardson!—Bless us! we have just a corner at the western end of the rug ready to receive you! We should welcome you, like Adam and Eve sitting down to chat with the facetious Raphael—[Vide Milton, Book vi—vii—your own Edition,* page 194 and 195]—We should chat of * * * and his Turkish affairs, smoking most Turkishly!

Dugald Stewart and his dear spouse have seen us. I wish you may get this letter from *their* hands, and know these great valuables more intimately.

Send me a newspaper from Edinburgh soon—all about Grahame and his cradle, and his lovely babe. Is it of the *masc.* or *fem.* gender? If of the latter, will it do for my second son? the eldest, you 'know, is bespoken. Give Grahame my heartiest sympathy and condolence upon the awful change of existence which we have both undergone! —but, "difficile quod non patientia vincit."

When you see the Doctor, present my warmest respects to him. Tell him that—upon Dr. Addington's removal from the ministry—it is rumoured in London he is to suc-

* The edition here alluded to is that mentioned at page 57, Vol. I.

ceed. With compliments to Cockburn, I send remembrance of our old happy meetings at your room. I remain, my dearest Richardson, your most attached friend,

T. C.

In the volunteer corps to which the Poet belonged, some verses were handed about, which show that he lost no occasion for maintaining in all its native vigour, the glorious spirit of independence. "They were suggested," he said, "by the gallant promise made by our beloved Monarch, that 'in case of invasion, he would be found in the hour of danger, at the head of his troops!'" The stanzas are among the *rejected pieces*, and, perhaps, long forgotten;—but, as they embrace an interesting point of history, I have ventured to reprint them from the original.

"ON JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN."

'Twas He that ruled our country's heart
With more than royal sway,
But Scotland saw her James depart,
And sickened at his stay;
She heard his fate, she wept her grief,
That James—her loved, her gallant Chief—
Was gone for evermore!
But this she learnt, that, ere he fell—
Oh, men—oh, patriots! mark it well!—
His fellow soldiers round his fall,
Enclosed him like a living wall,
Mixing their kindred gore!
Nor was the day of Flodden done,
Till they were slaughtered, one by one!
And this may proudly show
When *kings are patriots*, none will fly!
When such a king was doomed to die—
Who—who would death forego! T. C.

The Poet was very regular in his attendance at drill; and, after a great field-day, thus writes to Mr. Richardson: "December—Out on St. Andrew's Day at the muster of

the North Britons. But oh, what a fagging work this volunteering is! Eight hours under a musket!" Nor was this all, for he adds, "Bensley, the printer, with all his 'devils,' is upon me for an account of 100*l.*, besides boxes, porterage, and Heaven knows what. It gives me the nightmare to think of it. . . I had a debt of 30*l.* from one bookseller alone, when the 'braw' uniform of the North Britons, first estimated at 10*l.*, has swelled to 25*l.*, with dress and undress, havresack, accoutrements, &c.; and as I made them a speech I could not be off! . . . I wish earnestly you could save me from Bensley, for he sends me home in low spirits every time I meet him! . . The sum you stated is a very plentiful production from the Edinburgh payments. Would that I had such treatment in London! . . I am sea-sick of it. . .

"I will settle in Edinburgh whenever my quarter of the lodgings is out; in a cottage, or any box such as I spoke of before marriage. I still adhere to one acre, if I can't have more. How happy, happy I should be, to see you and my dear little Matilda smiling like the two cherubim in the temple—one on each side of me. I am sure you will like her, and that is more than admiring. The only bar to our being perpetually together must be, that I am determined—to have my dear one in the country—out of the reach of 'family' interference. . . But a place to your mind may surely be got, and we should always have a spare bed for you and yours. . . Fortasse hæc olim meminisse juvabit. God bless you, the Hills, and the Grahames!" T. C.

These extracts afford some notion of the cares, hopes, and perplexities alternately passing through his mind; but anxiety regarding pecuniary matters was soon removed by the active co-operation of his friend. "Bensley and all his devils" were speedily exorcised by a cash remittance

from Edinburgh; and now, relieved from his late apprehensions, the Poet falls into a pleasant dream of the future, which he thus interprets:—"I received your welcome letter yesterday. I wish to heaven I could answer it. It is long, interesting, and, like yourself, the good old boy! But no—I am asleep! Nod I go; dead asleep. . . . Here I dream a dream of *futurity*:—'Bring the Mocha. My dear, will the pipes offend you?' 'Oh no, not at all; I like the smell of Oronoko.' Well—puff . . puff. . . 'But pray, my dear, do spare my beautiful grate.' . [pause] . . 'Well, I do declare, Mr. Richardson, times are very bad; one can't have a family of daughters without amazing expence; and sons are so extravagant!' 'To be sure, Mr. Campbell; but your wife is a notable woman, and your daughters are so accomplished.' 'Why yes, poor things; but they want portions—that is, until my next epic poem is out . . .' [Long pause: enter divers persons in male attire into the dreamer's brain, whom the Poet calls his friend's sons.] 'John, you are too young to marry!' 'Sir, my father married younger!' 'Ah—eh bien—foolish children! let Matilda have him.'"

The Poet then awakes from his dream of future intermarriages, and remembering that his friend's letter contained an important announcement, thus concludes: "I wish you joy, my friend! Give my kiss by proxy to the fair intended. She will like the representative better than the constituent . . . . I delight to tell secrets. Frank Clason has published a large political tract, called An Appeal to the People of Great Britain, on Buonaparte's ambition—Motto, 'Tros Tyriusve,' &c. I want to surprise him with a review of it* . . .; and it shall be done in three weeks." T. C.

* The critique was intended for the Edinburgh Review.

Early in January this year, Campbell had the offer of an appointment abroad, which promised to ensure a permanent income, and thereby release him from entire dependence on the precarious gains of literature. The Regent's chair in the University of Wilna had just become vacant; and after consulting with his friends on the subject, he allowed his name to be sent in to the Russian minister as a candidate. The appointment, being lucrative as well as honourable, was soon an object of competition; other candidates were named, and for some time the "Regentship" was contested between them in terms that evinced a keen political feeling. "The fame of Wilna," writes the Poet, "has been loud and popular; ——'s ingenuity, I suppose, affixed a certain name to the list of intended Regents. It was a good joke to *him*, but it is not true. For my part, I give you my word in confidence that I *wish* to go, although Paswan Oglou himself should go with me. A wife, and a boy in the box, are strong temptations to accept of any situation that offers sure support. The woods of Botany Bay were preferable to *uncertainty* at home."

It was desirable, however, that the wishes of Campbell should not be published until his election was secured. Any report of his being likely to quit the country would cancel his literary engagements, bring down his small creditors upon him, and expose him to various difficulties, from which it would be impossible to extricate himself at a day's notice. But, what weighed more with him, perhaps, than any other consideration, was the dread of being unsuccessful; and, as his rivals could cite passages from "The Pleasures of Hope," which would be no recommendation to him as a professor in Wilna, he was far from being sanguine as to the result. It was hardly to be expected that the Russian censor would be more indulgent

to the Poet, than he had been to his poems; and, as the weapons he had formerly discharged in the service of Poland, might now be returned with interest, he became less anxious to push the question.

In the meantime, however, the secret transpired; and the petty vexations to which he was consequently exposed, give a painful interest to his letters:—"Mr. —" he says, "hearing, I suppose, of my outlandish appointment, refused my mother twenty pounds at my demand. Will you, my dear fellow, give her ten; for it requires five to make up her half year's annuity;* and she will require five more to send to Glasgow. . . That name calls up the bitterest feelings of reflection, occasioned by an event which I mention to you in *confidence*. I have this day received a letter, anonymously written in a female hand, signed by a member of the 'Glasgow Female Society,' upbraiding me in the grossest terms, 'for abandoning a 'near relation' to poverty and distress!' 'This relation,' it says, 'has none to support her.' * * * * * * * * *

Now, if this letter be written at the instance, or founded on the complaints of that relation, it is the very person with whom I have, year after year, divided my last guinea! . . . As to my mother, it is hard to blame *her* for not supporting others, when she cannot support herself. And me, who, in labouring for scanty bread, can barely afford an income to my mother, it seems still more ungenerous to load with claims and reproaches so entirely overwhelming. It is not—as God is my witness—possible for me to answer for

* Mrs. Campbell's annuity was withdrawn at her husband's death; she had previously given up for the benefit of his creditors all that she derived from her father; and from that time she was supported almost exclusively by the Poet, her youngest son. Of the lady referred to in the text, some account has been given in the Introductory Chapter, Vol. I.; but there is no ground to believe that the heartless letter complained of was written with her knowledge.

a *double* annuity, and the little I give to my mother will not bear division. All this I must explain to the edification of the Glasgow Society, before I can wrest my name from the reproach of being unnatural; but one feels reluctant to publish one's poverty, even in vindication of character"—

> Nihil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

But to return to Wilna. In aspiring to this appointment, Campbell had the support of Lord Minto, Lord Holland, Professor Dugald Stewart, and other men of note and influence; and with their advice, he had interviews with the Russian Minister, one of which is thus recorded: —

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD MINTO.

LONDON, *February 29th*, 1804.

MY LORD,

I called immediately after seeing your Lordship on Smirnowe, the great High Priest—he is more than six feet high—of the Russian legation. He seems, on further acquaintance, to be a good-natured, sensible man; and to have considerable respect for the literature of this country, particularly for the writings of Dugald Stewart. He talked of my poetry! The Count W., I suppose, has been asking after the character of my Muse. Mackintosh referred him to a volume of my printed poems; and what I suspect is, that, if they fall into his hands, he will propose sending me to Siberia instead of Wilna, for the passage* about Poland. Finding Smirnowe somewhat liberal in his politics, I asked his opinion, fairly but con-

* See "Pleasures of Hope," Part I.

fidentially, how far this passage might affect me? He promised, upon his honour, to read the passage, and give me his best judgment, whether it be likely to affect me or not. The man looks so very honest, that I have no doubt of his telling me sincerely what he thinks of it, and what his brother Muscovites are likely to think of it. It is better to know this at home, than when I have been appointed to the office. The detection of having written such a passage, if it came too late, might bring me to the *knout*, or send me in a sledge to Kamschatka! So I think open conduct is the best policy in this case.

I have the honour to be,

With every sentiment of respect, &c.,

T. CAMPBELL.

Shortly after the date of this letter, his ardour in the canvass was farther damped by "fears of an involuntary trip to Siberia!" He foresaw that if installed in the University of Wilna, he could never, without dereliction of principle, inculcate any opinions but those to which he had already given emphatic utterance in his poems. Before he had weighed the question maturely, he thought otherwise; he imagined that if once firmly seated in the chair, he might have promoted the "regeneration of Poland," and thus realised the wish nearest his heart. But a little reflection taught him that such a course must have involved him in certain ruin. All further negotiations were therefore discontinued; he preferred the honour of advocating at home the cause of an oppressed people, who could only thank him in their prayers, to the emoluments of this, or any other post in the gift of Russia. In this resolution he was confirmed by the approbation of his friends, through whose influence he had the offer of another academical chair, which would have amply indem-

nified him for the loss of Wilna; but with improving prospects in London, and a growing relish for domestic retirement, the offer was gratefully declined.

The Poet's happiness, at this early stage of his married life, is pleasingly confirmed by the manuscript notes of a lady, an intimate friend and relation of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who says: "As one of many instances of Mr. Campbell's generous and feeling heart, I shall ever prize and treasure the following. Owing to my father's having met with many severe and unforeseen losses, and imprudently marrying a second time, I was educated with the view of being placed in some private family as a governess. I was then on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell in Pimlico; and, though only seventeen, expected to go out in that capacity, which, however, neither of them approved. We were all talking over the subject one morning—and I shall never forget Mr. Campbell's words: 'I am not a rich man,' he said, with tears in his eyes, 'but if you will consent to partake of it, here is a home where you will always be welcome.' In this offer Mrs. C. earnestly joined; but other prospects having opened, I was spared the necessity of adopting the course proposed, of going out in the world, and spent a short but delightful visit with my amiable and talented cousins. They were greatly attached. Mrs. C. studied her husband in every way. As one proof—the Poet being closely devoted to his books and writing during the day—she would never suffer him to be disturbed by questions or intrusion, but left the door of his room a little ajar, that she might every now and then have a silent peep of him. On one occasion she called me to come softly on tiptoe, and she would show me the Poet in a moment of inspiration. We stole softly behind his chair—his eye was raised, the pen in his hand, but he was quite unconscious of our presence, and we retired unsuspected."

To a much-valued friend who consulted him on the momentous question of early marriage, and purposed shortly to follow his example, he thus writes :—"Feb. 29, * * * It is indeed an awful tie, my dear friend, that is to be knotted on the thread of life, and not dissolved until the Fates have put their shears to your existence!" . . . "In looking to my own case, I congratulate myself on having escaped not only celibacy, but a hapless marriage; for I have found many qualities in my little Matilda, the want of which must have made me wretched for life; yet about which I made little reckoning before the union. It is not possible for a man to get a richer prize in the lottery of marriage than I have acquired. But it has often occurred to us both, what fools we were to marry, knowing so little of each other, although acquainted, as lovers are, for some time. But it was after all a chance. We might have been by this time a couple of miserable spouses!"

These extracts may suffice to show the new-born happiness that reigned at the Poet's hearth; the cheerful industry with which he applied to his daily task; the animating prospect that seemed opening before him, as if to realise the picture in his own Poem—

> "How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
> The kind fair friend by nature marked his own;
> And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
> Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
> Since when her empire o'er his heart began—
> Since first he called her his, before the holy man."

Campbell's acquaintance with Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, was one of the few events in his life upon which he looked back with unmingled pleasure and satisfaction. But their intimacy, as the Poet himself foretold, was destined to have a very transitory existence. It was observed by

Campbell during his last visit to Liverpool, that Dr. Currie's health was so much impaired as to awaken the most serious apprehensions among his friends. He was strongly advised to economise his remaining strength by retiring from practice, and removing to Devonshire.* But in his unwearied solicitude to benefit others, he forgot or neglected himself. Instead of quitting Liverpool in the previous autumn, he lingered at his post during the whole winter; and when the spring arrived, his constitution was found to have suffered so much, as to leave but very faint hopes of recovery. With the consciousness of this in his own mind, he at last made hasty preparations for a journey southward, and on the eve of setting out, wrote the following letter, which will be read with interest :—

TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

LARKHILL, NEAR LIVERPOOL, *17th April*, 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have cause to wonder at my not replying sooner to your most friendly and most acceptable letter of the 25th of January. Time has moved heavily with me since I received it, and every part of my correspondence has fallen into arrear. The state of my health cannot be said to have improved; my daily professional occupations have been irksome and oppressive; and I have seldom felt that alacrity of mind which is necessary to voluntary exertions. I have, besides, had a new edition of a medical

* Among those who strongly recommended change of climate, Campbell was the most zealous; and, to impress the *necessity* of travelling upon Dr. Currie's mind, told him in a pun, that every time he signed his name, J. Currie, he ought to consider it as an exhortation—*I, Curre—per Alpes!*

This eminent physician and accomplished scholar died at Bath in the following autumn. In the words of our great dramatist :—"His skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, 'twould have made nature immortal, and death should have played for lack of work."

work on hand, which—though the world will, I fear, consider it as an unimportant labour—has not been a light one to a person already heavily burthened. At present I have adopted the plan of sleeping out of Liverpool, at the house of a friend about three miles distant. I mean to go into town for a few hours every day, to see the most pressing of my patients, and to return hither to quiet and comparative solitude—to stillness and reflection. I have brought out with me the unanswered letters of my friends; and the first which claims my attention is that from yourself. The kind things you say to me, and of me, gratified me not a little. I could not indeed think that I had deserts anywise comparable to your eulogium; but where one knows there is no disposition to flatter, one is in fact highly flattered with the effects of that generous and affectionate partiality, in which we are conscious that strict justice is overlooked. I have many causes to wish that my life may be a few years prolonged. If I had health, most of the difficulties of life would be overcome; and many of its choicest blessings would seem to be tolerably secure. My profession would more than supply every pecuniary wish. I have many most valuable connections, and some very dear friends. My children are all very promising, and repay by their conduct and by their attachment all my anxiety and care; and I have received some proofs of my not being without some share in that public estimation, which is not to be under-valued. To whatever my fate may be, I shall endeavour to bring resignation, and approach, if I can, with firmness that awful hour which all of us must meet.

I expect something from the summer; and intend, as soon as the weather softens and settles, to leave Liverpool entirely for a few weeks, and make an excursion south. If you did not live in London, or its immediate vicinity, I

might have a chance of seeing you ; for it is quite indifferent to me, in point of health, which way I move, so I move in pure air and towards the south. All this I say to yourself ; for this is a kind of subject on which there are few one wishes to speak to. When you are disposed to talk to me about your studies and writings, I shall be happy to have the communication ; for independent of all personal regard, there is no man of the present times, in whose occupations I am more interested. But I can easily suppose the motives of present silence, on such topics, and highly approve them. One thing you will no doubt always recollect, that *whatever you do publish will one day be known, not merely to your friends, but to the world*, whatever you may wish on the subject. Your celebrity has rendered ultimate concealment of anything you commit to the press very unlikely, if not impossible. I have seen Miss Sinclair much less than I wish ; for I like her, I assure you ; and she plays divinely. Mrs. Sellar* is also a very good and pleasing woman. I was to have dined there to-day, but was obliged to send an apology. Wallace is extremely pleased with Edinburgh, and has circulated there beyond all expectation. He has seen Brougham, who is now, I believe, in London, and liked him. Erskine, Thomson, Scott, have been very kind to him. He returns next month, and will, I dare say, escape Lord B——n. Adieu, my dear Campbell. Give my love to Mrs. C—, and believe me ever yours affectionately, JA. CURRIE.

I have written rather gloomily—more so than necessary —but I have not time to try a more cheerful key. J. C.

From the month of April until Midsummer, Campbell was employed on the "Annals." He contributed at the same

* Mrs. Sellar and Miss Sinclair were sisters of Mrs. Campbell.

time anonymous articles to the leading periodicals, which, although they added nothing to his fame, improved his income and gave him increased facility in composition. Among the occasional papers thus furnished, were several biographical notices of the poets and philosophers of Greece; critiques on the ancient classics; and other miscellaneous articles, several of which were thrown aside as soon as written, and never printed. It has been generally supposed that Campbell wrote very little at this period of his life; such, however, was not the fact; but it is true that what came before the public comprised only a small proportion of what he wrote. His flow of thought was not rapid; and the extreme fastidiousness of his taste was a constant embarrassment to his progress. In writing he was often like an artist setting figures in mosaic—cautiously marking the weight, shape, and effect of each particular piece before dropping it into its place. Nor did this habit of nicety and precision diminish with experience; for erasures are more frequent in his later, than in his early manuscripts. He was rarely if ever satisfied with his own productions, however finely imagined or elaborately finished. Aiming at that degree of perfection to which no modern author, perhaps, has ever attained, his progress was not equal to his perseverance; for what was written in the evening was often discarded the next morning.

In the history of his literary and domestic cares, the first joyful event is thus briefly announced to Mr. Richardson:—

Upper Eaton Street, Pimlico, *July* 1, 1804.

My dear John,

A son was born to me this morning. I hope he will live to regard you with the same affection as yours,

T. Campbell.

The birthday was duly registered, *more majorum*, in the family Bible. The boy was christened Thomas Telford, in compliment to Mr. Telford the engineer, who stood sponsor on the occasion, and at his death left a handsome legacy to the Poet. The happiness inspired by this event came in for a large share of the father's correspondence. He had now "given hostages to society for his own good behaviour," and speaks of the new bond of relationship as the sweetener of his existence, and the sacred motive to cheerful and persevering industry.

But "what is the life of man? Is it not to shift from side to side, from sorrow to sorrow? to button up one cause of vexation, and unbutton another?" Within a fortnight after this announcement, his mind was harassed by fresh apprehensions respecting his pecuniary resources, which were then under the control of his publisher in Edinburgh, whom he had seriously, but unintentionally, offended. Campbell freely admits that he had acted thoughtlessly in the case; and, through the medium of a friend—his solicitor-general on all similar occasions—endeavours to soften a resentment, the consequences of which might grievously affect his income. In addition to the extracts already given, the following is, perhaps, that in which the merits of the question are most clearly and concisely stated:—

July 14, 1804.

. . . . A poet is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. I have only one consolation—and that is the idea of having yourself in Edinburgh to act as my friend in a business that requires both secrecy and trouble.* The

* This misunderstanding, which gave rise to a tedious correspondence of no interest to the public, was at last amicably settled; but not until the Poet's cause had been taken up by several of his friends in Edinburgh, who had great difficulty in effecting a reconciliation. See correspondence of 1807—8.

bare mention of the word *secrecy* may perhaps alarm the delicacy of a mind, so little prone to concealment; but it is really necessary, and not dishonourable. . . The fact is this: I have got into a literary scrape: I am dealing with a bookseller in Edinburgh, in a business where he can hurt me much. But at this distance, and corresponding with *me*, he answers no letters.—About the time when I was agog after my wife, I engaged to write a "History of England." It was to be in three volumes—a sequel to Smollett. I have nearly finished it. The bargain was that I was to do it plainly and decently—but, as the price they could afford was but small, it was to be *anonymous*. Now, in the course of performing this task, some ideas which at first did not appear to me, have given me no little uneasiness. . . The last time he wrote, it was a blunt demand, without either offer or terms, for a volume of new poems, which I had not to give him. . . About half a year ago, expecting (as hitherto) a largess on this eighth edition of my book, which his partner, Mr. Mundell, promised on *every* edition, in consideration of what I gave him in addition to the second part of "The Pleasures of Hope," I sent my mother a draft on Mr. Doig. But, although this premium on each edition is due to me, and although I was even working for him at the time, he refused the demand! . . . I wish, however, to avoid all rupture with him, for it would both degrade and injure me. I have continued my "History," destined to be anonymous; for after all the trouble it has cost me, it could not well be abandoned; but what has passed has excited a dryness and a silence on his part; and if anything has come across him to change his purpose about the continuation of Smollett, I should not be surprised if he offered to throw it on my hands, unless I send him another volume of poems. . . I have no objections to do journeyman's work, yet I don't

wish to be congratulated by all the world on the appearance of my "History!" . . At the same time it is done, *bonâ fide*, to the utmost of my promise, and exactly in the spirit of the bargain between us. Another way in which he can plague me is to insist upon my coming to Edinburgh to correct the sheets. I have stated in my letter to him that I should ask this favour of *you;* and that I wished a conversation between you to have his answer, whether that will be sufficient. . . As to coming immediately to Scotland, I could not without inconceivable trouble. Your conference would enable me besides to accomplish two material points: I should be able sooner to obtain his bill for the price, which is to me of some importance. . .

It is my only hope in this distress, that I have such a friend as you. I trust I shall be finally in Edinburgh within eight months; for the circumstance of your being there weighs decisively in my choice of residence; but at present removal is out of the question. I look forward to many happy days! for except a distress such as this, and occasional headaches, I bless God there is no man *now* so perfectly in love with existence, or more fitted to relish the happiness of being with my friends; and you shall like my little partner, I promise you, as she loves you sincerely already. * * * T. C.

The irritation produced by this unpleasant negotiation, increased by temporary disappointments, and the necessity for continuous mental exertion, greatly impaired his health. His friends became alarmed; a change of residence was recommended; for Pimlico "was expensive, and not over healthy." The long-cherished hope of removing his household gods to "some cottage home," in the outskirts of Edinburgh, and in the congenial atmosphere of his early friends, was indefinitely postponed, if not

abandoned.* Circumstances, over which he had no control, had sprung up and completely changed his prospects. London was now the only field that promised any permanent and profitable exercise of his talents. One of his distinguished friends, indeed, had generously offered him one of the highest literary appointments of the day; but its laborious duties and delicate responsibilities were such as to render the undertaking so formidable, in his precarious state of health, that the tempting offer was reluctantly declined. But he was deeply sensible of the compliment; and, although he could not profit by the offer, it had the happy effect of giving him more confidence in his own abilities, and a better opinion of human nature, than his recent trials had led him to form.

Another circumstance—which had much weight in his decision to remain near London—was a situation which he had just obtained in connection with "The Star" newspaper, and which produced an income of four guineas a week. His contributions to periodical literature were still a source of emolument; but, ill health supervening, literary composition was usually followed by great mental depression—the inward struggle to resist the outward pressure. But his hopes were still sanguine; his friends were kind; and better prospects seemed to be opening. Of his private life and feelings at this moment, the following letter, though rather sanguine, presents an animated picture:—

* Judging from his more confidential letters on this subject, his intention of settling in Edinburgh was given up in consequence of anonymous personal annoyances, [p. 8,] which he apprehended would be increased—not diminished—by his return to Scotland: but, at the same time, the advantages of London as a literary field were more sensibly felt, and contributed, perhaps, more than any other consideration, to his making it his future residence.

TO JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

LONDON, *September* 10, 1804.

Indeed, my dear old Friend, I knew you too well to ascribe silence to want of affection in you. I am ill, at present, with a complaint that is not sore, but serious—want of night's rest. I never sleep one hour to an end—I go to bed sleepy, or rather drowsy, and rise unrefreshed and feverish. It is a serious complaint—excuse the incoherency of my style. I am in such a dreadful fluctuation between stupor and feverish excitation, that I know not what I say—but this I know that, if I allowed you to remain under the impression that I am not as warmly alive as ever to our wonted attachment, I should be unfaithful to my own feelings. Excuse me, however, that I cannot write to you as I could wish. I thank God, my mind is now tranquil and happy, but not so my body. I have been too much confined this year past, and the medicines which I have used have undone my nerves.

In talking of my happiness—which I mention to you with a satisfaction not to be described—I allude to my wife's recovery, my lovely boy's health, and my pecuniary circumstances, or rather prospects; for I am just shaking my ears out of the water. All these are well; but I cannot tell you the pang I feel for my dear friend—and almost father—Alison. The loss of him would kill me. On this subject, however, I cannot indulge myself. It is too much to think of. May God forbid such an event—a loss to the world—but more than a loss to his amiable family! I must trouble you—as Mrs. Dugald Stuart is not in Edinburgh—to get and send me a speedy account of the state of his health. Pray call, yourself, my dear friend, in my name. While the family is so distressed, it would be out of season to send you a formal letter of

introduction; but if you can see any of the family, it will be more satisfactory than a message.

Will you also call and see how my mother is? I am easy now about her. Don't mention anything of my bad health—but only words of *comfort!* She has now, in all, 70*l.* a year. Pray tell me, as expenses stand in Edinburgh, if you think it is enough. I am anxious to know how expensiveness has arisen with you; for here, everything is dreadfully dear. Although my wife is a notable economist, yet the weeks' bills are enormous beyond what they would have been a few years ago. Now, indeed, I begin to live somewhat more bravely than at first. I advise you, however, to marry, to know the value of life's comforts!—I never take my poor Matilda a jaunt to Kensington, or indulge in the slightest luxury, without wondering that happiness—which before I could never get for love or money—was now to be got by industry, and the virtue that purifies love, and makes money *wealth* indeed.

I have succeeded in getting my house well furnished. We have a most beautiful little drawing-room, and furniture enough for a parlour and study, when we get into a larger house. I have bought also some important maps and books, and hope soon to attain to a good library. All this comes of being happy at home. I should have been poor to this day if I had not got a wife. I must not omit, in my catalogue of comforts, that I have secured a good store of port wine; and yet I assure you, by the orders of my gravelist,* and from better motives, I have laid aside every propensity to take one glass more than does me good—to which I was sometimes addicted in Edinburgh.

* Dr. Scott, who had prescribed for him while suffering from painful symptoms, induced by long sedentary habits.

But who could resist such good fellows? . . . I only mention all this, to show you how regularly and comfortably I have now brought myself to live. All this would be nothing with regard to the flattery of my own feelings—no; but I have scribbled and blinded myself, reading and copying night and day, to show my dear, patient partner that, although our first outset in matrimony was poor, the continuance was not to be so. This insetting year I am preparing for innovations, which she resists as Jacobinical! I have banished the *rummer* of toddy, out of which she used to drink her solitary glass, with as pleased a face as if it had been Tokay, or a better beverage. . . . I shall have a large and well-aired house in the country, a stock of fowls, and a good garden; and, though Matilda's extreme caution is a guarantee against profusion, yet I find comfort a fine support to industry!

My mother will now be comfortable; and, in a few years I shall be able to add another fifty, to be an annuity to the two more dependent of my sisters; that, however, must be deferred for a little time, until I can scrape up as much as will bring me a share in some literary work, and secure me a good income. . . . Give my love to Grahame—dear worthy companion of ours! *He* is the man who must be the intimate associate of our Trio for life. . . . Adieu! I am giddy to an excess with this vestal-fire-like vigilance.—Believe me, yours truly, T. C.

CHAPTER II.

REMOVES TO SYDENHAM.

In a retrospect of his first literary experience in London, Campbell has left some striking remarks, the practical truth of which will be generally felt:—"From Edinburgh," he says, "I came back to London a perfect adventurer, having nothing to depend upon for subsistence but my pen. I was by no means without literary employment; but the rock on which I split was *over*-calculating the gains I could make from them. I have observed that authors, and all other artists, are apt to make similar mistakes. The author—and *I* can speak from experience—sits down to an engagement, for which he is to have so much per sheet. He gets through what seems a tenth of the work in one day, and in high glee computes thus:—'Well, at this rate, I can count upon so many pounds a day.' But innumerable and incalculable interruptions occur. Besides, what has been written to-day, may require to be re-written to-morrow; and thus he finds that a grocer, who sells a pound of figs, and puts a shilling, including threepence of profit, into the till of his counter, has a more surely gainful vocation than the author."

"In my married state," he adds, "I lived a year in town, and then took and furnished a house at Sydenham, to which I brought my young wife and a lovely boy."

With Michaelmas commenced the important business of "flitting;" and in less than a fortnight the operations

were completed, the house furnished, and the Poet dating his letters from "Sydenham Common, Kent."

The house which Campbell chose for his domicile, and in which he resided full seventeen years, stands on a gentle eminence, within a few minutes' walk of the village, and possessed in those days the strong recommendation of a quiet, frugal, and healthy retreat. The annual rent was forty guineas. It consisted of six rooms, two on each floor; the upper or attic story of which was converted into a private study. From this elevation, however, he was often compelled during the summer months to descend for change of air to the parlour; for in the upper study, to use his own words, he "felt as if inclosed within a hotly-seasoned pie!" A small garden behind, with the usual domestic offices at one end, completed the habitation, and furnished all the conveniences to which either the Poet or his amiable wife aspired. It was not exactly, perhaps, like the "cottage near Edinburgh,"—so often pictured in his letters,—for it was only "semi-detached;" but with its green jalousies, white palings, and sweet-scented shrubs and flowers, covering the little area in front, it had an air of cheerful seclusion and comfort, which harmonised with the tastes and wishes of its gentle inmates. It was small; but, like Ariosto, Campbell could say, with truth and feeling, "*Parva, sed apta mihi;*" and in its little parlour he often mustered guests and visitors, whose names have long since become familiar in the history of Europe.

Externally, the new situation had much to soothe and interest a poetical mind. From the south, a narrow lane, lined with hedgerows, and passing through a little dell watered by a runlet, leads to the house; from the windows of which, the eye wanders over an extensive prospect of undulating hills, park-like inclosures, hamlets, and picturesque villas shaded with fine ornamental timber; with

here and there, some village spire shooting up through the "forest," reflecting the light on its vane, or breaking the stillness with the chime of its "evening bells." Ramifying in all directions, shady walks, where he was safe from all intrusion but that of the Muses, enabled him to combine healthful exercise with profitable meditation. During his leisure hours in summer, as he has sweetly sung, he had a charming variety of

> "Spring-green lanes,
> With all the dazzling field flowers in their prime,
> And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
> Long trills, and gushing ecstasies of song."

And when these were past, he had "mental light,"—books, friends, congenial studies, and could exclaim—

> "Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
> The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
> Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
> And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
> Yet shall the smile of social love repay
> With mental light the melancholy day;
> And when its short and troubled noon is o'er,
> The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
> How bright the faggots in his little hall
> Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!"

With these feelings, and "while its autumnal features were still bright," Campbell took up his habitation in Sydenham, where, his reputation having preceded him, he received that cordial welcome from the resident families, which rendered it in after life the scene of his happiest recollections. There, it is true, he suffered many anxieties, much ill health, and passed years chequered by disappointments and difficulties; but there also, he had bright intervals, verdant spots in the map of life, on which he always looked back with satisfaction. His labours were at

times ungenial, and even oppressive; but, continued from necessity, a regular habit of writing was established, to which he conscientiously adhered, even under the pressure of much bodily pain, and was thus enabled to discharge the heavy and complicated duties of his position.

"Labouring in this way," to quote his own words, "I contrived to support my mother, and wife, and children. Life became tolerable to me, and, at Sydenham, even agreeable. I had always my town friends to come and partake of my humble fare on a Sunday; and among my neighbours, I had an elegant society, among whom I counted sincere friends. It so happened that the dearest friends I had there, were thorough *Tories;* and my *Whiggism* was as steadfast as it still continues to be; but this acquaintance ripening into friendship, called forth a new liberalism in my mind, and possibly also in theirs. On my part, I know that it softened the rancour of my prejudices, without affecting the sincerity of my principles; and I would advise all spirits that are apt to be over excitable, like myself, on party questions, to go sometimes —not as a spy, but as a truce-bearer—into the enemies' camp, and useful views and knowledge will be discovered among them when they are least expected."

To this topic frequent recurrence is found in his private letters—the only genuine record of his life at Sydenham; and in the following extracts he makes a frank confession of the trials to which he was exposed:—

"I do not mean to say that we suffered the absolute privations of poverty. On the contrary, it was rather the fear, than the substance of it, which afflicted us. But I shall never forget my sensations when I one day received a letter from my eldest brother * in America, stating that

* See a brief sketch of his life in the Introductory Chapter, Vol. I.

the casual remittances which he had made to my mother, must now cease, on account of his unfortunate circumstances; and that I must undertake *alone* the pious duty of supporting our widowed parent . . . Here now, I had two establishments to provide for—one at Edinburgh, and another at Sydenham; and it may be remembered that in those times, the price of living was a full third-part dearer than at present. I venture to say that I could live at the time I now write, as comfortably on four hundred pounds a year, as I could have then lived on an income of six hundred. The war prices put all economy to flight and defiance." . . . In another affecting passage he says, "I had never known in earnest the fear of poverty before, but it now came upon me like a ruthless fiend. If I were sentenced to live my life over again, and had the power of supplicating adversity to spare me, I would say—Oh, Adversity! take any other shape!" . . "To meet these pressing demands," he adds, "I got literary engagements both in prose and poetry; but a malady came over me, which put all poetry, and even imaginative prose, out of the question. My anxiety to wake in the morning, in order to be at my literary labours, kept me awake all night; and from less to more, I became a regular victim to the disease called the Coma-vigil. Any attempt at original composition, on my part, was at this time out of the question. But the wolf was at the door; and, besides the current expences of our common maintenance, I had to meet the quarterly payment of usurious interest, on a debt which I had been obliged to contract for our new furniture, and for the very cradle that rocked our first-born child. The usurious interest to which I allude, was forty pounds a-year upon a loan of two hundred pounds—a Judaic loan.

"Throbbing as my temples were, after sleepless and

anxious nights, I was obliged next day to work at such literary labour as I could undertake—that is, at prosaic tasks of compilation, abridgment, or common-place thought which required little more than the labour of penmanship.

"I accepted an engagement to write for the 'Star' newspaper, and the 'Philosophical Magazine,' conducted by Mr. Tulloch, the editor of the 'Star,' for which I received at the rate of two hundred pounds a-year. But that sum, out of which I had to pay for a horse on which I rode to town every day, was quite inadequate to my wants; so I betook myself to literary engagements that would allow me to labour all day in the country. Dispirited beneath all hope of raising my reputation by what I *could* write, I contracted for only anonymous labour —and of course at an humble price.

"It is always a misfortune for a literary man to have recourse to anonymous writing—let his motives be never so innocent. And if there be any excuse more admissible than another, it is when his poverty and modesty conspire against him. But it lowers a man's genius to compose that for which his name is not to be answerable. I wrote on all subjects, even including Agriculture; and smile but hear me; for, odd as it may seem, I tell you the truth in saying that by writing on Agriculture, I acquired so much knowledge on the subject as to have been more than once complimented on that knowledge by practical farmers."

* * * * *

In this unsatisfactory state of health, and with barely sufficient employment to cover his daily expences, Campbell took up his residence at Sydenham. The wakeful malady under which he laboured compelled him to have recourse to opiates; and in a letter to Mr. Richardson, written a few days after his "flitting," he says:—"Since

I wrote my last confused letter to you, I have had a nap by dint of laudanum, and am better. But I continue still distressed about poor Alison, and therefore additionally anxious to hear from you . . You have now *three* negotiations on hand—first, to see if possible, some of Alison's family—and, to say, that beside my anxiety about Mr. A.'s health, I have a deep regret on my mind, that I troubled a friend, so dear as he is, in the midst of sickness. Try for God's sake to see Mrs. A. I do not write to her for fear of intruding—but say that, for having been the cause of his sitting up to write on a bed of sickness *, I feel both sorry and ashamed. The *next* commission is to tell Grahame that if I do not write to him, it is not from lack of love but leisure. Tell him his congratulation added happiness to my possession of little Tony; and that I long till the little poet be writing verses on little Hannah! Poor James! I do deplore that his health is too like my own.—The *third* commission is to wait on my mother, to get the address of my brothers in America . . . The address that she gives you, write on an outer cover for each; and do, my dear J., see them safely put in the post-office. The home postage will be some shillings; I shall not *cheat* you of that—rogue as I am. I have a good deal of business on hand. Adieu; and let me ever be thought of as yours eternally, T. C.

(Franked.)

* To the Rev. Mr. Alison he had written a fortnight previously, requesting his friendly advice and interference, in questions which involved his personal interests; but his letter found Mr. Alison seriously ill—a circumstance which added greatly to his own sufferings. His "last confused letter," as he calls it, was that already transcribed at page 21. The letters to his brothers in America, were written in the hope of counteracting the effect of the "blow" so painfully alluded to in his reminiscences. But the trade was very bad, and he was left single-handed to provide for "two establishments."

During the autumn, he continued to work at intervals upon the "Annals;" he wrote papers for the "Philosophical Magazine;" translated foreign correspondence for "The Star;" attended at the office in town; and by a daily journey of ten or twelve miles, going and returning, his strength began to improve, and he looked around for some popular theme on which to make another trial of his powers. Nothing, however, turned up to his satisfaction; neither his own inventive genius, nor the suggestions of his friends, could hit the mark; and for many months he continued in the same "inglorious employment of anonymous writing and compilation." At length, his case having excited particular attention in one or two influential quarters, he was encouraged to hope that he should not be overlooked by a liberal ministry, when supported by the good word of Lord Holland and Lord Minto. In what form their patronage was to be expressed was still uncertain; but "a situation under government, unshackled by conditional service," was that to which he aspired, and to which he was entitled by his talents and character. With these fair and reasonable expectations, which his friends were all anxious to see realised, time flew by; and if it did not find him prosperous, it found him supporting his adversity with a fortitude that commanded respect.

One chief source of income was the continued sale of the quarto edition of his Poems, the management of which in Scotland was confided as usual to Mr. Richardson, to whom, on the 10th of December, he thus writes:—"I am just setting out for the funeral of a little niece of my wife's . . . I shall be much obliged to you to let me know the state of my affairs, as far as regards my books . . I am closing my account on that score . . The reason of my troubling you is that, in the 'flitting' I have mislaid one of your letters in which you inform me of a *remittance;*

and I know not how much I have at different times received." . . . This was frequently the case; any minute calculation of money received or disbursed, was an exercise for which he had neither taste nor patience; and of the real state of his finances, his friends, in general, knew much more than himself. "I am always ready to shoot myself," he says, "when I come to the subject of cash accounts;" and it will be seen in the course of these letters that he sometimes imagined himself rich when he was poor; and, on one occasion, thought himself *penniless*, when, in fact, he had a good sum of bank-notes in his pocket. This, however, happened at a time when the aspect of his fortunes had much improved; but a rooted disinclination to balance his expenditure and income drew him into many difficulties, which a very little calculation and forethought might have prevented.

Of the poetical pieces cautiously elaborated in the course of this year, three only were permitted to see the light. These were—"Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Soldier's Dream," and "The Turkish Lady"—all of which had been sketched among the scenes to which they refer—the first in the island of Mull, and the two latter in Bavaria—but were not revised and finished until he had retired to Sydenham. The next on the anvil was "The Battle of the Baltic;" which was composed at short intervals during the winter, and finished in April, but reduced, before publication, to nearly one half of the original stanzas, as preserved in his letter to Sir Walter Scott. This piece, like the two former, had passed the ordeal of private criticism with great *éclat;* and as soon as it came before the public, was set to music and sung with applause by the great vocalists of the day.

The announcement of a new poem by Walter Scott had just been received by the public with great delight, and

the perusal more than realised its expectations. Of the original "Lay," some of the more striking passages had been seen by Campbell in manuscript; and without a moment's hesitation he predicted its unbounded success. The volume forwarded to him from the author was accidentally detained by the way; but he had heard his own opinion reiterated in every coterie; and when the presentation copy reached Sydenham, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" had been for some weeks a topic of general admiration. To the letter which accompanied it, Campbell thus replies—concluding with a narrative of strange adventures, which had greatly deranged the peace and comfort of his family:—

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

SYDENHAM COMMON, *9th February*, 1805.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

It will seem incredible to you that your welcome letter, of date the 2nd of last month, should have reached Sydenham only this morning. It is explained by the *affidavit* of Mr. Orme, the bookseller, who says he delivered it to the wrong coach-office; and the gentry there, I suppose, from their over-anxiety to find me out, took sufficient time to make the search. Any man might be proud of such a present after reading its contents; and to receive it with a remembrance of your esteem, is a circumstance that makes me both proud and pleased. I shall hand it down to my boy, the heir-apparent of my house, as a very valuable possession—it will teach him to keep good company, since his father did not walk, in his youth, with little men.

On the subject of the Poem—this monument of your genius which will be judged of by ages more impartial than the present—I can say nothing further than that the

joint effect of the whole is such as I expected from the inspired passages with which you delighted me in recitation; and that *new* passages arise to me on the first reading, of the same exalted stamp. Any minute suggestion respecting peculiar beauties or imperfections, such as they seem in my eyes, I should like to make, in communing with yourself. On the former I should dwell at greater length—not from complaisance, but from necessity and truth. On the latter I could make myself understood in three minutes' conversation; but I am not trained critic enough to write them. I am a novice at the vocabulary of taste. I think I may soon have an opportunity of seeing you, and holding a conversation in which I shall be as impudent as the devil accusing Job. Of Edinburgh, I am glad to hear such agreeable news. God bless your meetings! I am unfortunate not to be among you.

The style and strain of this letter will, I know, appear to have rather an air of lamp-light than day-light writing. It is necessary to confess that I am a little disturbed with some of the nervous affections, to which I am always subject when any accident disturbs either my health or rest.—A pair of unlucky accidents have thrown Mrs. Campbell into sickness; and by watching her, to relieve the other attendants, I have forfeited a good deal of wholesome sleep. . . My poor little partner has been frightened, in a situation when frights are almost deadly. The first cause of her agitation was the parting with an illustrious prime minister, whom we disbanded from the kitchen. She had been recommended to us as faithful and sober; and although she had more than human ugliness and masculine ferocity, and had been some years on board of a man-of-war with her husband, we trusted to the predictions of her panegyrists that she would turn out well. In five weeks, however, her slang broke out; and

within the seventh she discovered the whole catalogue of vices which a very ugly woman can be guilty of. One fatal day she fell upon us in a state of insane intoxication, venting cries of rage like a bacchanalian, and tagged to our names all the opprobrious epithets which the English language supplies. An energetic mind in this state of inflammation, and a face, naturally Gorgonian, kindled to the white heat of fury, and venting the dialect of the damned, were objects sufficiently formidable to silence our whole household. The oratrix continued her imprecations till I locked up my wife, child, and nurse, to be out of her reach; and, descending to the kitchen, paid her wages and thrust her forthwith out of my doors—she howled with absolute rage. During the dispute she cursed us for "hell fire children of brimstone—whose religion was the religion of cats and dogs" (we had not been in church at Sydenham): I asked the virago—what was *her* religion, since her practice was so devout. "Mine," says she, "is the religion of the *Royal Navy!*"—at the same showing a Prayer Book. During the parley she made the best effort in her power to get hold of a dividing knife. Finally, this "Medea"—wishing no doubt (if she had only possessed the fiery nags and the winged chariot of Medea the elder) to cut all our throats and mount through the clouds to a foreign land—being disappointed in her haughty projects of revenge, contented herself with burning a few muslin articles—greasing the shoe brushes—breaking some earthenware, and with horrible exclamations whacking our poor cat to the very brink of her life. Having done so, and for want of a fiery chariot, she took the road to London on the top of a stage coach.

Yesterday, my wife still continuing delicate in her health, I was taking a walk with her nearly within sight of our own door, which is a solitary part of the Common. An

ill-looking man, mounted on a beautiful horse, passed us. He went to both sides of the hill, came back, returned and came back again, after looking on the road to see if it was clear. On coming close to us, he demanded our names. I spoke to him strongly at first, and threatened to call for assistance. He half dismounted—but hearing me holla to some workmen in the neighbourhood, he took his seat again, and after some incoherent expostulations with me, rode off.—I got Mrs. Campbell with difficulty home in strong fits. The gentleman on horseback was instantly pursued, and caught after a hot pursuit. He was brought before Justice B—— the pamphleteer. In his struggle to escape, I had the satisfaction to have a fair excuse for giving him some hearty kicks, and twisting his handkerchief almost to the well-earned point of strangulation. His intention was clear; but Justice B——, finding he had not asked for money—chose to fine him in a trifle, and set him at large. I mean, however, not to rest on the decision of Justice Bowles—for we have got his name and address. This accident has nearly occasioned a very serious misfortune.—Mrs. Campbell is still feverish and ill, and will no doubt feel the consequences of this affair. I should have reckoned the transaction ten times pleasanter, if he had asked our money at once; but it is a trick of these gentlemen to extort money by indirect means. His pistols he had probably thrown away before discovery; there were strings about his belt which looked like what might be supporters of fire-arms. Justice B—— is certainly not a second Daniel.

With compliments to Mrs. Scott, I remain, my dear friend,

Yours very sincerely,

T. CAMPBELL.

To his sister, who was anxious to improve her situation by removing to London or its vicinity, and had requested her brother's advice and "influence with the great," he thus writes:—

TO MISS CAMPBELL.

SYDENHAM COMMON, 25*th Feb.*, 1805.

MY DEAR MARY,

I am happy that this guest is at last gone. . I wish the concerns of those nearer to my heart were as well arranged as those of this unhappy man.* I have been much obliged to Grahame in this affair. I shall be as ingenuous as possible in speaking of the subject you propose to me. I cannot pretend to much interest among the great. I would not be right in saying I have none. How near to *much*, or none, my interest is, I cannot exactly say. One has no exact measure or standard of a thing so dependant on accident, or the feelings of others. I shall tell you how many people of the above sort I know in London. I know Lord Minto, the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Webb Seymour, Lord Henry Petty, and some others of that rank. I lived with the first, and still make friendly calls on him. The Marquis of Buckingham has also said he would be glad to see me at Stowe. Lord Webb Seymour once interested himself to get me a small employment, and failed. Lord Henry Petty has lately failed in another. These men speak highly of my literary character, and have been often heard to lament that I was not provided for. I have been introduced to others of the nobility, but acquaintance with them I never could keep up. It requires a life of idleness, dressing, and attendance on their parties. I exhausted a good deal of time and money in one London campaign; I got no object attained

* A relation, in whose affairs he had taken a warm interest.

that I desired; I acquired, certainly, a very genteel circle of acquaintance; but having now my bread to make by industry, I could not possibly occupy my hours in forenoon calls and nightly levees. I have still retained acquaintance with one or two respectable families, but not in the highest rank. I think they are better hearted than the high gentry, and enter into one's affairs more in earnest. Lord Minto is a very worthy man. . . . To the B. family I would not apply for anything . . . whether they will do anything for me, without application, is another question. I am sure, however, that they are not likely to be roused in the present instance . . . This is a relation of what I cannot do. I shall now state a short list of my *can-does*, and their several chances. I can write to Lady Charlotte Campbell, or rather cause my friend Scott to write; I can speak to the Lords Seymour and Petty to interest their female relatives; I can speak to a son of Lord Dudley Ward, who knows many fashionable ladies. As to the chances of success, I must trust and hope for the best; but the great are indifferent creatures . . . I have some hopes from two intimate friends, a Mr. Weston, of the City, and Sydney Smith, the preacher. I wish to God you had a situation here. If it can facilitate the plan, I shall have a snug apartment for you at Sydenham, and there you are close by the great City. I meant to have applied to the Stuarts—but am knocked out of that quarter by a late event. It may seem a fault in my character that, having so many great and good friends, I can get nothing done, either for my own advantage or the benefit of those I love. It was a remark of your worthy aunt, in depreciating my character to the Sinclairs, that "I made friends, but never kept them." I am not surprised that a person so unlike myself should think exactly so of me. I feel, however, the injustice of the observation in the value I attach to friendship. I have

all my early and equal friends still attached to me, and I have reason to think very *truly*. The great and the rich have been kind to me, and have said such things as would have made you believe I was to be amply provided for. As to intimacy, I never could even wish it with them ; it is got by sacrificing independent feelings. I have never parted with the best part of my character. The things I have mentioned you may rely on my doing eagerly. . . . I shall write to-morrow to Walter Scott. . . . I shall wait with impatience to hear from you if anything occurs. . . . I remain your affectionately attached, T. C.

Faithful to his promise, Campbell made every effort to carry out the plan submitted to him by his sister, and with ultimate success. In the meantime he writes to his "old crony" in a strain of various and characteristic humour.

TO JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *March 7th*, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Our intercourse, if ever suspended by indulgence of laziness on either side, ought not to be resumed with apologies. I have felt—after an absence that divides you from my eyes, but not my affection, that I have too good a remembrance of you to need written memorandums. I see so very few *new* friends, that I cannot well forget my ancients ; and I have only one person, always at my elbow, who has any right to my thoughts and conversation. Our amusement, in general, is to tell over old stories each to the other ; and my worthy partner is as intimate with Jemmy Grahame, John Richardson and Co., as an old student with Homer and Virgil.

In spite of this power of remembrance, however, I think it would be pleasanter on both sides, if we were to write

oftener. Our letters ought to be frequent, if they should even be short. I should like just a hit at me every *decade*, with a watchman's cry of "All's well!—a fine smiling business—a cold frosty mistress"—or any such occurrence in life. If these notices, however, have been scarce of late, we shall have the more to talk of when you come to Sydenham, "*You come to Sydenham!*" I hear the paper echoing this again and again to the pen! It is a sweet and pleasant echo! I will give your back a *dunt* that will make it ring when I push you pell-mell over the threshold of my cottage. *In* with you! See, that's my wife—kiss her (only once); and that's my boy, as impudent a dog as ever looked you in the face. And look at my garden, in which the *kail* is growing that *is* to be your pot-luck! The Dorking cock is strutting in the yard, whose spurs are to be sawed off, when he is to be presented for a fine young *Turkey* to you! When Dorky has sated your stomach, then we shall have his gizzard bedevilled to relish the happy. Oh—

"I will drink wine with you,
Robin Adair!" &c.

Alas! John, my heart is getting up the hill again, and growing light enough to be a fit receptacle for these happy anticipations. But of late I have been *grist* to the mill of adversity! If you have seen Jemmy Grahame lately, his mention of my name might introduce an explanation of what I mean. If not, away with even the memory of sorrow.* In the "Star," perhaps, you will see a public complaint of the unfit punishment that was passed on the ruffian." * * * * * * * * *

* Here follows the alarming adventure in the forest, already quoted in his letter to Walter Scott; and of which an account appeared in the "Star," complaining of the lenity with which the ruffian, a highwayman, had been treated by the magistrate.

Had I been left alone with him, I believe I had the strength which rage supplies, so full within me, that I could have mastered a stronger man than this wretch appeared to be. . . . I have been greatly agitated, as might be expected, by the consequences of this fright on Matilda's health . . She is better; but we shall be obliged, for the sake of medical attendance, to go to London. . . I owe you my warm thanks for your care and accurate account of my quarto edition in Edinburgh. . . Till Matilda be well, I cannot arrest the course of my expenses. I pray you slack not regard, though I. *be* a troublesome correspondent. It may some day be in my power to testify the value I have set on the friend who knows all my cares, because his sympathy for them is greatest. . .' T. C.

The first idea of the "Specimens of the British Poets," in which he had already made some progress, and the original sketch of "The Battle of the Baltic," are thus communicated in a private letter.

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *March* 27, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been for some time engaged in a work in which I have meant to consult you for advice and direction. It is compilatory—but if I receive the aid of a few such men as yourself, I shall do some service to the public. It is a collection of the best specimens of English Poetry. With ten Nestors, Agamemnon could have taken Troy; but with fewer adjutants I shall encompass the British Parnassus, and bring it to capitulate.—I only mean to my powers of *compilation*; for my poetical vein has

ceased to beat. I am stagnated by the cares of the world. I have only fought one other battle—it is Copenhagen.* I wonder how you will like it in its *incorrect* state.—

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

1. Of Nelson and the north,
Sing the day,
When, their haughty powers to vex,
He engaged the Danish decks;
And with twenty floating wrecks
Crowned the fray.

2. All bright, in April's sun,
Shone the day;
When a British fleet came down,
Through the islands of the crown,
And by Copenhagen town
Took their stay.

3. In arms the Danish shore
Proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

4. For Denmark here had drawn
All her might:
From her battle-ships so vast
She had hewn away the mast,
And at anchor to the last
Bade them fight.

* As the alterations and omissions in the printed copy of this ballad are numerous and striking, the reader will not be displeased to have an opportunity of comparing the ballad, "in its incorrect state," with that in which it now stands among his finished poems—where *eight* stanzas were rejected, and all the others more or less altered, while it was passing through the press.

5. Another noble fleet
Of their line
Rode out, but these were nought
To the batteries which they brought,
Like Leviathans afloat
In the brine.

6. It was ten of Thursday morn,
By the chime,
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time—

7. Ere a first and fatal round
Shook the flood;
Every Dane looked out that day,
Like the red wolf on his prey,
And he swore his flag to sway
O'er our blood.

8. Not such a mind possess'd
England's tar;
'Twas the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame,
For to him 'twas all the same
Sport and war.

9. All hands and eyes on watch,
As they keep;
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep!

10. 'Twas the Edgar first that smote
Denmark's line;
As her flag the foremost soar'd,
Murray stamp'd his foot on board,
And an hundred cannons roared
At the sign!

11. Three cheers of all the fleet
Sung Huzza!
Then, from centre, rear, and van,
Every captain, every man,
With a lion's heart began
To the fray.

12. Oh, dark grew soon the heavens—
For each gun,
From its adamantine lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like a hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

13. Three hours the raging fire
Did not slack;
But the fourth, their signals drear
Of distress and wreck appear,
And the Dane a feeble cheer
Sent us back.

14. The voice decay'd; their shots
Slowly boom.
They ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

15. Oh, death—it was a sight
Fill'd our eyes!
But we rescued many a crew
From the waves of scarlet hue,
Ere the cross of England flew
O'er her prize.

16. Why ceas'd not here the strife,
Oh, ye brave?
Why bleeds old England's hand,
By the fire of Danish land,
That smites the very hand
Stretch'd to save?

17. But the Britons sent to warn
Denmark's town;
Proud foes, let vengeance sleep!
If another chain-shot sweep—
All your navy in the deep
Shall go down!

18. Then, peace instead of death
Let us bring!
If you 'll yield your conquer'd fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.

19. The Dane return'd, a truce
Glad to bring;
He would yield his conquer'd fleet
With the crews at England's feet
And make submission meet
To our King!

20. Then death withdrew his pall
From the day;
And the sun look'd smiling bright
On a wide and woeful sight
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

21. Yet all amidst her wrecks
And her gore,
Proud Denmark blest our Chief
That he gave her wounds relief;
And the sounds of joy and grief
Fill'd her shore.

22. All round, outlandish cries
Loudly broke;
But a nobler note was rung
When the British, old and young,
To their bands of music sung
"Hearts of oak!"

23. Cheer! cheer! from park and tower,
London town!
When the King shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate,
And to all his Peers relate
Our renown!

24. The bells shall ring! the day
Shall not close,
But a blaze of cities bright
Shall illuminate the night,
And the wine-cup shine in light
As it flows!

25. Yet—yet, amid the joy
And uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
All beside thy rocky steep,
Elsinore!

26. Brave hearts, to Britain's weal
Once so true!
Though death has quench'd your flame,
Yet immortal be your name!
For ye died the death of fame
With Riou!

27. Soft sigh the winds of Heaven
O'er your grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing—glory to the souls
Of the Brave!

I began with describing my present undertaking on the Poets to be selected—I mean the *first-rate* Poets—and I have set first-rate judges to name what they consider the best passages. These opinions—taken along with another standard of taste, to which I pay due deference, viz.,

general opinion—shall decide my own humble choice. Will you do me then a favour, my dear favourite of living Poets, to be in this instance a judge of the merits of the dead? Will you mark the passages in Chatterton which please you, referring me, with a slight description of what the passage contains, to the page of Anderson's edition, where I may read the same. From Chatterton I cannot admit into my compilation more than ten or twelve pages of 128 lines to the page. I have also a favour to request, that your friend Erskine would give me his assistance in reading "Falconer's Shipwreck," and give me in his report on the best passage, not exceeding a few pages, to be selected. In his taste I confide as much as any man alive.* I meant to ask Alison's discriminating and fine judgment of poetical merit; but I fear he is not strong enough to be troubled with any commission. If you will write me on this subject, it will give me great comfort. The task of this compilation appears easy; but to be well discharged, it is really fatiguing. I am wading through oceans of bad poetry, where not a fish is to be caught.

Believe me, affectionately yours,

T. CAMPBELL.

This letter was promptly acknowledged by Mr. Scott,† whose approbation of the scheme of the British Poets was accompanied with great admiration of the new ballad; and with such an authority in his favour, Campbell resumes

* William Erskine, Esq., advocate.—See Vol. I., page 243.

† On the 12th April, in a letter to Mr. James Ballantyne, he says: "I have imagined a very superb work. What think you of a complete edition of British Poets, ancient and modern? Johnson's is imperfect and out of print; so is Bell's, which is a Lilliputian thing; and Anderson's, the most complete in point of number, is most contemptible in execution, both of the editor and printer. There is a scheme for you!" *The Life*, Vol. II., page 44.

the correspondence, and thus lays open to him his views and circumstances :—

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *April 10th*, 1805.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

For a letter so valuable in every respect as your last, I sit down to offer you my grateful acknowledgments, especially for the encouragement you give me respecting the sea song, which is to form part of a second volume, very soon to bring me again before the public. It is to go along with Lochiel and Hohenlinden—with the poems at the end of my 4to volume—and a Turkish little story about the siege of Belgrade, of which I know not what, how much, or how little, or how much less than little I may make of it. I was always a dead bad hand at telling a story ; and, if your own poetry be excepted, I know no one of Scotland born who has the narrative faculty.

In return for such a letter as yours, I feel considerable embarrassment in sending you another request, of a nature more indelicate and troublesome than the last I sent you. What I have to say, however, respecting the usage I have met with from one of my booksellers, and some circumstances in my situation, it is probable that either Richardson, or Alison, or Grahame—knowing your friendly interest in my affairs—may have accidentally spoke of to you in the course of conversation. The case is this—I have connexion at present with two booksellers, Constable and Co., on whom I am drawing, and have drawn liberally for the compilation, on which I subsist at present with comfort. Constable's conduct to me has been very friendly. With Doig I have an account open ; but his usage is uncivil, and his poverty and hard-fistedness so truly Scotch, that I really feel more hurt in asking my own from him, than I should

feel in asking advances of a liberal dealer. . . . In the meantime, having some debts to discharge in London, I have no other way of settling my affairs than by requesting a temporary accommodation, where I can apply on the score of friendship; and where I have reason to think there is a full reliance on my principles being honourable. The advance of 50*l.** at present is a serious favour to ask of you; but I hope the disagreeable impression of my conduct will be effaced when I say, as I can say with safety, that the money with which I can repay it, is at this moment my legal due. . . . I have troubled you, therefore, because I think you know me, and think me such a man as would live uneasily, if, after obtaining a proof of your kindness and confidence, I did not evince myself worthy of it by subsequent conduct. The time of repayment I shall fix a little further off than I could state, if I expressed my fair hopes. At all events, therefore, I may say that this summer I shall be able to inclose a draft for immediate discount.

* * * * *

Believe me, my dear Scott, yours sincerely,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

P. S. It is surely good news to send a poet of the first order, that the great verdict of Fox† is among the classical tastes given in warm admiration of your "Lay of the Last Minstrel." T. C.

On receipt of the draft, Campbell writes:

* This letter is endorsed by Sir W. Scott—"Thomas Campbell, answered—enclosing letter to Longman and Rees, desiring them to accept my draft for 52*l.* 10*s.*"

† "I have had a flattering assurance of Mr. Fox's approbation, mixed with a censure of my Eulogy on the Viscount of Dundee."—*Letter to George Ellis, Esq., Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. ii. p. 49.

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *April 25th*, 1805.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

I received yesterday your letters, and that to Longman has succeeded as well as possible. In the fever of a temporary complaint, called by Frenchmen "Le Catch-cold," I have just command of pen and eyesight sufficient to thank you with a most grateful heart for a kindness—and a kindness most agreeably done. I really will never forget the impression I felt on reading your letter. The consciousness of having been obliged to have recourse to what is, even among friends, a trial of friendship, and a something connected with indelicacy, had given me a little uneasiness; but your style and manner of writing is so full of confidence and of unaffected kindness, as entirely to relieve me. I am infinitely encouraged by what you say of your own fortune. I thought it had been founded on paternal inheritance. I hold your progress before me as a comfortable encouragement, to shew what a cheerful and industrious use of talents can accomplish. I delight to think of your happiness! having a sympathetic anticipation that your brother bard, on the bleaker *knows* of Parnassus, may one day batten in such another rich enclosure as your own habitation. I thank God, I have very tolerable prospects: I have now so many pleasing incitements to industry—such a wife and such a child as would make any but the heart of a scoundrel beat with no other wish than to get forward in life for their sakes. In London, it is true, I have but few intimate friends; these, however, I scarcely want, having so much inestimable companionship at my own fireside. I may safely say I have not a

nineteenth part of the disagreeable ebbing of spirits which, I was conscious, in my state of celibacy made me often a burthen to myself; and only at particular times, a sufferable associate to those I loved most. The early part of my life, however, was a devil of a scene—it was cursed with a number of events, which are known scarce to any but myself. But Absinthion, the star of bitterness, has seemed to set on my fortune—it is now out of my system altogether.

Now I have a serious advice to ask on a literary subject, and I preface it with this request, that you will let it be a secret between us. I want some tolerable poem, French or German, to translate, and I wish you to choose it for me—any one about the size from 600 to 1000 lines . . . . Do you know anything of Moncrif, a French poet? I have done a pretty tale, I think, from him—"Alis and Alexis"—I have made the lover, however, a namesake of yours, for "Ardebat Alexim" always horrifies me.

There is a Mohawk Indian in town, who whoops the war-whoop to ladies in drawing-rooms, and is the reigning rage of the town this season. He is an arch dog, and palms a number of old Scotch tunes (he was educated in the woods by a Scotchwoman), for Indian opera airs, on his discerning audience. R——s the poet, somebody told me, being one of the spectators of this wonder, at hearing of proposals for the whoop, was seen to shrink with a look of inexpressible horror, and hide himself behind a sofa.—Adieu, my dear Friend; believe me sincerely yours,

THOS. CAMPBELL.*

* This letter is endorsed by Sir W. Scott:—"Tom Campbell, April 1805. Acknowledges the advance of fifty guineas by Longman and Co."

After a negotiation of several weeks with the London publishers, Campbell again writes to his gifted friend and coadjutor.

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *June 3rd*, 1805.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

Messrs. Cadell and Davies have communicated to me the intelligence of our literary projects having coincided, as to name and nature, on the subject of the British Poets. What is it that Æneas says of perishing by the hand of Achilles? I rejoice that the plan is taken from me by a hand so powerful. I really do, my dear Scott: it would have gone to my heart to see any of the hodmandods of literature proposing for this gigantic plan: but to see it in your hands, I am happy, for the sake of taste and my native country. You will do it gloriously, deeply and strongly, with research to inform us, fire to warm us, and taste to enlighten us.

I know not what to say to Mr. Cadell's proposition about joining me in the undertaking—a proposition which he said he would make to yourself and Mr. Constable. As to the butteraceous bookseller, I have no objections to him; but I am sure I should prove a so-so associate with you. I thought it proper, however, to let you know how far I had gone with the London gentry, lest they, devising cunningly to ask our terms separately, should found an over-reaching bargain . . . They asked my terms for thirty lives, and I gave in the same estimate which Sir James Mackintosh offered—*a thousand pounds*. Now, *verbum sapienti*—they are the greatest ravens on earth with whom we have to deal—liberal enough as booksellers go—but still, you know, ravens, croakers, suckers of innocent blood and living men's brains! . . .

One man offered to stake his whole reputation on the work for 150*l.* This was told to me—as a damper is thrown over muslin that is going to be singed—but I still took what Doctor Anderson calls high ground, and talked of a 1000*l.* as a small perquisite for this labour. I told the bookseller that a reputation that was *staked* so cheap, did not deserve to be *impaled*—whereat the bookman laughed, conceiving that it must be wit as it was a pun.

Now tell me freely, my dear Scott, as to *your* views of the undertaking; if they are serious and long devised, then I must not think of joining you in the most distant mode of responsibility; but if you have only lately thought of the work, I may not be quite useless to you, unprepared as I am. I request you, by the true and trustable sincerity of your disposition, to let no stepping-stones of delicacy be between us. Just let me know that you come to the work with deliberate preparation, and I shall think it a fair and friendly warning to quit a thing, which in friendship and confidence I owe to you. I have no great idea of my own capability, and a perfect consciousness of being unprepared for any immediate attack on it. I shall be obliged to you to communicate your ideas to me, respecting the nature and extent of any part I could undertake, with no other preparation than a general acquaintance with poetry, and enthusiasm in the feeling of its beauties. I know it is treating you with too much liberty to talk thus of bookseller's terms, because *your* lot in life is as independent of them as *mine* is not. But my only intention is that these cunning ones should not get between us, before we have some communication on the subject. As to terms, it is of consequence to the general cause of letters, that neither journeymen like myself, nor masters—independent artists like you, should be over-reached in their transactions. C * * is a deep

draw-well. I was really duped by him . . . . . It is not two months since he made me absolutely believe he had not been meant by nature for a bookseller. But God knows, he is not the worst of the bunch. Will you favor me with a few lines on the subject? . . My son, Alison Campbell, was born last Sunday.

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

In reference to this family event, which, owing to circumstances already noticed, had been looked for with long and painful solicitude, Campbell thus writes to the godfather of his child—the Rev. Mr. Alison.

SYDENHAM, *June 5th*, 1805.

MY DEAREST ALISON,

I have pronounced, according to your prescription, a benediction on the little black poll of the Rev. little Archibald Alison; but I have been so much accustomed to pronounce execrations on a bookseller of late, that my tongue has lost its Christian piety . . . . It seems that fate has determined I should have friends by making me need them. . . . For a letter which made me, if possible, love your little namesake better than ever, and in return for such expressions as the best and most benevolent heart alone could dictate, I send you in this scrawl a troublesome commission.* . . . Telford tells me you have a *wig*—I wish to God you had a mitre!

T. C.

* This "troublesome commission" is a long and minute statement of the question, already mentioned at page 18, and which was ultimately settled by the friendly negotiations of Mr. Alison, James Grahame, and Mr. Cockburn. It contains much characteristic and caustic humour, but is not of a nature to interest the general reader. See Note, page 17.

This letter was followed by an increase of domestic anxieties, which interrupted his efforts for bringing the scheme of the Poets to maturity; but as soon as these were alleviated, he thus returns to the subject:—

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *June 28th*, 1805.

DEAR SCOTT,

In the belief that we should be able to accommodate easily between ourselves, any difference of opinion we might have about the plan of the British Poets, I took the liberty of acting as your representative in submitting proposals to the trade. I proposed the work to be edited in volumes similar to Dr. Anderson's, (only) in size—the number of volumes about fifteen, *plus* or *minus*; Johnson's Poets, with their lives, to be the centre of the work: your ancient Poets, antecedent to Cowley, to be the right wing; and my department, the moderns since Johnson, with Ramsay, whom Johnson omitted, to be the left flank of the whole. I thought the Poets before Cowley could not be fewer than fifteen; nor do I think any rational Christian critic can diminish the number; and, to be responsible for giving a body of English Poetry since the period at which Johnson leaves off, I would not wish to be stinted to a much smaller calculation. It is true there is not the *tenth* part of Poets—real and spirit-proof-Poets, in the few years of this period that may be found in yours; but we are bound with the moderns, as with near relations, to take notice of smaller recommendations than would carry weight from remoter consanguinity. I must have Ramsay, who is one of my chief favourites — Burns, Cowper, Mason, Goldsmith, Darwin, Smollett, Falconer, Churchill, Armstrong, Logan, Green, T. Warton, Chatterton, and I suppose Michael Bruce, and surely Beattie. Besides, with

what propriety, even if some of these worthies were *unniched,* could I pretend to be the editor of Modern Poetry, and omit Langhorne, Wilkie, Mickle, Glover, Penrose, and Johnson himself? Penrose is author of one of the very finest poems in the English language—"The Field of Battle." How far below fifteen could you reduce the list? I submitted my proposal of a lumping thousand to the proprietors of the Johnson edition. Some of the more liberal booksellers stood the shock very well, but among the herd of the lower tribe, the proposal fell like a bomb-shell, and made them disperse in great alarm. I proposed to divide our labour and profits. Cadell and Davies were sorry for the vote being against me, and I believe would give the sum; but the general opinion was, that I should be exhorted to devise a plan with you, comprehending fewer poets and of less cost.

The time also alarmed them; for I demanded not to be bound to finish my part under eighteen months. Books, I think, are not to be promised by the calendar; so I am recommended to concert a new plan. . . . But how can I propose to you to stint your plan to the narrowed limits they require, after drawing off your attention from a great design of your own? How many below the mark of *fifteen,* is it possible or probable that you will reduce the number of poets in the prodigious space of time between Chaucer and Cowley? or how much, below the sum of 500*l.* a-piece, is it fair for us to reduce remuneration? For my own part, I know the pestering trouble of picking up anecdotes about the moderns will occupy my time for a year. . . . It will certainly cost me journeys to Oxford, Scotland, and elsewhere. Now, I have a still higher idea of the importance of *your* taste. As a joint concern, your reputation is at stake. . . .

I mean to be quite obstinate on this subject. I will not abate a farthing in my demand. I wish to have your sanction, in rejection of their proposal to put the great plan of our national poetry and poetical biography on a dirty little scale. The upshot will probably be breaking off on the difference of terms; and then your old arrangement with Constable will probably discourage competition. I shall in that case embark in a scheme on which I have for some time cogitated—a Collection of genuine Irish Music, and translations from the Irish, adapted as words, to which I can obtain access. Do you think it will do? I will transcribe a little song, which I mean to belong to the collection, though the subject is Gaelic.*

Pray can you direct me where to find some good notes for Lochiel's Warning? I shall be much obliged to you to mention this when you write.

Believe me, with great sincerity, your affectionate friend,

T. CAMPBELL.

The result of these negotiations, as clearly foretold in this letter, was "the breaking off on the difference of terms;" and the "superb work," which was to have united in one grand design the names of Scott and Campbell, fell suddenly to the ground. "But the public," as Mr. Lockhart has well observed, "had no trivial compensation upon the present occasion, since the failure of the original project led Mr. Campbell to prepare for the press those 'Specimens of English Poetry,' which he illustrated with sketches of biography and critical essays, alike honourable to his learning and taste."†

* Here follows "Lord Ullin's Daughter," thirteen stanzas, which do not differ from the published copy.

† In Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, the whole scheme of the

In a long letter to Mr. Alison, written with paternal fondness, from "the nursery," Campbell gives a humorous portraiture of his two boys—the elder an infant only twelve-months old.

"17th July. * * Your beloved namesake is growing a sweet and beautiful child. The elder, Telford, I am sorry to send you less favourable accounts of. Don't alarm yourself, however, for his health; it is his moral dispositions which are become rude and savage! . . . He talks a language like man in his pristine barbarity, consisting of unmodulated cries and indefinite sounds. He is rapacious, and would eat bread and milk till the day of judgment; but he is obliged to stint his stomach to five loaves, and as many pints of milk, per diem, besides occasional repasts. He is mischievous, and watches every opportunity to poke out little Alison's eyes, and tear the unformed nose from his face! He had not been christened, but only named, till Alison and he were converted to Christianity together. The watering of the young plants was a very uncommon scene. Telford scolded the clergyman, and dashed down

British Poets is thus concisely stated: "It was first opened to Constable, who entered into it with eagerness. They found presently that Messrs. Cadell and Davies, and some of the other London publishers, had a similar plan on foot; and, after an unsuccessful negotiation with Mackintosh, were now actually treating with Campbell for the Biographical Prefaces. Scott proposed that the Edinburgh and London houses should join in the adventure, and that the editorial task should be shared between himself and his brother poet. To this both Messrs. Cadell and Mr. Campbell warmly assented; but the design ultimately fell to the ground, in consequence of the booksellers refusing to admit certain works, which both Scott and Campbell insisted upon. Such has been the fate of various similar schemes both before and since; while Scott, Mr. Foster ultimately standing off, took on himself the whole burden of a new edition, as well as biography, of Dryden. The body of booksellers meanwhile combined in what they still called a *general edition* of the English Poets, under the superintendence of one of their own Grub-street vassals."—Vol. II. p. 45.

the bowl with one smash of his Herculean arms. He continued boasting and scolding the priest till a wild cry of Y-a-men! from the clerk astonished him into silence. The first meeting of Telford and his young friend of the nursery was diverting. T. had seen no live animal of the same size, except the lambs on the Common, which he had been taught to salute by the appellation of *B-a-a!* This was for some time his nickname for your namesake.

The *importance* of these pieces of information may well be called in question; but you remember the anecdote of some one who was found on his knees playing with his bairns, and who asked his visitor—"Have you ever been a father?" I shall not incur your contempt by confessing that I have worn out the knees of my breeches, not so much by praying as by creeping after Telford, the rumbustical dog! What would we give to have one day of *you* at Sydenham to join our creeping party! Excuse a letter from the nursery, and believe me, with all the milk of a foster-brother's kindness, your affectionate

T. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AT SYDENHAM.

In the meantime considerable progress was made in the "Annals," the proofs of which, at the Author's solicitation, were revised by Mr. Alison, to whom he writes: "I am anxious to know whether your health and time will permit me to draw thus largely on your friendship for performing so dry a task. . . I still continue to wish in vain for the return of my old health and strength. I have been advised to use sea-bathing. Do you know of any pleasant situation on the western coast that you would recommend. It must be retired, but not a perfect hermitage neither; for I can't do without books, nor can my wife want a market. . . I think bathing would give me strength. The cold bath was advised to me at Sydenham; but woe's me! our water is brought on carts, and costs two shillings a barrel, so that bathing *here* is no joke! . . For reasons too, I assure you, not perfectly selfish, I wish to hear from you. . . I long to see your hand, since I cannot see your face. Affectionately yours,

T. C."

During the early part of summer, his health, though delicate, did not interrupt his literary industry. He prepared a new edition of his Poems; and his mind was cheered with a fair prospect of carrying out the literary plan submitted to Walter Scott. But after this scheme was indefinitely

postponed, and when no other encouraging project arose to fill its place, his mental energy began to flag; and he relapsed into a series of bodily ailments, which were much aggravated by the force of his imagination. Could he have reasoned coolly at the moment, he would have seen no real cause for despondency; for, as he himself has recorded, it was "with the shadow rather than the substance that he had to contend;" and too many of his hours were embittered by the mere habit of anticipating evils which never arrived. In these fits of depression, which he laboured in vain to conceal, Mrs. Campbell was ever "kind and assiduous;" and cheered at home, and encouraged by his familiar friends, he made strong and repeated efforts to conquer the melancholy, to which he "was so naturally prone." But the difficulty of arranging matters with one of his publishers, who threatened him with a law-suit, was a source of irritation, which every additional letter on the subject revived; and suffering, as he firmly believed, under protracted injuries for which there was neither hope of redress nor apparent limits, his correspondence became deeply coloured with gloomy presages of the future.

This state of morbid sensibility is but too well illustrated by the following letter, in which also he reluctantly confesses the necessity of having recourse to another edition of his Poems by subscription:—

TO JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *August 29th*, 1805.

MY DEAR JOHN,

Since I wrote you last, I have always checked my wish for hearing from you again, by reflecting how little amusement my correspondence can now afford you, when I have scarcely anything to communicate but anxieties of mind, or complaints about indisposition—and therefore

how little right I have to your punctual attention. But when I reflect on old days of happiness in your society, I fly to it as the only resource I can find. . . Three months have now elapsed since I have known what it was to lie down or rise—to spend a night or day without a disordered state of body, that has made my existence burthensome and useless. My debility has increased to such a point, that I can take no exercise except riding. There was a time when I little expected a walk of a mile to knock me up; but now it is otherwise; confinement to the house is so noxious to my spirits, that I am forced to the only mode of exercise I can support, which is on horseback; and that, in the present bad weather, has induced other ailments, which are only preferable to entire imprisonment. Debility gaining ground at this rate, cannot last long. I speak without affectation to you, my dearest friend, who have known my most intimate thoughts, when I say that a sort of comfort comes over my mind, when I think that the consummation, *one* way or other, must soon arrive. . . There is something in one's internal sensations that tells more of really progressive disorder in the constitution, than medical *prognostics* can describe—and those sensations I am certainly conscious of feeling. The irregular, but incessantly returning fits of weakness: the heavy and alarm-bell pulsations of the heart; loss of appetite, and a deep oppression through the whole frame, have lasted so long, that I cannot possibly have stamina to support them much longer. Could anything restore me to what I once was, life would have some value—much and dearly should I love it! But what prospect is existence to me, when my mind is so hampered in its efforts, that I hardly finish a sentence of a common letter, without an oppressive struggle. What prospect to see a wife and family that I love, depending on a morbid valetudinarian, whose nerves of industry

are cut asunder by sickness! The perusal of a few pages half fevers me; and it would need the day entire and healthy, to fulfil the responsibility I have before me. Yet the dreadful and melancholy idea of leaving my unfortunate wife and infants on this wide world, binds me to existence. I shudder at what may happen if they are left—as it is not impossible they may soon be. I will not deny that the very reflection on this possibility makes me *worse* than I should necessarily be, under the real complaints I suffer. But it produces one good effect—it has made me arrange matters so that, at all events, if I should not survive this illness, something will accrue to Matilda and the little ones—I have determined not to dispose of my copyright of the next volume that Doig claims; * and I think there is little probability of his making anything of it at law. . . I had gone some length in printing a small edition, of which I expected some profits; but I had counted on more than was reasonable, on stricter calculation. Without a firm support from the booksellers—a cordial and warm assistance—it is not safe risking even a shilling pamphlet. On sounding the London booksellers, I have reason to dread they would be entirely passive in selling this volume. I must also tell you in confidence, that I find dependence on them so humiliating—I find them so prone to insult all but the prosperous and independent—that I have secretly determined to have in future as little as possible to do with them. I know the disagreeableness of again publishing by the support of my friends, as in the last quarto. I feel it, I assure you, a little mortifying; but still it is a million of times more agreeable than dependence on the trade; and I am determined to publish in the manner I have mentioned. I shall rather depend

* See this stated Vol. II. p. 18.

on my friends, than the gentlemen of the "Row;" and this you may rely on, that I know *now* sufficiently the art of publishing, to get a most beautiful book for my subscribers, with sufficient profit to myself. I shall have four very beautiful engravings, and none but my most select poems. I only want three hundred names; and so much do I count on London for assistance, that I shall be well contented if a third part of what I disposed of in the last edition be got off in Edinburgh—perhaps even *fifty* would be the quota for Scotland. . . . God bless you and yours, THOS. CAMPBELL.

The month of September was consumed by renewed efforts, on the part of Campbell's friends and advisers, to adjust the long pending difference between him and his Edinburgh publisher. Having no desire to revive this ungrateful question, I gladly pass on to subjects of more general interest.

It has been seen in his letter of June 28th, that in the event of defeat in carrying out his scheme of the "Poets," Campbell had projected a collection of Irish melodies. The plan was communicated in the first instance to Walter Scott, and then to Mr. George Thomson, by whom it was favourably entertained; and through him the Songs were expected to find a sure introduction to popularity. In this enterprise, however, the Poet was again discouraged: the ground was understood to be already bespoken—if not occupied—and, if report said truly, so efficiently occupied, as to render competition hazardous. Under this impression, he declined the larger work, and resolved to confine himself to a few popular ballads, in continuation of those which had already appeared with his name. But in this plan he was also defeated. In a letter to Mr. Richardson, the subject is thus briefly noticed:—" . . I troubled

Grahame with a commission—to apologise to Thomson for declining his proposal of sending him a few songs, both from my present indifferent health, and from a view of publishing some songs myself. I am now a little better; but I have laid aside for the present my view of publishing any songs, and must trouble you also with a commission to Mr. Thomson, saying that I shall be happy to attempt some pieces that may suit his music—but that I cannot leave my present avocations,* without material damage to my pecuniary profits. I am sorry to be obliged to bargain with one so much my friend; but my exertions are limited by indifferent health—my expenses are heavy; and numerous as my responsibilities are, my time would be lost in attempting to do any thing, unless I got such terms as Scott has got from Whyte. If he can extend the commission to five or six songs, I can set seriously about the task—if he cannot, it would be a material damage to break my present avocations. You will say this, perhaps, in a more gainly way than I can write it. I shall be happy to have Mr. Thomson's answer when convenient. I am still extremely weak. God bless you, my affectionate friend! Believe me yours, eternally,

THOS. CAMPBELL.

His feelings of disappointment, arising out of these "rejected schemes" of the British Poets—feelings which he could no longer suppress, found vent in an affecting letter to his more fortunate brother poet, whose friendship was a source of honest pride and consolation.

* These were the "Annals," Biographical Sketches, revision of his Poems, engagements with "The Star," and Specimens of Scottish Poetry.

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *October* 2, 1805.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

I should have written to you some time ago relative to the "Poets," but have been under severe pain of body, and a consequent anxiety of mind, about the state of my affairs and prospects, which are so much affected by the changes of my health. I trusted to Longman and Rees' letting you know, as was their duty, the result of the negotiation respecting the "Poets;" they have been dilatory, I understand. It is probable, however, that Mr. Rees, being in Scotland, would bring the story along with him—a story disgraceful even to booksellers. They have taken Alexander Chalmers into keeping for 300*l.* to perform this task. I expected to have filled this ensuing winter with the pleasing task of co-operating with a friend—and a friend of proud fame—in writing the lives and characters of our Bards. Poor Bards! you are all ill-used, even after death, by those who have lived on your brains. And now, having scooped out those brains, they drink out of them, like Vandals out of the skulls of the starved and slain, sewed up by the Gothic Ganymede, Alexander Chalmers.

To drop metaphor, my dear Friend, I have winter approaching, and all the happiness I built on this employment is gone! I hope I shall soon have out a volume of fugitive pieces, and I have several pieces of poetry on the stocks; but I have been worn by pain and sickness, far beyond the power of poetry. I have none in my brain, and inspiration is a stranger to extreme apprehension about the future! The plan of the songs will not do: I am discouraged on all hands by the musical judges to whom I have mentioned the subject; at all events, nothing

immediate can be done. I can now cherish no hopes of any agreeable undertaking, unless your extensive influence over Constable, or some of the Edinburgh trade, can chalk out some plan of which, as in the last intended, I could be your coadjutor. It is for this purpose I write to you. Your extensive thoughts have gone over so many subjects, that there are probably several great works (of prose I mean) in your view; and in some of these it might happen that the exertion of my industry might be employed under your banners. Under the general fits of pain or debility, to which I have been for some time subject, I am utterly unfit for any *playful* exercise of the imagination; but, having learnt the great art of sitting so many hours a day at my desk—every day that I am not positively overcome with sickness—I know I can now trust much to my industry. The great difficulty is breaking proposals to those who are unfortunately the only patrons of literature. I am no match for them. They know the dependence of my fortune, and they avail themselves of it. Longman and Rees have engaged me to write a small collection of Specimens of Scottish Poetry, and affix a Glossary, with notices of two or three lives . . . meagrely and miserably cramped down to a most pitiful thing. Yet, having lost every nerve of application to the poetical pieces I was going on with, I took this in hand because it was compatible with the state of health and spirits, which are the thermometers of my poetry. The selection is a matter of taste, not of historical or antiquarian illustration. I think I have the sources of the work pretty clearly before me; but I shall not consider myself safe, till I have from you—if you will have the kindness to note them down—a list of the best compilations of Scottish poetry which you would recommend. I have finished the few slight sketches of lives which are to

accompany the Poems, viz., Burns, Ramsay, Ferguson. As for the two last, perhaps you will say I am chronicling small beer. I hope I shall be able to send you my little volume of originals in a few weeks.—Believe me, my dear Friend, yours very sincerely, THOS. CAMPBELL.

The painful interest awakened by the perusal of this letter, is much relieved by a short but emphatic postscript in these words :—

"P.S. *His Majesty has been pleased to confer a pension* of 200l. a year upon me.* GOD SAVE THE KING!"

It was well known that, for several months previous to this announcement, Campbell's friends had been very active in concerting measures for securing to him this most seasonable bounty : but to what private influence he was indebted for the grant, has never been discovered. It was said at the time that one of the Princesses, who was charmed with his poems, interceded with the King in his behalf ; that the name being referred to the minister, was approved, and placed on the pension list. All, however, that Campbell has left in reference to this interesting event, is comprised in the following note :—"My pension was given to me under Charles Fox's administration. So many of my friends in power expressed a desire to see that favour conferred upon me, that I could never discover the precise individual to whom I was indebted for it. Lord Minto's interest, I know, was not wanting : but I hope I may say, without ingratitude to others, that I believe Charles Fox and Lord Holland would have bestowed the boon without any other intervention."

* This pension—nominally 200*l.*—deducting office fees, duties, &c., never amounted to more than 168*l.* per annum : but that sum he enjoyed nearly forty years. See his own statement, page 75, Letter, 30th Dec.

Writing full thirty years afterwards on this subject, he says:—"Before that event, I had laboured under such gloomy prospects as I am reluctant to look back upon; and I should probably consign the history of them to oblivion, if I gave way to unmanly feeling or false pride. But everything that is false in my pride, gives way to the gratitude which I owe to those friends who rallied round me at that period; and it would be black ingratitude if I could forget that, in one of those days, I was saved from taking a debtor's lodgings in the King's Bench, by a munificent present which the Rev. Sydney Smith conveyed to me from Lady Holland."

Of the income so materially improved by this act of the royal bounty, Campbell made a prompt and generous use; and, reserving only one portion for himself, divided the remainder between his Mother and Sisters. Nor was the active co-operation of his friends impaired by this stroke of good fortune: it was resolved that one grand effort should be made to place the Poet and his family beyond the reach of future embarrassment; and to accomplish this, a new quarto edition of his "Poems" was advertised, to which all who admired the inspired advocate of freedom were invited to subscribe. By the end of autumn the plan was matured, the new volume ready for the press, and the subscription list highly satisfactory—as shown by the following characteristic letter from Mr. F. Horner:—

TO JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

THE TEMPLE, 11*th Dec.*, 1805.

DEAR RICHARDSON,

I send you, along with this letter, four subscription proposals, which we have printed for Campbell; I wished to have got franks, but have been disappointed. You had better get some printed at Edinburgh in the

same form, to disperse among your friends there and throughout Scotland.

Mr. Sydney Smith has taken charge of the subscription here; that is, all the papers come from him, and are ultimately to be returned to him. He lodges the money at Hoare's, on Campbell's account; and two or three booksellers have consented to receive subscriptions at their shops, free of commission. You must take upon yourself the same central authority, and trust for the Scotch subscription; and when you have got a great deal of money, which I make no doubt you will, you may remit either to Smith or directly to Coutts', which is more convenient perhaps at Edinburgh than a remittance to Hoare's.

Very little exertion has been made yet; but we have got above two hundred pounds, of which sixty are from Oxford. I shall be very much disappointed, if we don't put into the Poet's purse more than a thousand pounds.

You will, of course, consult Mr. Stewart and Campbell's other friends, as to the best means of pushing the subscription; and I have told Lord Webb Seymour that you will call on him for that purpose. I have sent one subscription paper to Reddie, and have desired him to communicate with you if it is necessary. It will be a disgrace if Glasgow does not distinguish herself in this subscription. Lady Holland has written to Lord Lorn, to rouse the whole clan of the "Campbells."

I am happy to assure you that Campbell's *health* does not appear worse than it has been for many years. The indisposition which you heard of, while I was at Edinburgh, proceeded very much from *anxiety* about his circumstances; I trust his mind will be set at ease upon that subject, if he has confidence enough in his friends to disclose his whole situation, and firmness to adhere to a fixed plan. I don't know if he has written to you since I

came to town; if I find he has not, I will write to you again more at length. In the meantime you will hear from Dr. Thomas Brown what negotiation Smith has had with that Jew ——. Believe me, yours very truly,

FRA. HORNER.

Mr. Horner's conclusion that the malady, under which Campbell had been so long a sufferer, was owing much more to depression of mind than decay of body, was well founded; and to Mr. Alison, who had strongly recommended him to the care of Dr. Baillie, he writes under the influence of his brightened prospects:—

TO THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

PRINCE'S PLACE, PIMLICO, 23*rd Nov.*, 1805.

MY DEAREST ALISON,

Thanks between us is a thing that I feel superseded by the consciousness of our mutual regard; if it were not, I know not how I should express myself for your last instance of care for my health, and your recommendation to Baillie—a man so truly valuable to be made known to in such a manner. Baillie is deservedly worshipped in London. I know not that medical fame was ever higher; he is every way an acquisition to one's acquaintance; and though, thank God, the worst is now over with me, I have too much regard to my own interest to fail availing myself of your re-introduction. I knew him before, but I should wish to be known to him as your friend. I am indeed very much, and very wonderfully recovered, so as to be able to resume my long forsaken employments, and to do something. The weakness that lingers on my constitution, after severe pain and sickness, is, indeed, more tedious than I could wish; and since

coming to town—which I was forced to do for the sake of avoiding journeys—I feel the change of air not for the better; yet, on the whole, I have reason to bless God for deliverance from what I dreaded more than leaving this world—the painful anticipation of my wife being a widow, and my children orphans.

I am particularly uneasy about my mother; I hear she is ill; I fear from her age, dangerously. What I most regret is my inability to make a journey to see her. The state of my health might now make it possible; but from circumstances which I may have occasion to mention to you soon, I must quit the only prospect I have of future competence and provision, if I attempted to be absent from London just now, even on the most pious duties. I feel that without sacrificing everything, I cannot perform the journey I intended. I understand that Dr. Brown* has shown her most uncommon attention. God bless him! I shall never forget such a proof of his humanity; for, although he is my sincere friend, I believe a nobler motive than friendship is the cause. Will you have the goodness, my dearest Alison, to inquire confidentially—for I have implicit reliance on his skill—how far he is apprehensive as to her danger? I should write to Brown myself; but, alas! a letter is not now to me the pleasant task it once was; it would seem affectation or coldness of heart, to say how arduous a labour it now is to me to put a few words together, even to my best friends. Remember me to the circle of your home, who are as dear to me as ever—and that is saying not a little. The Stewarts I trust are well, and will receive my kind wishes, coming in company so agreeable. My eldest boy now says

* Dr. Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy (noticed at page 243, Vol. I.) in the University of Edinburgh.

"Papa!" You know what a word that is for the first six times it is pronounced! As for *your* Alison, I vow to you that your name is not ill spent; he is, indeed, a little angel. Believe me, with sentiments that no time will efface,

Yours as of old, THOMAS CAMPBELL.

For the benefit of medical advice, and more frequent intercourse with his friends, Campbell took a temporary lodging in Pimlico, where "the fore-part of every day, except Sunday, was devoted to literary engagements." In transmitting to Edinburgh some additional MS. of the "Annals," he gives the following account of himself at the close of the year :—

TO THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

Dec. 28, 1805.

. . . The incessant frailty of my health has so long made me a bad correspondent, that you will hardly recognise my hand. I have grown such a wreck of my former self, that often the exertion which would elevate my mind is a fatigue to my body. This has principally been the case since the good event of his Majesty's kindness to me; otherwise you should not have been left to learn it by report of the Gazette. . . . I am afraid after all your kind perusal, I shall not rank with Tacitus at this bout; but, for your own sake, my dear Friend, do not spare erasures; or else, when your own name stands in poetry connected with a prose blunderer, you will wish my dedication* in the fire.

Your namesake, little Alison, is supposed by many to be getting the heels of Telford in beauty and smartness. He is an arch rogue—would to God you had a sight of

* The dedication of "Lochiel and Hohenlinden." See Vol. I., p. 392.

him. . . Time, distance, honours or dishonours, place, pensions—all that befalls me—cannot weaken the sweet remembrance to me of your evening parlour and fireside; and I shall dun my good genius for a debt due to me, till the happy moment comes, when I may again see you in the same scene. What an addition it would be to introduce my children to plague and quiz you, as yours did me!

Remember me dearly and kindly in that scene, and believe me with eternal regard yours,

T. CAMPBELL.

In the following letter to his elder sister he is more explicit, and enters thus fully into the state of his health and prospects — but in a strain that still evinces great mental anxiety. An extract will suffice :—

TO MISS CAMPBELL.

SYDENHAM, *December* 30, 1805.

MY DEAR SISTER,

. . . The long illness under which I have laboured has disabled, and still disables me, from communicating with many friends on the subject which was announced to you by the papers. The bountiful allowance from government was obtained through several interests; it was accelerated by the state of my health, which too visibly showed the necessity of something being done for me. The allowance is nominally 200*l.*, by the reduction of the income-tax 180*l.*, and by other reductions of the tax on pensions to 160*l.* This, I believe, will be left; but it is understood to be in contemplation to tax all pensions four shillings in the pound, in which case not more than 140*l.* will be left. . . .

Whatever the sum be, such is now the verdict of my physicians, that I must regard it as the only defence between me and premature dissolution. Their recommen-

dation is to obtain sea-bathing quarters, to leave off application to business for an indefinite period, or to expect my constitution to be soon broken beyond the reach of recovery. By the publication of my Poems, I expect to be enabled to continue my mother's allowance,* without infringing on my pension, which, in the cheapest corner of England, will but subsist my family. From my own labour, it is now too far gone with my constitution to expect any permanent resource.

It was for some time a doubt with me, whether to think of risking the remaining health I had, and, by remaining in communion with the London booksellers, to increase my income as far as possible, or to secure my constitution by a retreat ere it be too late. These doubts were, however, soon concluded by the last remains of strength which I possessed having so much forsaken me, that, if I remain in London, it must be to be idle. My days are oppressed and feverish—my nights sleepless. I have now no alternative but retirement or dissolution. My life is not my own; and I must give it the only chance. . . .

At a time when I was ill fit for a journey, I have been in London to exert every interest for E——. I am doing all that I can by application for her. . . . . I believe and trust you will exert all your interest. I have told you my situation very freely, that you may see the necessity for every effort being used. . . . . I have little power to write, and can only subscribe myself, your affectionate brother, THOS. CAMPBELL.

The kindly warmth, with which the Poet's interests

* This is evidently said as a *caution* to others, whose claims, though loudly preferred ever since his pension was gazetted, were of a much less sacred nature than those of Mrs. Campbell, his mother, on whom he had, long ere this time, settled and paid a handsome annuity. See page 22.

were espoused by his able and judicious friend, Mr. Horner, was not likely, in such a cause, to grow either languid or cool: and, in reply to his zealous coadjutor in Edinburgh, he gives the following report of what had been accomplished in London.

TO JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ., W.S.

HAMPSTEAD, *December* 31, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am very much rejoiced to hear that at Edinburgh the subscription for CAMPBELL is going on so prosperously. It must still be pushed, however, as actively as possible; for —— told me to put no trust in Glasgow; and it would be very much to the disgrace of Scotland, if a large portion of the sum raised did not come from thence. I cannot tell what sum we have procured, for most of the lists are still out; but many persons have done themselves great credit by the activity they have excited for one whom they only knew by his writings. We are much indebted to some women of fashion, particularly Lady Elizabeth Foster, who first suggested this subscription, and has been at a great deal of trouble. It may do you good, among the slaves in Scotland, to let it be known that Mr. Pitt † put his name to the subscription, when he was at Bath, and we hope that most of the ministers will follow him. The great object is to raise such a sum as may form a permanent fund for Campbell's family. Even if it should be small, I would recommend this to be done, because there cannot be a surer motive to economy, than

* Many of the symptoms of debility—less scrupulously dwelt upon in this letter than in others of the same period—may perhaps be accounted for by his neglect of *regimen*, and having recourse to articles of diet which had a manifest tendency to increase the morbid sensibility under which he laboured.

† This illustrious Statesman, as the reader may remember, died on the 23rd of January—only three weeks after the date of this letter.

to have the beginning of a fortune laid. You will be of great service to Campbell in this respect, when you come to London; for nobody here knows him domestically enough, to speak freely to him on these subjects. You must teach him to consider this subscription as an exertion which cannot with propriety, nor even, perhaps, with success, be tried another time: and that from this time, he must look forward to a plan of income and expense wholly depending upon himself, and most strictly adjusted. He gets four guineas a week for translating foreign Gazettes at the "Star" office; it is not quite the best employment for a man of genius, but it occupies him only four hours of the morning; and the payment ought to go a great length in defraying his annual expenses. You will be able to convey to Campbell these views of his situation, and others that will easily occur to you; none of *us* are entitled to use so much freedom with him. Be sure to leave Campbell's affairs at Edinburgh in *zealous* hands.

F. HORNER.

With this letter closed the year 1805 — an eventful year to Campbell. It had dawned upon him with many evil omens, and found him involved in many difficulties, from which there was no visible means of escape; but it left him in improved health, with new friends, a settled income, and cheering prospects, as if to prove that—

> "When Fortune means to men most good
> She looks upon them with a threatening eye."

CHAPTER IV.

SUBSCRIPTION EDITION.

Among the more active and zealous of the Poet's new acquaintance was the family of Wynell Mayow, Esq., of Montagu-street,* by whose united exertions many distinguished names were now added to his list of friends and subscribers. At the head of the list stood that of the great Tory leader, which was followed by those of every shade in politics; who, in doing homage to the Poet, abandoned all party considerations, and vied with each other in expressing their sense of his merits, by acts of unaffected kindness and liberality. To this gratifying testimony of public estimation, Campbell often reverted in after-life with unmingled pleasure. It has been seen, from passages already quoted, how deeply rooted in his heart was the remembrance of kindness and generosity; and thinking, perhaps, that—

> "Fortune was merry,
> And in that mood would give him anything"—

he indulged hopes of a political appointment, which would

* Mr. Mayow's country house was at Sydenham; and to this family Campbell expressly alludes, when he says—"It so happened that the dearest friends I had at Sydenham were thorough Tories; but this acquaintance ripening into friendship, called forth a new liberalism in my mind, and possibly also in theirs."—See page 27. Of this amiable and accomplished family, frequent mention will be found in the Poet's Letters; and in the mean time I need only add, that from Mr. Mayow, Campbell took the original of "Albert," in his "Gertrude of Wyoming."

have enabled him, in his turn, to serve those who had rendered important service to him. In this design Lord Grenville and other influential friends took a warm interest; but their success was ultimately defeated by the illness and death of the liberal and enlightened Premier, Charles Fox.

In the mean time, Campbell was fully employed in miscellaneous writing; and in the following letter to a fair, life-long correspondent, a few brief particulars are given of himself, his family, and occupations.

TO MISS MAYOW.

January 23, 1806.

DEAR MADAM,

The extreme similarity of the note which you had the goodness to send me last week, to your sister's hand-writing, is an apology to my own conscience for my mistake; so that I am sure it must be fairly so to your good nature. From so much kindness, in being interested in my publication—and I have reason to say in my whole good fortune—I should be inclined to pay the same compliment to the similarity of your hearts, as your hands; were it not too like the flattery and alliteration of a poet, although, God knows, I am sincere. The "Proposals" will be sent to Montagu-street on Saturday; I hope that will be sufficiently soon. I am extremely obliged to Mr. Wolff for his hint respecting the *Edda*. I am, however, at present in no state to turn my attention to any avocation so important. The moment my mind is discharged of many anxieties and employments, which at present fill it up to the brim, I shall consider myself very fortunate if Mr. Wolff will continue his goodness, and let me ask him for pilotage and direction, in the choice of proper matter

for translation. Mrs. Campbell was obliged to return to Sydenham. She found the City air did not agree with the little ones; they were threatened with measles; she is a great alarmist, and retreated precipitately. Then came a dreadful disappointment of no servant arriving, and Sydenham is most unproductive in that useful article. Her over anxiety and efforts in the nursery, without proper assistance, have done her material injury. At last, by very strenuous efforts, we have got a sick-nurse; and I have persuaded her to confine herself to bed. As the spring is so near, I believe it will scarcely be advisable for us to make another movement to town. Mrs. Campbell, though unable to write, is yet anxious to send you her best remembrance; she hopes your summering in Sydenham will commence in spring, and that we shall soon see you. I shall with infinite pleasure avail myself of your kind invitation to pay you an unceremonious visit, and enjoy the usual happiness I have had in visiting your family.—I have the honour to be, &c. T. CAMPBELL.

On his return to Sydenham, the happy change in his circumstances imparted a cheerful serenity to his fireside, which had seldom visited him in that sequestered retreat. Congratulations, "both personal and epistolary," on the recent act of royal favour, were daily offered to him; and, in answer to an old comrade, with whom he had spent many pleasant evenings in Edinburgh, he writes with all the characteristic warmth which endeared him to his early friends.

TO JOHN KEDDIE, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *February* 12, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Two days ago I opened with great pleasure your welcome epistle, and recognised a signature, to which,

I assure you, the lapse of years has not made me attach a less pleasant or lively feeling of esteem. It is but due to our friendship that any person who brings a letter from you, should meet the welcomest reception I can give him in my house; and, instead of waiting till chance introduce me to the gentleman by whom you wrote me, I have sent to see if he will favour me with a visit; and I am sure, if any attention I can show may be acceptable to him, his claim is well established by *your* name being the cement of our acquaintance. I was sincerely gratified to hear of your delightful domestic circle being well, and remembering me so kindly. I was cheered with the remembrance of old times; I was flattered with the kindness of addressing me at so long a distance; and I repeat —what I assure you I should wish to say to few besides yourself—that if our lots be still cast in distant places, the friend who comes from *you* to me, with either letter or message, shall be already entitled to my best reception, as coming from a man whom I have long loved and esteemed. . . . You were right, my dear sir, not to suppose that it was possible I should look back on an early friendship with slight feelings. The estimable qualities of a right manly and social heart, united with a kindness of character, which for me, indeed, was both in social and sober hours peculiarly exerted, were very endearing to me when we lived together: and how could I cease to esteem them in absence! . . .

I have had some eventful scenes in my life since we parted. Although no express hopes are held out by this change of administration, yet in time, I trust in God, some of the powerful will remember me. In the mean time, my situation is, by the recovery of my health, by no means discouraging. I have two very fine boys, not beauties, but buxom and health-like. The eldest espe-

cially, my namesake, is a little Hercules, and leaps manfully at the sound of music. The amiable lady, on whom you have the goodness to congratulate me, sends you her best compliments. She is a very comfortable *Mater*. But there is a something about me, you know, my friend, that lacks strength in brushing against the world, and battling out the evil day. Matilda has, luckily for me, a soul of uncommon fire and force of character; every inch of her spirit is mettle and pride—yet honest pride, God knows. I am sure you would soon get well acquainted with her, and like her much. Chance—I should say, good luck—may, perhaps, bring you to London; if so, ask for me, at No. 1, Carey-street, at Mr. Tulloch's. How happy should I be to shake hands with you! Please remember me kindly to your worthy mother and my fair musical friend,* and all your amiable circle, and believe me, unfeignedly yours, THOS. CAMPBELL.

In a letter, apologising to Mrs. Mayow, who took a cordial interest in his fame and fortune, for unintentional delay in forwarding to her a prospectus of the forthcoming edition, Campbell relates an awkward mistake which he had just committed, the consequences of which were almost fatal to his constitution:—"March 24. . . . The day I was favoured with your kind invitation, I had a very slight indisposition, so slight that I thought I should that evening have had the pleasure of announcing my intention to be with you on Thursday. The serious accident, however, of swallowing by mistake a draught of laudanum, for a medicine of the same colour, had nearly sent me to the shades before night. . . . I am not painfully ill, but so shattered and exhausted, that I should think it unsafe to venture town-

* Miss Mary Keddie, to whom Campbell addressed some complimentary verses in Edinburgh. See notice of the family, Vol. I. pages 230—264.

wards till I am restored. . . . At whatever time it may please the great patron of verse-making valetudinarian—Don Phœbus Apollo—to allow me the much-wished-for pleasure of spending an evening at your house, I am afraid it must necessarily be without my better part. We cannot contrive a plan of being in town without the children; and a removal of them, even for one day, is not a journey, but an expedition—nurse-maids and all! T. C."

One of the most agreeable incidents in Campbell's private history at this time, was the expected arrival and settlement in town of his friend Mr. Richardson: and another, which bears the whitest mark in the Poet's calendar, was a day at Holland House, which he has thus recorded:—

". . . Lord Holland asked me to dine at Holland House, in company with his illustrious uncle—and now I am come to a passage of my life that ought to give inspiring recollections. . . What a proud day for me to shake hands with the Demosthenes of his time! to converse familiarly with the great man, whose sagacity I revered as unequalled; whose benevolence was no less apparent in his simple manners—and to walk arm-in-arm round the room with him. But I must own that, when the great man treated me with this condescension, I hardly knew—you will excuse the phrase—whether I was standing on my head or my feet. Luckily for me, however, Fox drew me into a subject on which I was competent to converse. It was the Æneid of Virgil. It is disgustingly common for shallow critics to talk about the *monotony* of Virgil's heroic characters—unfairly quoting the single line—

Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cleanthum——

for Virgil's characters are really varied and richly picturesque. In this critical belief I found that the great

man, with whom I was conversing, agreed with me; and I delivered myself so well on the subject, that he said at parting—'Mr. Campbell, you must come and see me at St. Anne's Hill, and there we shall talk more about these matters.'

"Lord Holland also told me afterwards that Fox said to him aside, 'I like Campbell; he is so right about Virgil!'

"What particularly struck me about Charles Fox was, the electric quickness and wideness of his attention in conversation. At a table of eighteen persons, nothing that was said escaped him; and the pattest animadversion on everything that was said, came down smack upon us; so that his conversation was anything but passively indolent or unformidable. . . My hope of seeing Charles Fox at St. Anne's Hill was frustrated, alas! by the national misfortune of his death"—* . . .

It was generally remarked, I believe, by those who could best appreciate his acquirements, that, in company with men of refined taste and education, Campbell was often singularly happy in rich classical allusions, which gave unexpected point and brilliancy to the conversation. "What a vast field," said Sydney Smith one day, after listening to some of these sparkling sallies—"What a vast field of literature that young man's mind has rolled over!" His mind was stored with the strength and quintessence of ancient poetry; and to hear him dilate on the dramatic history of Greece, was to perceive its beauties under a new and stronger light, and return to the originals with increased relish.

His short interview with Fox, and the happy coincidence of opinion which united him to that great scholar

* The MS. ends abruptly at the word "death;" and this portion of his autobiography Campbell had never afterwards courage to resume.

and statesman, seemed to heighten his partiality for the Æneid; and formed in his mind a pleasing association between the Prince of Latin Poets and the Liberal Whig Premier.

This event was duly chronicled among his "proudest reminiscences;" and two days after his visit to Lord Holland, he writes a humorous letter to Mr. Richardson from Sydenham, in which he acknowledges having dined with the Peer and Premier in a lawyer's suit :—

". . . I have sent off this morning by the carrier one shirt and one neckcloth of yours which are here. If there are any more of yours in my aught, they must be at Pimlico, where, when you send there, I dare say they will be forthcoming. At all events, there is a vest—a yellow vest—of yours *there*, which I *stole* on going to Holland House last, and appeared like the daw in borrowed plumes.*" . . .

Turning to the subject of his "Annals," he adds—"Finding, on perusal of Lacrételle,† that his account of the Revolution was totally different from that in the 'Annual Register,' I must, of course, alter all that I have taken from the latter and insert the former more recent and accurate statement of facts—so important in any detail of the present times. . . . T. C."

His time and attention were now cheerfully occupied in procuring for his eldest sister a suitable and permanent

* To those who knew Campbell intimately, it is superfluous to say, that on dining abroad he occasionally, from absence of mind, forgot to change some article of his morning dress, until, perhaps, he was at the very door of his host; and then taking advantage, as he now appears to have done, of "some near and dear friend," would furnish himself with a temporary accommodation from his wardrobe.

† Pierre Louis Lacretelle—one of the editors of the *Mercure de France*, &c.

situation—the duties of which she continued to discharge with honour and success during the remainder of her active life. But, in a long letter to her, there is a passage which shews that he was not yet exempt from his old malady :—"April 5.—The invincible disease of restlessness at night has attacked me as usual. The falling of a pin wakens me. Last night the falling of a drop of rain at my window made me rise unslept this morning—and Thomas's two little feet preclude all rest in the day! . . T. C."

In the meantime, owing to vexatious circumstances connected with it, his progress with the "Annals" was slow and unsatisfactory; and what rendered the task still more irksome, was an offer from other quarters of more congenial and remunerating labour. It was a "contract," however, which he could neither decline nor execute by proxy; and the history, relieved at times by original composition, went languidly forward. Unless when prevented by ill health or bad weather, he came every other day to Mr. Tulloch's office in Carey-street, and there revised the fugitive articles which he had prepared for the Philosophical Magazine and the Star Newspaper. There, also, he received the advice of his elder, and the homage of his younger friends; and drew the outlines of several literary projects which were never filled up. This occasional absence from home, it was said, and the facilities which it offered for entering more freely into company, fostered a taste for conviviality, which was neither friendly to study nor domestic retirement. The social pleasures of the evening were followed by a painful counterpoise of depressed spirits, and inaptitude for mental exertion.—I do not presume to say that his mode of life was different from that of many others of his own standing; but what was pursued with impunity by others, was often extremely pre-

judicial to him. By a too easy compliance with their solicitations, he was led to countenance a style of living and thinking—not altogether in accordance with the high standard of which he had given a solemn earnest in his Poems—which laid the foundation of habits, that, in after years, he found it very hard, or even impossible, to conquer. It was very seldom, however, that anything was allowed to interfere with the discharge of his private duties; and although often negligent of his own personal interests, he gave very punctual attention to those which arose, either from the warmth of private friendship, or the strength of family attachment.*

In the letters written at this time, I find allusions to the interest taken in his case by Lord Grenville and other members of the new Administration; and from what transpired on the subject, it was intended to follow up the late grant of a pension by an appointment of some emolument in one of the Government offices. Writing, and returning a friendly loan to Mr. Stevenson, on the 28th of May, he says:—"Enclosed is the other half of the Bank note. . . . *Something*, I believe, is to be done for me, that will at least enable me to discharge my mother's annuity. . . . But in this affair Lord Holland has been the spring."

During the three summer months, independently of his weekly engagements with Mr. Tulloch, Campbell made

* "April 18th. I have been for some time anxious about my mother, and that I may have my mind set at rest about the poor old lady, I must give you the trouble of calling upon her . . It is now about the time when her annuity should be paid . . . Will you, my dear boy, call upon her and tell her to give Constable a receipt, for which I have no doubt he will advance her *cash*, for he knows it goes to my account."—This is only one of a hundred instances of the same amiable solicitude; but the object of quoting it here, is to shew that a literary connexion between Mr. Constable and himself was still subsisting, with the prospect of its being soon considerably extended.

a critical revision of Johnson's "Lives," and wrote several new biographical sketches of the poets, illustrated by an extensive selection from each, of the best and most characteristic passages. As an encouragement in this labour he was told that, although a complete edition of the "British Poets" was then considered impracticable, a new edition of "The Lives" might be brought out with advantage, either alone, or accompanied by short specimens of the style, pith, and originality of each poet, chronologically arranged. But to say more would be anticipating what will be found detailed in his own letters.

While thus employed, the prospects from the new *Quarto* were gradually improving; and from that edition alone it was expected to realise a thousand pounds, which was to be laid out in the purchase of an annuity. Writing to Mr. Richardson from Sydenham, only three days before the death of Mr. Fox, he says:—

September 10.

. . . I have concluded the pieces which I intend for my *Quarto*, and shall begin forthwith to arrange everything in due order for my subscribers, both in Scotland and England. . . . With respect to Lord Grenville's promise, nothing has yet been done; and Mr. Fox is said by Sydenham news to be again at the point of death. What may become of the ministry, or of my *promise*, I know not. . . . A word from you will be acceptable; for, enjoying as you are the happiness of your *new* bride, after forsaking me, I dare not require of you long letters. Give my compliments, however, to Cockburn. . . . Our worthy S—— is again in London. . . . He came with Jeffrey to see me. Remember me to Grahame—Mrs. Stewart is here, who *greets* when she speaks of "The Sabbath"—also to the Hills—"Ah, hills, beloved in vain!" When do you

come back to your abandoned and faithful swan?*—
Yours always affectionately, T. C.

[At the end of this letter is a sketch, "in Campbell's best manner," of a disconsolate swan, floating in solitary state in a pond near Sydenham, and meant to convey to his newly-married friend, an emblem of poetical desolation, and recal the old story of Dido—*nusquam tuta fides!*]

In the ensuing month of October, negotiations were resumed with the London publishers, the happy consequences of which are conveyed in the following letter.

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *November* 4, 1806.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

A very excellent and gentlemanlike man—albeit a bookseller—Murray, of Fleet-street, is willing to give for our joint "Lives of the Poets," on the plan we proposed to the trade a twelvemonth ago, a thousand pounds. For my own part, I think the engagement very desirable, and have no uneasiness on the subject, except my fear that you may be too much engaged to have to do with it, as five hundred pounds may not be to you the temptation that it appears to a poor devil like myself. Murray is the only gentleman, except Constable, in the trade.—I may, perhaps, also except Hood. I have seldom seen a pleasanter man to deal with. I foresee no chance of our disagreeing about the minuter arrangements, should the affair proceed. I think our choice of the lives for each would not be likely to set you and me by the ears. And

* His pen-and-ink sketches are often ludicrous; but how long he cultivated this talent under "the direction of Mr. Nasmyth," whom he names in an early letter as his master, this drawing of the *swan* will not certify.

what makes me excessively desirous of the engagement, independent of its being pleasant work and good reward, is, that it would probably fix me beside you in Edinburgh. At all events, it would give me an occasion of having more frequent and intimate connexion with you. God grant that you may have no objections to the renewal of this scheme; it will be another era in my disappointments if this fair prospect should be overcast. Let me offer you a few considerations, which, in case of your being accidentally averse to make an important addition to your avocations, may make the matter seem less arduous than it really is. Our names are what Murray principally wants—*yours* in particular. The size, the manner, the time, and whole arrangement of this work will be in our hands. Now, my dear Scott, as to the laborious part of it, I will traverse the island to get information and books, and promise to devote myself to make ample amends, by *my* industry, for the superior stock of knowledge which you must be confessed to be able to contribute. I shall endeavour to remove every obstacle to its being a laborious work to you, or taking that time from your numerous avocations which, on your part, had better be employed in lending celebrity and talents, than mere fagging to the undertaking. For my own part, I am not assuming any mock modesty, when I say that, so thankful shall I be to have an engagement to the amount of 500*l.*, that I will think no effort too great, to show my sense of the good fortune to be associated with you in the undertaking. I have too much respect for you, and for myself, to importune you to join names with me; but I cannot disguise that I am deeply anxious for your answer. I would not wish, even in confidence, to say anything ill of the London booksellers *beyond their deserts*—but I assure you that, to compare this offer of Murray's with their usual offers, it is

magnanimous indeed. Longman and Rees, and a few of the *great* booksellers, have literally monopolised the trade, and the business of literature is getting a dreadful one indeed. The Row folks have done nothing for me yet; I know not what they intend. The fallen prices of literature—which is getting worse by the horrible complexion of the times—make me often rather gloomy at the life I am likely to lead. You may guess, therefore, my anxiety to close with this proposal; and you may think me charitable, indeed, to restrain myself from wishing that you were as poor as myself, that you might have motives to lend your aid.—Believe me, however, with no such wish, your very sincerely attached, T. CAMPBELL.

Into the views so anxiously entertained by Campbell, Mr. Scott entered with equal kindness and promptitude; and it was arranged, under certain stipulations, that the plan should have his zealous co-operation. With this gratifying assurance, on the part of his distinguished friend, Campbell thus reverts to the subject:—

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

November 25th, 1806.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

Sickness and various accidents have prevented me from writing you hitherto. I thought I should by this time have been able to see Murray; but I am so situated that I cannot easily take a journey to London to converse with Murray; and as your letter was not purely on business, I could not let him read it. I am quite glad that you like the plan. Be assured that no less than yourself,-or perhaps much more, I feel how serious an undertaking it is. But still I would distinguish between labour

and drudgery, and between a great task and a heavy one. I approve of everything conveyed in your letter. I shall communicate with Murray on the reasonable postulate you assume; but I must delay doing so till it can be done *vivâ voce*, and decisively. I write you at present merely to account for not having hitherto answered your last—or rather, for not being yet able to send a satisfactory answer. But, depend upon it, when I write you—and it will be soon—I shall do so with proper and minute mention of my whole ideas of the work. I have one material thing also to communicate, which is, that this work of ours is intended for a new edition of Johnson's *Lives*—not of Johnson's Poets. The circumstance of no Poets going along with the biography, is to me rather a pleasant circumstance. It strikes me, however, (I could wish you to communicate the idea to Mr. Constable, and I shall do so to my friend here,) that this biographical scheme, if connected with a large selection of the British Poets, which I am engaged at present in making out, would add great value to both of the works. I am not apt to be very sanguine about my own works; but I have pleased myself much with the perfect *classicality* of the selection I have made. I think it will be the only real collection of a body of our poetry that has yet been thought of. I shall be in town the end of next week, and shall write you in consequence.

Believe me, dear Scott, with regard and esteem,

Yours truly, T. CAMPBELL.

In reply to this letter, Mr. Scott—having greatly increased the number and importance of his literary engagements, and finding it necessary to restrict himself to works more exclusively his own—"declined the plan" and partnership. The enterprise, however, had his hearty approba-

tion ; and with the like encouragement from other good judges, Campbell now set to work in right earnest ; and, although often interrupted in his task by other demands on his time and pen, made gradual progress in the Selections which now bear his name.

It was about the close of this year that Campbell appears to have made the first faint sketch of Gertrude of Wyoming. He had expressed in a former letter his intention of making translations from the German, and requested his brother Poet to favour him with a list of German works. Whether or not any suggestions originated from that source, remains uncertain ; but in the extract from a German author, pointed out to me by an ingenious friend, there is some ground to suppose that the first idea of Gertrude may have presented itself to Campbell after a perusal of the German story.* At all events, the coincidence between the English poet and the German novelist, is sufficiently striking to warrant this conjecture.

With the new year Campbell began a severe and various course of studies, of which the new poem took the lead. His visits to London became less frequent, those from his friends more frequent than hitherto ; and in the society of the place—but chiefly in that of the Mayow family—he found much to refresh his mind, and to stimulate his industry. Placed in almost daily contact with congenial minds, which he might consult with advantage on matters of taste, and whose friendly efforts to promote his best interests had awakened in his ever grateful heart, a feeling of respect and affection, his hours passed smoothly away. For a time, indeed, he felt as if he had taken a final leave of

* Barneck and Saldorf. von August. Lafontaine, Berlin, 1804. The extract will be found in a subsequent page, where the poem comes more expressly under notice. The novel is very interesting, and *thoroughly* German.

his difficulties, and had entered a path that was now leading him onwards, through pastures fresh and new, to all that enjoyment of rural life, after which he had often pined in the solitude of London.—That time, however, had not yet arrived.

Of the calm and simple tenor of his life at this period, his correspondence, as usual, is the best index; and from that source I endeavour to select such features as may bring the general picture into a distinct and faithful light.

After much alarm, occasioned by the illness of his friend Mr. Mayow, then in town, he thus sympathises with his daughter:—

SYDENHAM, 12*th January*, 1807.

MY DEAR MISS MAYOW,

Great, indeed, is the comfort of your intelligence, though our anxieties yet tremblingly participate your own. At one time it would have much relieved my mind to have but sent a line to you on the tidings we had heard, and which struck us with the deepest affliction. It occurred to us, however, of how little avail are any human communications of the best meant condolence on such trials; and we feared by writing you, your friendly and ever attentive hand might be drawn into the task of answering—an employment it would be cruel to run the risk of putting you to, in the present circumstance of your health and strength, thoughts and spirits, being put to the severest trial that mind and body can undergo. One straw's addition to the burden of your exertions must not now be added. I fondly trust that the appearance of hopes will strengthen and proceed. May God speed and further them! That his physicians speak so well, and that you are spared in health beside him, what a blessing it is to think of! We were much distressed to

hear of your sister's weakness. This will go off when the better news shall have made all our hearts rejoice. For your letter accept our united thanks. Would that I had better alleviation than poor but sincere wishes to send you. To all yours, and to Mrs. P. Mayow, Mrs. C.'s and my best remembrance. Yours very truly,

10, Montagu Street. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

In the meantime illness found its way into his own family, the termination of which, in connection with other topics and reflections, is thus reported to Miss F. W. Mayow, after her sister's recovery :—

SYDENHAM, *Feb.* 16, 1807.

It is with great satisfaction, my dear Miss Mayow, that I both receive and answer your kind note. The children are almost well. I was never much alarmed about them, though Mrs. Campbell was. I knew well that their grandmama's *goodies*—with which they had been well stuffed in town—was the only cause of their sickness. I was only one night any way anxious for them ; then, indeed, their indisposition approached to something serious, and I must confess when my Alison (who by a metamorphosis is growing handsome) lay pale, sick, and languid on my knee, I felt my heart grow *thick*, as the Scotch folks emphatically say. But Hall, who seems really a judicious doctor, made me quite easy next day, by his description of the complaint. Well—but the little brats being now disposed of—what shall we say to describe our joy for dear Mary's restoration ? That she is still weak is a thought that represses my glee. I say *glee;* for I am so foolishly stirred to gladness by the intelligence, that I have tossed away my books this morning, and resolved to be idle and happy, that I may have time to

think of the good news. The word *foolishly* seems amiss; but I cannot blot it out. It applies not to the cause of the happiness—for, God knows, it is a good cause—but to my own weakness in bearing good as well as bad news. In truth, I know not how to congratulate you. We suffered daily and deep anxiety in thinking of you all; but durst not write so often as we wished, for fear of being troublesome, when you must have had so many inquiries to answer. But now, even now, that M. is recovering—what would I not give to hear of you daily—a single word would do—"She continues well, or better," &c. Now that my little ones are well, my first anxiety is to hear of your family; and, next to you, of General Benningeen and Buonaparte's defeat!

I made a vow in Mary's sickness for her recovery, that I would make a yearly pilgrimage to see you, if I should trudge it on foot to whatever quarter of England we should retire. This is not penance, indeed—but still it is a vow; and if vows, as of old, contribute to restore health, I have aided the doctor by my piety. Dear friends, it was not possible that Mary should not be secure to you; she must be so. It would not be permitted to be otherwise; she will live to be your mutual blessing. Heaven will long preserve her to you. Whenever she is able to see visitors *in her usual way*, pray be so kind as to let me know. I feel her recovery to be too great an event not to congratulate her in person upon the occasion. And happier shall I be to be presented to your household, than to bow at the first levee in Europe. On the state of your own mind and sufferings, and those of your family, my dear friend, I am little disposed to enter with any obtrusion of condolence. If I were so, the dignity of your grief would repress my officiousness. But the most composed and self-commanded mind may need to be reminded

of those alleviating circumstances which friendship may suggest against unqualified despondency. In your yet delightful and amiable family, how many elements of happiness remain!—affection, union, and the exclusion of those hard circumstances, which divide and scatter families, or toss them like orphans from one another; nay, which sometimes, by fortune intervening between wishes and abilities, turn the very sweetness of consanguinity into bitterness and regret! Forgive me, if I am impertinent. . . Tell me how your dear mother continues, and when I may be presented on the congratulatory visit; but that, I dare say, cannot be for a long time. Believe me, my dear friends, with joint compliments from Matilda,

Yours, faithfully,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

To the same lady he writes again, under more serious apprehensions, and with excellent feeling:

February 17th, 1807.

Your note, my dear friend, continued to give us delight. Blessed be the medical hand that has restored the dear invalid. I was much rejoiced yesterday with a sight of our common friends of the village. I dined with them; and such was the heartsomeness inspired by the sight of friends, by your kind welcome note, and by the tide of my own health flowing again, that I got quite *up in the buckle*, and acted what Sydney Smith calls, the chatty man to perfection. . . . But I feel worse to day after a waking night, and several warnings of an old presentiment that I shall not be a Methuselah. But what of that? Pray do not allude to my ever delirious whining about myself in your notes; for I am glad, for Matilda's sake, to pass off for colds and little ailings, what I feel threatening to be more

serious. I care not much to attain the age of my forefathers. I bless God I shall leave a portfolio for Matilda and the boys to live on, should my sleepless nights be quieted soon and everlastingly. That is a blessing unspeakable. It makes me easy as to the future. I know not why I choose thus to exchange thoughts with you, unless it be that your aversions and likings are so like my own that I feel you truly to be my fellow creature.

The verses I have transcribed. They will not have the least value, unless the circumstances under which they were written be explained. They relate directly and solely, indeed, to the most venerable of mankind; they were written from the contemplation of his character—from the impulse which his benign and beautiful countenance occasioned; but they are not applicable as the testimony of my veneration for him, which, in justice to my own feelings, and in justice to his inestimable memory, I wish to give to the world, as exclusively *his* tribute. That must be the task of another hour.

The case is, I was engaged about the time of the afflicting intelligence in a poem, where a character, such as his, is one of the most important:—the description of serenity in mature life—of that composure which is not the result of indifference—but of the fire, fervour, and sensibility of earlier life, subdued and sweetened by reflection. Such were the traits which I thought I saw in his countenance. His mouth most peculiarly appeared to me to indicate extreme sensibility; his front seemed to have the stamp of a proud and delicate sense of honour, which, I may speak freely, must have made his feelings in youth vehement, and strongly determined to their objects. But in his age, I think I see him smiling on this world with love for all that deserved his love, and with pity for all that deserved it not:—

How reverend was that face, serenely aged,
Undimm'd by weakness, shade, or turbid ire!
Where all but kindly fervours were assuaged;
Such was the most beloved, the gentlest sire:
And though, amidst that calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might display
A soul impetuous once—'twas earthly fire
That fled Composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.*

I trust you will sufficiently understand that I should be ill-satisfied to consider this accidental allusion—although from the heart—to be a just or fair tribute to the dear departed worth, of which, instead of a portrait, they scarcely give a line or a touch. By a stranger they would not be regarded as, perhaps, even sufficiently respectful. I am ashamed to say so much of a few feeble lines—but everything regarding him derives importance from the subject.

* * * * *

I must bring you "The Castle of Indolence" in my pocket since you have not read it, if you now read cheerful things.

The children are well—Matilda quite well. To hear of you is great joy to us both. Believe me ever faithfully yours, T. CAMPBELL.

P.S.—Joy to you on the accession of a new branch to the house of Courtenay.† If she drew her paternal blood from Leonidas, she would be the better to have a mixture of the dear blood of the Mayows.

* Compare this with the same admirable stanza in "Gertrude," of which the two closing lines are so remarkable.

† Alluding to the marriage of one of Mr. Mayow's daughters to the late Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, P.C., brother of the Earl of Devon.

From common-place transactions we are now suddenly introduced to what may be considered an event in the Poet's life. The deed was followed by an immediate dispatch to Mr. Richardson in the following words: "I killed an enormous snake to-day, which I mean to keep as a trophy of my own valour. In the act of slaying this Python, habited as I was in my old black pantaloons, third-best boots, and second-best wig, with my beard unshaven, I looked for all the world like the Apollo de Belvidere!"—This announcement is accompanied by a grotesque sketch of the recent encounter. On the right is the snake, half uncoiled; the sting protruding, and in the very act to strike. On the left stands the Poet, crowned with bays, in an attitude of calm defiance, and making a left-handed blow on the crested head of his antagonist. His own costume is ornamented, as described, by shreds and patches, in Grub-street fashion. At his feet flows a stream, inscribed with "Helicon." In the back ground is Parnassus, crowned with a temple; a Pegasus in full career, and his rider falling headlong to the earth. At the gate of the temple are three Muses; the first playing on the cymbals, the second displaying a scroll of Fame, and the third in the dress of a young musicante, seated at a modern pianoforte! At the base of the hill stands another figure, the Poet, in the character of Apollo, his head encircled with rays; while on either hand, figures of Fame and Victory, each with a long trumpet applied to her mouth, are proclaiming to the world the gallant achievement of the morning.

It is pleasing to notice, even at some length, these playful, though mute sallies of humour, and to imagine with what glee he committed to paper this caricature of his deeds, making it, perhaps, an interlude between two of the fine stanzas of his "Gertrude,"—*dulce est desipere in loco.*

But the pleasure is greatly increased when we collect from such etchings the symptoms of an easy and elastic state of mind, to which he had often been a stranger, and of which there is still clearer evidence in a passage of the same date:—"I should not trouble you about drawing my pension, if I knew the proper way to apply for it; but as I wish, for the sake of having *money at interest*, to lift the three quarters in April, I must beg you to write to your agent in Scotland about it." *

In a strain that indicates the same buoyancy of health and spirits, he again writes to Miss F. W. Mayow:

April 30th.

To say the truth, it is a sad thing that good folks, so scarce as we are, should have formed an acquaintance just to drop it. I pledge myself you do not know Matilda yet, nor will you have known what an excellent good young man *I* am, until you have been a good many weeks at our cottage in Sydenham! Having been an idle vagrant all my life, roving hither and yond among good and among bad folks, I have acquired, by sore experience, although amidst profound ignorance of the true philosophy of the world, that guess of characters which gypsies, beggars, pedlars, and other vagrants—nay, even which dogs acquire by physiognomy and conversation. I am sometimes mistaken, but never continue so very long. I saw your family at our first meeting. Like the mulberries on your trees, you are all fruits without rind. The sunshine of God's blessing has brought you out undisguisedly good. But *we* are husky productions. Matilda and I are afraid of showing kindness, lest it should be taken for fawning. But to balance this flattery of you, I will flatter

* Extract from a letter to John Richardson, Esq.

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ourselves; and such a pair of inimitables as *we* are! Oh, you shall see with a witness in time coming!—

A more serious thought comes across my mind, when I have to thank you for your toleration of the few lines, and for your seeming to understand the explanation which accompanied them. On such a subject, I shall probably indulge more in the truth of my own feelings, than in the gems of ornament; and if the tribute please you, my fair critic! it will be my exceeding great reward.

Matilda greets you; I think she would like much, if, by some cunning alchemy of relationship, she could commute you into one of her Scotch cousins. This would be mighty convenient for us. We should not even hint, as if we were afraid of your refusal of our roof; but in the spirit of *clanship* insist, as a matter of decent appearance before the world, that kindred should not break, and that Mary and you should not play the fine lady, and look down on country cousins!

I can assure you we were fine folks yesterday, for we had no less a guest at dinner than the descendant of John Sobieski, the grandson of General Walackouski, aide-de-camp to Peter the Great, and the cousin of Kaminsky, present commander-in-chief of the Russian armies. These three characters were all united in the person of one simple friend and school-fellow of my own, who is plain Frank Clason, and such a favourite of the "Empress Maude," * that the days he comes to Sydenham I am always sent to amuse myself elsewhere, and give way to the young lawyer. . . . Talking of Russians, my eldest lad has grown again such a savage since his recovery, that we are resolved to buy him a commission among the Don Cossacks! . . For such a dispatch, what will the post charge you? Wretched

* The *historical* name for his wife, Matilda—Mrs. Campbell.

man! I was born under the star *Scriblerus!* Believe me very faithfully your affectionate friend, T. C.

Again, on the 19th of May, he writes—"I am always overtaken with small distresses, when great ones fail me." "A dispatch from town reached me this morning, which engaged me incessantly in writing till the evening, at which time I felt so overcome with fatigue, that I could not extend my walk any distance from home." A few days after this date, the symptoms of his former complaint returned with so much severity, that change of scene and relaxation of mind were pronounced indispensable, and he started to make trial of the air of Hampshire. Crossing the Solent from Southampton, he took up his quarters at Ryde; and in the following letters the history of his sojourn in the island is circumstantially detailed:—

TO MISS MAYOW.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT, *June* 16, 1807.

DEAR MISS MAYOW,

Presuming to count upon you as the friend and comforter of my wife in her solitary state, I think I have a right to trouble you with a letter, though it should be a dull one, and to request the favour of some news from Sydenham, since your news must be so interesting, coming from yourselves, and from the immediate vicinity of all that is dear to me.

Indeed, of Mrs. Campbell's real health and spirits I expect a truer account from you than from herself. Her disposition to keep me easy will lead her to dissemble any little accidents at home. Yet I should like to know such accidents; for, although the recovery of my health be a great object, it must not be done at all hazards of *her*

finding extreme inconvenience from the solitude in which I have been compelled to leave her. She described to me your kind and consoling visits to her on the first of our separation. Believe me, I am grateful at heart for these kindnesses: they came at a time when all circumstances seemed to conspire against her. All her relations were, by some accident or another, prevented from going down to her. One cousin or sister was unwell, another going out of town; and if I had not known their hearts very well, I might have suspected collusion. My own disappointments were very similar. The want of books for references and authorities, in a work in which I am engaged,* has long and grievously protracted the publication of my Poems. In London, all my dependence for obtaining a few scarce books was on a few friends; but among them there seemed a conspiracy also. Never did bailiff hunt, watch, or besiege a fugitive debtor more than I did my book-finding friends; but they eluded me, although I watched all night that I might waken early enough in the morning. One of these books, which flies from me like the waves from Tantalus, is "Jefferson's Notes on Virginia"—oh, hang Jefferson, that I ever heard the name of his Notes! On the night when I knew that Matilda and my babies were exposed to the dangers of midnight robbers; when I knew that my injunctions to have a guard in the house would be disobeyed, through that foolish distrust of having a stranger in the house, which, thank God, Matilda has at last overcome—on that night I resolved to make a morning round of all my literary coadjutors, to find the President's book, and, as usual, kept awake from anxiety. The morning came, but all my friends had left London—vanished like guineas which one grasps in a dream! I

* Selections from the Poets, with Biographical Sketches [see page 89] and Historical Notes for "Gertrude of Wyoming."

have been obliged to leave London without this book, on which my sole hope of reference relies. I have got, like all weak minds, into long digressions. I meant only to allude to your kindness in visiting my dear Matilda that evening, with so much friendship and sympathy as she described.

Well, I have been long enough on my own case. I shall tire you with it no more. I trust I shall hear from Sydenham good and pleasing accounts of your health and spirits. . .* At this star, I stop to break open a letter from poor Matilda. She says my favourites are all well.—*All well!* it sounds like the sweet note of the midnight sentinel! A letter from one's best friend is worth going a hundred leagues for—to wish, and long for, and receive. I have never been so far away from her. I may say it is the first wife's letter I ever received. She seems in very good spirits. I have your family, I believe, to thank for it. I was going to have concluded, but my spirits seem to mount as if I had pledged to my absent friends in a bumper. All is well! My wife—my hearty, brown-necked boys—my faithful sister-in-law—and those my wife emphatically calls my "favourites." All is well *indeed!*

The practice of describing scenes and feelings more than they are in nature, is an affectation which I abhor—either joyous or the reverse; yet extremely joyous feelings appear sometimes, by their uncommonness, to be beyond nature's routine, even to those who enjoy them. Such, I think, are mine at present. I am sitting at the sea-side window of my boarding-house, on the northern side of Wight. It overlooks the shores of Southampton, the spires and buildings of Portsmouth, Spithead, and the towns adjacent, and a hundred ships of war, some of a hundred guns, riding between the shores! The peculiar light of the atmosphere reflects on the smooth expanse of the sea, not a dull

uniform blueness, but a playful variety of colour—it seems in places like a plain of rainbows.* Such a sight is worthy to conclude one's wanderings. I did not like Southampton; perhaps I was not in spirits to like it. It rained a little to be sure; it was a sea port—that is enough. I spent a day at it, very dully indeed. From the moment of embarking for Wight, all was different; the wind blew strong, and the very boat seemed to be merry; she galloped, as the seamen said, over fifteen miles of nice bounding foam in an hour or little more. The motion exceeded all other pleasures of being carried that I ever experienced. I grudged, when she came down, that the wave was not higher. The undulation, just sufficient to produce giddiness, did not approach to what causes sickness; and I sat at the bow of the vessel to enjoy it more.

The journey of the northern half of the island to Ryde, is a scene of richer vegetation than even any in the neighbourhood of London. At one landscape, where an arm of the sea comes up between rich thick clustering woods, green to the water's edge, I could not help exclaiming,—It beats thee, Sydenham! Indeed every view is charming; the whole is one diversity of pea-green corn fields, and box and honey-suckle hedges. You would feel as if your eyes were fed with richness. Then, last of all, comes the sea and the British navy!

I have found a boarding-house which promises to be very comfortable—my inmates are an elderly lady, her daughter, a very modest pretty girl; four gentlemen, who seem respectable; a cat and a parrot. One of the boarders, a Captain of infantry, is a poetaster; his works, in manuscript, are perused by the lady and her boarders; but the

* See this idea embodied, many years afterwards, in "Lines on the View from St. Leonards." Poems, *ed.* 1842.

great Twalmley continues, and wishes to continue, unknown. For an explanation of Twalmley, if you do not understand the allusion, Mrs. Campbell must be applied to. I trust the martial bard will not bring me out! . . I wish to be (as the man said) under a cage.

I reflect with dismay on the crime I have committed of robbing your purse of double postage; but repentance is now too late. May I hope that I remain in the undiminished remembrance of your family. Present them all my kindest respects. Believe me, very sincerely, yours,

THOS. CAMPBELL.

TO MISS MAYOW.

RYDE, *June* 29, 1807.

MY DEAR MISS MAYOW,

I assure you the kindness of your writing me was not undeserved—if an act of friendship can be said to be deserved by the grateful sensation it occasions. I will also say that I deserved it by good intentions. Knowing that your spirits required more amusing correspondence than a serious, *sleepless* man was likely to be able to communicate, I thought if there was a cheerful scene, or event, in the little history of my life at Ryde, I should communicate them; and if such could have beguiled you of one half-hour's thoughts, I should have been more than happy. Had Ryde furnished such, you should have had my most cheerful thoughts by this time; or rather, had my thoughts been susceptible of cheerful impressions, I should have communicated them. But saving one day's pleasure, I have had none here, except reading my wife's letters, your own, and your dear sister's. The demon of sleeplessness haunts me; but of my complaints you have heard as

much as my doctors, and have pitied them more, and done them more good by your sympathy. I will persevere—but I do long for Sydenham! I trust, with all his faults, the Poet has somehow or other got into the good graces of your family. I think in my absence, the sisterly care you have taken of Matilda, has made her more a sister to you by the very exercise of your benevolent affections; at least I feel so fraternally, when I look to the three graces at the bottom of my silver box,* that I think your letters seem to come as from my own household. Yet if Ryde, with all its beauties, has been like a little Siberia for the past fortnight—what had it been if I had not thought of your visits to Matilda, as of a prop and stay to her "little bit of Philosophy?"

* * * * *

Assuredly, if you have an hour more sad than another, I should wish you to devote it to Matilda; honour her with allowing her to participate it. Though I say it, who should not say it, she is one to be with in grief, as well as in joy. She may, in such an hour, have her plain artless communications of mind to make with a friend, whom she truly esteems, more valuable than deeper discipline in books, or the world, could impart. I love her companionship with serious minds; and with you she is always happy.

* * * * *

I have been reader to the ladies in this boarding-house. How often I wished the company changed, and the books too, perhaps, for they were only farces, and yet they made us laugh. How often I wished, when I remembered your

* A silver box with an inscription, presented to the Poet on leaving home, by three young ladies of the family—whom he named, not inappropriately, "The Three Graces."

saying you liked to hear reading, that I had Sydenham back again, and could make you forget an hour or a forenoon—even with nonsense—which the labour of reading might make injurious to your health. Let me trust, then, when I return to Sydenham, though I don't expect you to be so easily entertained with light reading as these fair ladies, that I may administer the elegant amusement of my Scotch accent, as a small aid thrown in to the society and entertainment of some better friend. I shall be as proud as the bellows-blower that played to Handel.

I have been to see Shanklin, and the seat of Lord Dysart, about fifteen miles hence. The scenery is as bold as the Highlands; as rich as an English garden; lovely, fair, delightful, beyond description. The wide, blue, beautiful sea, has no boundary on the opposite waste, that is visible. The ships are seen as in a Claude Lorraine picture. I was one day happy—it was impossible not to be glad, looking on such beauty! Our whole house hired a barouche and some carriages, and made an expedition of it. We had none but one character who was worth speaking to about such a scene. The rest enjoyed the fresh air, the dinner, and the jaunt, in high animal spirits. There was a good-natured talking Captain of infantry; a tall man; two middle-sized men; a very tall man; another tall and *stout* man, quite flashy in appearance, and his wife—a perfect angel in beauty, sensibility and wisdom, whom this West Indian nabob is taking out to bury alive in the island of Jamaica! The nabob was good enough to let me sit by his wife the whole day; and though she is not a great speaker, she is not demure. Of this beauty, I have written my wife—so you see I have been but smitten platonically. The other ladies were good in their way—a little cockney woman was as happy as Mrs. Gilpin, not with the scenery, but with good company,

which was above her pitch—*they* seemed to show it; but that did not abate the cackling flutteration of *her* happiness. . . . How she laughed and paid compliments to your humble servant!

I forgot to mention another lady—Scotch—who lived once in my very house at Sydenham. She speaks ill of all Sydenham and mankind, except such as herself. She told me my friend, Dr. G——, of D——, was a bad character, and that his brother was a waiter in a tavern at Aberdeen! This, and her justifying the slave-trade, so enraged me, that I flung a whole bason of hot soup . . . No, I am wrong, I believe—I only *wished* I could have done it. Adieu, and forgive my long scrawl, with its concluding nonsense. How happy and proud did I feel to be remembered by Mrs. M——, by my fireside beauty, and her sister. Accept of my best thanks for your length of letter—though for this my dear wife comes in for a share, and believe me, dear Miss Mayow, affectionately your sincere friend, THOS. CAMPBELL.

RYDE, *July 6th*, 1807.

". . . A tall thin gentleman of the name of Frank will *frank*, though not deliver, this letter. He gives me time only to say a few words—but in abridging my time, he does not abridge my inclination to communicate my ideas, if I had any worth communicating. Positively Ryde has a Bœotian atmosphere; or else the stupidity of my fellow boarders has smitten me. I sometimes call on the satirical Gifford, who is here; who *mentalises* me for a few moments, but the impression lasts too short. The ennui, the want of conversation, is intolerable. Our best boarder has left us—the only rational being whose voice I used to hear from morning to night. He was a medical man.

I have nobody. I should give the world to be back to Sydenham. What must Siberia be! I mean to persevere, however, a little while. I have found out an antidote against *cold* in bathing; for the temptation to continue in the waves, is irresistible, when I have once plunged.* This antidote is a close wardrobe of flannel, which carries me half out to Portsmouth, without experiencing a sensation of cold! Imagine your sublime bard this morning arrived at a collier-brig, in the roads, and invited on board, like the Neapolitan *Peschiere*, dripping from the waves! Imagine his enchanting appearance, seated on the sunny deck of the collier, with his flannel cowl on his head, and a cigar, which he smoked from the hands of the sailors, between his tuneful lips. Then, like another Orion, trusting to the dolphins, he plunged to seek the shore. . .

"To-morrow, I shall visit several ships in the harbour, not in this diver-like attire, but in a pleasing party. We are to board one that was commanded by Captain Duff, who was killed off Trafalgar. I hope it will inspire a few ideas in the idealess head of your forlorn, but faithful friend, T. C."

* This is one of the few instances in which the Poet evinces any partiality for water, fresh or salt. In his "flannel wardrobe," which carried him half-way out to Portsmouth, he might have disputed with his friend, the noble "Childe," the passage of the Hellespont. Judging, by subsequent experiments, however, the antidote seems to have failed; for, after "trusting to the dolphins, his flannel cowl, and a cigar," the modern Orion (*horresco referens*) had a shivering fit on landing, which detracted greatly from the merits of the discovery. But that did not prevent a renewal of the pastime; it only rendered him much less excursive in his natatory propensities, and more shy of the "collier-brigs in the roads;" on quitting which for the last time—

"his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself, with his good arms, in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed
As stooping to relieve him! I not doubt
He came alive to land."

Again—"Ryde, Monday morning, July 10"—he writes. "... A gentleman of our party having taken it into his head to make a precipitate departure for London, I cannot suffer him to go without sending you a few lines, my dear Miss Mayow, though I am sorry to say the time he has given me is too short for even attempting to treat you in turn for your most benevolent and, as my wife interceded for me, long letter. That word is indeed scarcely applicable; for, though I could not complain of shortness, I turned over the last page with as much eagerness as the first. That, perhaps, was avarice, but it was at least of a tasteful kind. I lament to find by your own letter that you have thoughts of leaving Sydenham, and, by your sister's, that there seems to be some occasion for it. This makes me as sad as the Russian news. I pray to God there may be no necessity for such a separation from your family, and such loss to our society—and prayers are all that I can offer—the prayers, too, of a sinner, though, I trust, *not* of a hypocrite.

* * * * *

"I thank you most particularly for your early information of the accession to your kindred. I did, indeed, kiss the little stranger in my imagination. God bless him. I hope to have him in my hands in reality, when I pass through London. In all that concerns any relation of yours, I shall ever unfeignedly feel an interest, and, married as my favourite Eliza is—and married, too, as I am—I shall always, with my wife's permission, have a penchant for her. I told her, I believe, or at least insinuated, the conquest she made of me by one "*good night*"-smile at the party—the first party of Mrs. M——'s. But I am running on at a sad rate—and see you colouring with indignation at the impertinence of making you a confidant to my out-of-doors attachments! Pray don't, however,

judge too harshly of me by my own foolish confessions. I am not quite so bad as I made you believe for the sake of an argument on those matters, which we once maintained at Sydenham. I am, I assure you, a good creature in the main. . . .

"These news—these horrors! but let us not despair! If Buonaparte has beat Russians, he has not yet beat English freemen on their own soil. I fancy the bravery of the Russians has, like all other popular stories, been exaggerated: their *physical* strength, for instance, is talked of; I know for a certainty, that for size and fineness of conformation (talking of them as animals) the Tartars, who compose nine-tenths of the Russian armies, are inferior to the men of Europe. Buonaparte, I repeat, has never yet fought with *freemen*—with English freemen in England! Whether we are destined to resist him or not, this must be the creed now. We must not give way, but be *optimists*. Adieu! and I say it with regret, so early; but my letter-bearer is waiting. May health return to you! I wish I were a magician, and you should have a magical cure; though I should travel to the bottom of the deep for it.

Give my kind compliments to your neighbour, Mrs. Thomas Campbell, the Poet's wife! Remember me in the kindest terms to Mrs. M——, and believe me, with sincere esteem, yours,

T. C.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN TO SYDENHAM.

THE preceding letters, though comprising only a portion of his correspondence, give a sufficiently simple and connected history of his visit to the Isle of Wight. His health was greatly benefited by the change; he had made considerable progress in the new poem, and "The Selections;" and after his return home writes from "the nursery" another *domestic* letter to his sister.

TO MISS CAMPBELL.

SYDENHAM, KENT, *September* 1, 1807.

MY DEAR MARY,

The prospect of February gives me great delight. God grant nothing may spoil the beauty of my babies, before the grand presentation to their Aunt, but that they may look so lovely and interesting, as to *make you remember them in your will!* At present, though not beautiful, they are certainly *fine* children. Thomas's eyes approach to beauty; his complexion is also pearly, and his little limbs are solid and smooth. For the rest, his features, and promise of intellect, are such as, perhaps, if I could be impartial, I should not extravagantly praise. But for what he is, thanks be to God! for he is growing every day a dearer and more inestimable gem; and I can pronounce his heart and feelings, by every symptom, to be sweet and susceptible. Alison is the funniest little cock-

nosed fat dumpling you ever saw—quite roguish and sly. Matilda is all this day in town, bringing back Thomas, who had been sent to visit his grand-parents. I have had Alison my inseparable companion all the time. You may guess his advancement in manners, when he sits with me at the dinner, and officiates as chaplain. The only form of litany which he has hitherto got, is a piece of the Lord's Prayer, which, unless prevented, he constantly begins—"*Our old Father,*" &c., &c. I am quite in raptures with the decorum of his behaviour, for he eats his lamb chop as gravely as a judge, commenting pitifully on the poor *ba-a*-lamb which we were eating, and at intervals entertaining me with an account how the Doctor of the village cures the people. "*Cockle* Hall," he said (*i. e. Doctor* Hall) "keeps always pocket-fulls of physic for bad boys. When he hears that the people are sick, he cries, 'Oh, dear!' and comes gallop-a-trot down the hill, and then comes tap-tap-tap at the houses. Then he finds the people in bed, snoring and sleeping, and comes and pops in his head and cries 'Boo-peep!' and so the people get quite well." You see there is no fool like a father-fool. Forgive all this nonsense.

I had to-day a letter from our mother, who says she is better. I am glad to see she writes clearly and collectedly; for I was afraid by some of her former letters that she was going fast. She still talks of Sandy's coming home. I am afraid this is one piece of her dotage still continuing, for I thought, by Sandy's own letter, there could be no great prospect of his return. Betsy, she informs me, has been shabbily rewarded—if it can be called reward, by what was given by old MacArthur Stuart.* By a letter from his

* This gentleman had got possession of their family estate of Kirnan, and left a legacy to the Poet. The "*Kirnan case*" will be stated in a subsequent part of this work.

factor, the usual form of announcing repairs on his estate, I was reminded of my being the only heir-apparent to that *Hun* in England. Do you know the state of American population actually alive between our house and these golden apples of Kirnan? Some "plague or yellow fever" may dispense with the presence of these cousin-competitors on the death of MacArthur, and make way for poor brother Archibald, after all his rubs in life!

I was much the better for being at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, both during my stay, and for weeks after; but it is with great alarm that I find my abhorred sleeplessness returning fast and inveterately. I cannot tell what havoc it makes of my health, spirits, and thoughts. My poem is at a full stop with it for ten days past, for my head is constantly confused. But I must no longer trouble you with complaints. Trusting that your own health, as you do not mention it, is not at present affected, I remain, dearest Mary, your affectionate brother,

T. CAMPBELL.

To the friend, who had sent a new book for his perusal and opinion, he writes:—Sept. 14. I should have read through and returned the "Proofs of a Conspiracy" yesterday, but I was indisposed with a cold, which is to-day somewhat worse; so that my thin slip of a person is confined in the narrow cage of my own room, like a weasel in a trap. Robinson's book has some interesting matter; he is surely a man of heart and writes from principle. But I recollect what the most reverend of old men—the prelate Arbuthnot of Regensburg, said to me of Robinson when I had not read a page of him.—"He got his book," said Arbuthnot, "mostly from our Father Maurus; and you may guess how *accurate* was his authority." This Father Maurus is a Scotch monk, under Arbuthnot, whom the worthy abbot

was obliged ever and anon to reprimand for such tricks as you will read of in Bahrdt's description. Indeed, except the talents, Père Maurus is Bahrdt all over. He was a spy of the British Government—a Wyndhamite—a Lord Pagetite—a who-knows-whatite: but to my fatal experience, a gentleman, who would not scruple to pick pockets.* This swindler, I dare say, sold his anecdote to Robinson pretty profitably . . . . But Robinson wrote from principle; and along with much exaggeration, I have no doubt the German publications contained many horrid truths . . . . Man is a naughty animal, and this is but one of his side views . . . .

The story in the last note about the blood of the young children, is rather ridiculous.† If poor babes were ever sacrificed, it was never such a man as Turgot who patronised the business. It rests on no authority—not one name . . . . But by-and-by, if I scribble thus, Mr. Adams will have me taken up for an *illuminè*, attempting to wheedle over his sisters! I must own, I am fond of conspiracies; there is something very attractive in sublime, gloomy, mysteries, and secrecy! Woe 's me—how my head aches! It spoilt a fine ode I was writing on Mr. Pitt's pony trampling the foot of your sister Mary! Pray tell me how the fair sufferer is to-day. T. C.

To the same lady he writes again,—

SYDENHAM, *September* 16.

The night before last, I dreamt I was a troubadour; and yesterday, to allay the woes of a headache, composed

* For the grounds of this charge (a political quarrel between the Monk and the Poet), the reader may refer to Vol. I., Ratisbon, page 296, where the character of Dr. Arbuthnot is also noticed.

† This tradition respecting the Jews and the children may be seen in my recent work on The Danube.—*Art. Straubing.*

"Lines" on your sister and her wicked pony! Now let us form "a conspiracy," since you love those saucy wicked things—conspiracies—to keep the world in profound ignorance of this mighty exertion of the troubadour's Muse—more wonderful than half the incomparable verses to be found in magazines or memorandum books. This world is given to underrate excellence, and might impiously suppose these sublime verses of mine to have no genius! Nay, they might even audaciously laugh them to scorn! Thus it fares with many inimitable works, whose worth is known only to their author! As for myself, I know the value of the lines full well. They cost me half-an-hour's persuasion to my wife, to let me have pen, ink, and paper, in my sickness. They cost me a world of pangs and scratching, before I could think of a rhyme to Mayow.* They cost me uphill work to write one stanza under the complicated evils of cold, fasting, headache, and water-gruel! They cost me—but *you* are an excellent judge, and therefore *must* approve of them without taking into account what constitutes the merit of all works—the difficulty overcome! I am not yet quite well—I am told Stothard threatens to thrash all the people who have conspired against him. I hope he will spare your mother and me. T. C.

This was followed by another characteristic letter, in which he gives to an invalid member of the family an account of his surveillance of the home interests, during her absence at Cheltenham.

* . . . . "Beside that face, beside those eyes
More fair than stars e'er traced in skies
By Newton, or by Galileo,
Oh, how couldst thou, altho' a brute,
Upon that face when gazing mute—
How couldst thou crush the gentle foot
Of Mary Wynell Mayow!"

TO MISS M. W. MAYOW.

SYDENHAM, *October* 3, 1807.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday.—Dear friend, I have visited your beloved household; and as to your sister Fanny—about whom I guess from her nervousness that you are most anxious—I do assure you, I never saw her more healthy, charming, cheerful—every thing that is beautiful; and, compared with her sometimes state of nerves, she is now positively brazen-faced!

We had a long, delightful, wise, and entertaining chat this morning. It was after one of my watch-nights, when I had lain as uneasy as the head that wears a crown. I had meandered five hours about the Common, from long before dark till eight o'clock—my sleepless "eye in a fine frenzy rolling,"—when, after again invoking the drowsy powers, and taking a chapter of "Godwin's Political Justice," * instead of laudanum, I was favoured by Heaven with ambrosial rest. At midday I reeled up stairs in a wig, three hundred years old, and a neckcloth tied like a halter about my neck, when the sight of your lovely sister made me start back, conscious that I was a sloven—unfit to be seen by a fair lady! I contrived to breakfast, however, in her presence, and during a most pleasant forenoon, we discoursed about a thousand things; and Fanny was so exhilarating and good, and my children, whom she praised much, looked so cherubinical, that I forgot my marvellous old wig, and grew so happy, that I could have sat down and purred like a cat. We had an edifying dissertation about monsters, which it would have pleased you monstrously to overhear.

How do you find Cheltenham, and how is your precious

* See vol. I. page 200.

health? Remember how valuable it is to others—for you have not selfishness enough to think of yourself—Beware of writing long letters . . . . . I have myself no great hopes of long life—not longer, I think, can this sleepless frame subsist than twelve or fourteen years. Where you will be then, I don't know; but I often think when all the plays, and poems, and novels, which, by the grace of God, I shall hope to have written by that time, are inspected, the learned commentator and biographer on my poor works—for every poetaster has now his biographer—will trace from piece to piece the similarity of characters from whom I shall have drawn my materials of the good and the beautiful. Methinks there, that your sisters, Fanny and Caroline, and yourself, will see your images as in a mirror—not disfiguring, I trust, but reflecting, their genius and dispositions just as they strike my mind as the models of their several descriptions of characters. When you look at some wretched daubing of my forty-year-old countenance, prefixed to some cheap edition of my works, you will often, I fondly imagine, perceive a look of the good will with which your society has so often filled my mind; and which, perhaps, may contribute in future time to make my physiognomy more good-natured. I leave Lawrence the pleasure of drawing your countenance; * I shall be proud enough to delineate the mind. You must not, however, be in the least surprised to see those children of fancy, the shadows of poetical perfection, sketched from outlines of real life, used in a most tragical and heart-rending manner. You must not think I could willingly beat or maltreat you, because some heroine whose nose, eyes, and profile are like your own, is drowned, or

* Lawrence, at this time, had just completed his portraits of the ladies here named, in pencil.

shot, or otherwise executed, by the laws of poetical pathos. What would poetry be, if heroines were to sail happily and smoothly through a few hundred smooth lines, and never squeeze a tear from the heart of the reader? No, no: I have had a lady of great perfection in mind, manners, and physiognomy, for many months sentenced to a tragical end in my next poem. She may claim whatever resemblance she pleases to real life, but the law must take its course, and the best is, that, while the copy perishes, the original still lives to furnish new pictures of perfection, and new sources of tragical interest in another portraiture under a different name. . . .

Long as I have expected, I have not, till the other day, commenced acquaintance with Mrs. ——. She is indeed a very pleasing woman. Not that I ever intended to steal the affections of the elderly lady, but from that real attraction which worth possesses. Her simplicity and benevolence of character detained me at the first visit till we had grown quite old friends. I called early in the evening, and the time insensibly past, till the "curfew tolled the knell of parting day," and put me in mind that I had a "busy housewife trimming the evening fire" for me at home. The old gentleman, very respectable, got me on Church history; and we crack'd, as the Scotch say, like pen-guns. Happening to be a little acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, I took the worthy magistrate on his weak side; and on the whole, so modestly and properly did I take care to deport myself, breaking no jokes, nor speaking one word without square and rule, that I flattered myself, when I had gone, the old folks would say, "Well, my dear, that Mr. Campbell is really a sweet, pleasant, proper behaved, young man." . . . . But hush—that is quite between ourselves. . . . . To be sure if Mrs. —— and Mrs. —— hear of the

extravagant wildness of this letter, they will advise my friends to *cognosce* and confine me to a private mad-house. Say then that I send them "my love." But pray, in pity, good Miss Mayow, don't punish me so far as to tell them what a correspondent I am! Kindly, and generously consign this epistle, like a repentant martyr, to the flames, and let forgiveness dwell on its memory! The wish to send you agreeable news of dear Fanny, betrayed me to attack you with so much array of nonsense. You are not apt to take offence—no, but placable, as all good and genuine heroines should be to their mad poets. Matilda has had a slight cold; she is again, thank God, quite recovered. She speaks and thinks of you, for I know her thoughts, just as when your mutual fair eyes looked at one another with tears of regret to part. I often think, when she is a poor widow you will come and sit with her, and speak of her deceased spouse!

I saw your dear nephews, William-Pitt and Dacres, to-day, thriving, like my own sweet boys, on this invigorating air of Sydenham. William's intellects make me sometimes start to contrast them with poor Thomas, but I cannot envy any superiority in those whom I love greatly. May we soon see you, dear Miss Mayow, your own former self again . . . Matilda joins me, in every affectionate wish, your sincere friend,

THOS. CAMPBELL.

To the same lady, whose health was still in a critical state at Cheltenham, he writes again.

SYDENHAM, *October* 15, 1807.

Your health, my dear Miss M——, is indeed too precious (and I am alarmed to hear of its not amending) to be wasted in attending to such foolish correspondence

as my last. So that the reason of your overlooking it is to me too seriously accounted for. I have had fears, however, that my wife's silence would seem unkind. Matilda—God bless her—is all kindness; and to you, both kindness and admiration. She has only one fault—unwillingness, arising from modesty, to be any body's correspondent. When delays and obstacles arose to our marriage, I never could get her to correspond with me, though I knew her mind very well. You will see from this what a shy being she is. Yet need I say you know her value; and assuredly, therefore, you will not abate your affection for her, who, in spite of silence, has so much for you. I feel the last news of you a most afflicting thing to think of; for my mind was quite sanguine as to your immediate recovery. I know not what to say, for I am a bad comforter where I feel so uncomfortable myself. Perhaps a persevering trial of Cheltenham will yet do much; and Dr. Jenner's skill is a host of hope. He is the best of physicians; and you have surely—I know not why I should say so positively, yet so it is that I think so positively—a fine and *healable* constitution. Health is so much and obviously your nature that it must soon return to you. Fine natural spirits—a mind of vigour, yet not impetuosity—a tone of temper and blood so calm, and yet elastic—are symptoms to me incontestable of nature intending you for very few and transient ailments. I could almost play the prophet when I think of these circumstances, (and long ago the prophet and poet were but one thing); and if I were by you I should describe to you, in the spirit of divination, a thousand pretty scenes to be exhibited when my wife and you and I are grown reverend old personages, chatting about the thirty-year-old anecdotes of Sydenham and Cheltenham.

Your dear family I have not seen to-day. There are

times when even those most agreeable would be an overmatch for my spirits; and so it was to-day. Not being in the attic story (in that respect) I kept at home. It is very strange that now — it was not so formerly — the days after a well-slept night are attended with frequent depression; whereas the unslept days give me often an unlooked for though certainly false exhilaration. This is bad, that only fever can make me happy. But I will not overwhelm you with complaints. Your kind family have lent me their shower bath, and I have set about using it. This experiment I have little doubt will be very salutary.

We now see the D——s occasionally; their simple native goodness is very amiable. . . . The lady spoke to me of her son—a son who seems wholly worthy of her affection. I cannot well explain it in a few words; but so it is, that the story of a mother and son's affection, which was once related to me in early life, made so indelible an impression, that every time—for fifteen years past—that I have heard of extraordinary instances of that tender attachment, it brings the tears to my eyes. She described her feelings in such a maternal manner, that it overcame me to weakness.

* * * * *

The comet has been visible here as well as with you! Our cook maid hearing me discourse to Mrs. C. on the dangers of comets sweeping away suns and stars, came up last night to Matilda with fear in her looks, and exclaimed —"La, ma'am, I hope it will be put off to-night, for how dangerous it must be where there are *children*!!"

It would ill become me even to wish you to write to us, after what I have said. Yet wishes will prevail over duty, and I must say that, unless it did you much harm, I know nothing that would be more acceptable; for though I know from head-quarters how you are, it is more delightfully satisfactory to hear from yourself.

Matilda joins me in her heart-wishes for your health, happiness, and speedy return. My dear namesake, Thomas, is beside me. I ask him if he does not join, and he says "humph," which I will swear means *yes*. I am sure if you saw his little white broad shoulder, you would think with me that the heathen gods, who had a feast of a child offered to them for supper, were right to begin with a bite of the shoulder. For my own part, I worry his little shoulder half the day. I have found a most edifying letter to insert in your *Collectanea*—a letter from the salt-box to the pepper-box. It will make you laugh.

I like that book, for it always makes me remember how much I have the honour and pleasure to be,

Your affectionate friend,

THOS. CAMPBELL.

This was followed by another letter to the fair invalid, very characteristic of the writer; and alike remarkable for its elegance, truth, and originality.

SYDENHAM, *October* 19, 1807.

My own wishes and Matilda's were divided between the desire of seeing a note from yourself, and the fear of being the means of eliciting the exertion of your writing to the indulgence of *our* happiness; but what is much more precious, is your own health. We have thought a good deal on the dangers of writing—yet, making all allowance for partiality decidedly wrong, we begin to think that writing may, at times, amuse you, and so be not only innocent, but advantageous. We judge, I believe, not erroneously, from our own feelings, that every sensible remembrancer of absent friends, is good for the spirits; and never surely is one so truly, so spiritually, present with one's friends, as in writing! It is a delightful privilege.

'The good part of our own characters is, in the moment of our correspondence, presented sincerely—though favourably, to the absentee. All the estimable qualities of the absentee are also brought to our remembrance, unalloyed with their failings. Why do I speak of failings to our present correspondent? There is nothing in your remembrance which needs indulgence, or absence, to soften it or keep any side, or part of it, out of view. My spouse and myself, when speaking of you, forget our harsh opinion of our poor fellow-creatures. All the names and epithets of purity and unfaultiness are echoed between us. Forgive what appears flattery; the following is the reason and apology:—Often, and often, when there are no better news of your health arrived in Sydenham, we fall into fears about the worst possibility; but God avert the thought of it! Such a thought makes us inquire where we should see such another?—never should we. But there is a Providence which takes care of the good. With the hopes, the wishes, the fervent prayers of your friends on your side, we trust, dear Miss Mayow, that this will soon be over; and that you will come to us again, to dispense happiness and cheerfulness—which are your nature and essential constitution—among the many, though select many, to whom you are so valuable.

I can perceive that Cheltenham is doing—though slowly, doing—you good. I think the presence of your dear household would, combining with the place, do you still more. Blessed be Cheltenham and Dr. Jenner! If they promote or accomplish this desired end, we shall be grateful to them both, as long as we live. Make a fair experiment; support your spirits; for you are one who have heroism enough to do so. It is wasting words to exhort the weak-minded to fortitude; but you have the good quality (and what one have you not?) of commanding your own

happiness. All your fault is suffering from reflux anxiety for what others—I mean those most dearly allied to you by the ties of nature—suffer from your indisposition. But if such be their suffering, think from what it arises—from the happiness you confer on them. This should make one exultingly happy—to be the distributing point of such exceeding happiness. Is it not thus? *I* should be the vainest of mortals to have so many amiable souls depending on my smile!

What a precious being this Dr. Jenner must be! I thought he looked like my own venerated Dugald Stewart, when I saw him; it was but only once. I am certain he is like *him*—a mild, wise, cheerful, conciliating spirit. The truly great are always good. You used to say *that talents were always formidable*. I think not so. Superior beings are, necessarily benignant; they guide us and guard us, not like the jostling of a mob, but by a gaining, invisible influence. I never fear a great man; I only fear and hate what the slang of the world calls a *clever* man; that is, generally, a pert and *half*-wise man. In the other sex, the women who bear sway over the generality of minds are called accomplished and beautiful women; they are, like those half-wise men, generally thought formidable; they are to me very often great objects of terror! just as self-conceit and bad dispositions are terrible. But let me see the woman who is truly admirable, and I fancy the most shy and ungainly admirer of female excellence, like myself, will be very much at his ease, and destitute of all fear or diffidence in her presence. The truly beautiful, the truly wise, the truly good, do not abash even the most retiring. The friendship of wise men, which I have enjoyed—the sentiments with which I have regarded my real heroines—convince me of this.

But pray, let this new favourite of yours not displace

even the most humble of your former friends. Remember, in thinking of your poor secondary favourites, what Dean Swift says "about servants"—that service *is no inheritance!* Unless some little favour and kindness reward old attachments, how cruel it is to hear of new ones! I shall be tempted to unsay all I have said of wise men, if I find myself neglected, and attribute the cause to him!

Yet, dear Miss Mayow—to speak more seriously and soberly—if he beguiles back the dear good-humour and Hebe-like health which were formerly yours, how shall I bestow benedictions enough on him! I said "good-humour;" but that is not required to be restored, which never was lost. I meant *health* alone; sometimes I almost wish you to have a fit of bad humour, that you might try the patience of all the world, and find no one but myself determined to preserve your friendship in all humours, good or bad!

Remember me to my own fireside beauty and her sister. But I write so much from that impulse of the moment, which, in point of gravity, can be excused by your own, and only by your own kind indulgence, that I fear, more than wish, to have my poor scrawls reported to them. They have my confidence and regard, yet somehow or other, I don't believe they understand me as you do, or as your dear Fanny does; she is indeed, and I will call her, my sister.

Matilda sends you her compliments—no, indeed she does not!—she doats on you! and we both cut out the snuggest nook for you in our morning and evening prayers, which are, that your dear health may soon be restored! Witness the sincere hand of your affectionate friend,

THOS. CAMPBELL.

P. S.—Since writing this, I have heard Dr. Jenner's

decision about not writing; so that what I say within on this topic goes for nothing. I had a short walk with Fanny and Caroline to-day, admiring the sky and quoting Thomson. They are both well; Caroline is only very grave, for which I gave her a heavy scolding. T. C.

This month was so prolific in correspondence, as to make the protracted illness of the fair invalid—to the reader at least—more a subject of congratulation than of regret: for, without this stimulus to its expression, the warmth of his friendship—a characteristic feature of his nature—could not have been so fully known; and it is gratifying to observe that while thus ministering, with brotherly kindness, to his amiable friend, he was employing the best means to lessen those personal cares and anxieties which came upon him from other sources. Resuming the duty of a comforter, he writes again:—

SYDENHAM, *Saturday, Oct. 30th*, 1807.

To have heard of your improved state of health, dear M., is a pleasure—I need not use hyperboles—which gives sincere delight to my heart. Heaven prolong the happy prospect! I could pursue you with wishes, like a cripple on the street to whom gold had been thrown instead of copper. But deeply confiding in your opinion of my sincerity, I will spare you the trouble of reading the scrawls of a valetudinarian. Nothing important has ailed me. But so liable am I to fever, that I shun writing—even speaking and thinking, of anything that deeply interests me. This pulse of mine seems like ether; a moment's thought or strong sensation raises it. I dare not trust myself with a whole sheet, in case I should write it out to you. * * * * *

Dear F. saw us yesterday. She was very bright and very gracious. I was well able to enjoy her society—not so to-night. But I know that a little patience will set me right again. I could not forbear writing you, though I am able to say nothing but that we are all *exceedingly* delighted to hear such accounts of you. Matilda's love to her own dear Miss M. T. C.

The following are extracts—seria mista jocis :—

"Nov. 2nd.—F.'s accounts of you to-day are not quite so good — indeed, Matilda says she concealed indifferent accounts from me yesterday, fearing I should fret my feverishness by thinking of them. This is heart-breaking; but let us have still hopes. I wish you were among us again; for, judging by what I feel and experience myself of the exhilarating effects of friends, I think your own fireside would be better than Cheltenham.

"Your sister is quite a treasure to us; she sees us every day—is remarkably cheerful, considering how much her thoughts are employed about you. Her mind and conversation brighten on me every day. What a treasure she is! How I envy you such a sister! T. C."

* * * *

"Nov. —. News! I know how very rude and troublesome I must appear to send for a sight of to-day's paper, instead of waiting your convenience to send it; but although I believe not, alas, one word of the rumour of Buonaparte's check, I am so weak as to be agitated with anxiety to know even that rumour more particularly. Our minds are now in such a state, as to be grasping at straws for relief. * * * T. C."

"Dec. 1st.—You were kind to say anything of my lines

on Mary's return.* If they be dull—as I fear they are—it is not the dullness of the heart. I should to-day have sent Mrs. Adams what she flatters my vanity so much by considering worth having—but we are all ill—poor wretches! Matilda has a cold! I have a sad cold! and our maid Sarah has one also! Luckily we have a good roast at the fire, otherwise our lamentable case would be fit to be laid before the parish! I long to see you both again. * * * T. C."

December 11.—The Poet complains, that he is cut off from the sweet society of his friends by a gulf of snow; and feels so stupid and idealess, that, should he even peril his life in a visit to them, they would send him back in contempt of his head-furniture. Farther, there is a great famine in letter-paper. In the house of a *Grubstreeter*, by profession, he has only the shadow of a sheet to support the substance of correspondence. Besides, "I am struck dumb," he says, "with your dear cousin's eloquence, which, as the Scotch say, would 'entice the laverocks frae the lift,' and me from Sydenham." . . "May your prophecy be fulfilled, so far, that we may spend many evenings together, both in this world and the next!"

* "Why mourns the wind, why leafless lies the track,
Why breaks no sun, or sings no bird to cheer
The morn, beloved friends, that welcomes back
Your Mary to her home of Sydenham dear?
Could painter's hand appropriate landscape form,
Were she to seem the Genius of the place;
There would not, sure, be there a shade or storm,
But all, herself resembling, bloom and grace.
And yet, dear maid, though loveliest scenes of earth
Might suit *thee*; more, they could not make us prize
The voice—like music to our wintry hearth;
The smile—like summer's gladness to our eyes."

November 20, 1870.

"Gertrude of Wyoming" was now so far advanced that the MS. was read in a private circle of his friends at Christmas, and returned to the author, with a few criticisms, to which he thus replies in a letter to one of his accomplished "reviewers:"—

January 14.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Since our parting, an infinity of letters to answer, and little distracting businesses connected with the rude turmoil of this wicked world, have so filled my hands, thoughts, and time, that I have not had a moment in which I thought myself good enough to share my thoughts with you on paper. Your remembrance, however, and that of your beloved friends, though it was harassed out of my head as too sweet an associate for carking cares and reflections, was not driven out of my heart—where, if there be anything sound and right, all that is so is in unison with your friendship and idea. . . . Your criticism is certainly right as to fact, and more than probable as to taste. I am aware, however, of the Scotticisms, and am vulgar enough to like and prefer some of the words as possessing a picturesque — possibly, however, they may have a pillorific—effect on my poem. . . . . .

I have been quite well for a fortnight, and have begun to be an early riser, for—

> Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Is the way to be healthy, happy, and wise.
> *History of King Pippin, Book III.*

The youngest of my sons grows as fat and rosy as a monk nourished on strong ale. . . . Just as I had closed this, your kind packet with fresh news arrived. I will not deny that your letter made me ashamed of my

silence, and yet I have no right to be ashamed; for as the Methodist said, when standing with his eyes shut, "It matters not what the hand be doing if the heart be right." I envy you the faculty of communicating with your friends at all times—so quietly, and pleasantly, and like yourself. For my part, I dare not sometimes call upon my friends for fear of being a burthen on their society, or write to them for fear of the same thing. It is true, but you will say, "Let me hear from you at all times, whether the tone of your mind be ruffled or smooth. This world was made for sociality in *ruffledness* as well as composure." I know the sociality of your disposition, and know full well the interest you have in your Poet's happiness. If I had any elevating or serious cares, I should love to consult you and to communicate. But teazing, vexatious trifles, that wear away channels in one's mind, like drops of water in a rock, are vile things to have upon my brow when I look you in the face. Everybody has their little *pesterations*. It is only fools, like myself, who cannot keep up the serene intercourse of friendship under their influence. As to M——, she knows full well that my *not* writing to her is its own punishment. Tell her, however, that the sun shall *change*—the moon shall *cease* to change—before I cease to think her letters a treat.

Could you conceive the pain and horror that it would give you, if you were reduced by some whirlwind of misfortune to be a cook-maid or a nurse-maid?—forgive me for the bare fancy—and that some friend of your present rank were to meet you when you wished to escape observation? It is just this kind of false shame I feel when I think I am to meet you, or correspond with you, while the evils of life discompose me. I think you will thoroughly despise me for my worldly-mindedness and self-vexation. There is one being whom you will perhaps pity, while I

indulge in these confessions—that is Matilda. But I assure you, though self-praise is no honour, I take some merit to myself for more disguise than you would think me capable of; for I believe she knows not one-tenth of what I have to think of in pacing my solitary parlour. . . . .

T. C.

Again, seven days later, and to the same friend, he writes :—

THURSDAY, *Jan.* 21, 1808.

I do assure you, I have a pleasure in corresponding with you, which I would not forfeit for the trouble of writing letters that might be read "on the house-tops." . . . I have a strange style, and I am probably a strange man. . . . Without coldness, there ought to be a respectful distance between all sensible people, even though they have seen each other's characters, unless in particular cases.

I went to town on business, and to see the Holland family—to pay a proper and respectful attention to the duties of gratitude to every party. I went likewise to adjust some worldly interests, which had teased my peace of mind for a week or two. I was one half day at Holland-house; the meeting was formidable to me. They are kind, and most *voluntarily*, benefactors to me; but that makes the meeting somewhat awful! Lady Holland is a formidable woman. She is cleverer, by several degrees, than Buonaparte! The fear of appearing *not* at my ease, is always my most uneasy sensation at that house. Pride and shyness are always sparring in my inside. But on this occasion I was peculiarly fortunate. I walked for about an hour, almost alone, with Lady H. I do assure you I was quite spruce! Most fortunate was the mood upon me at the time—none of your Scotch *mauvaise honte;* no,

no—I felt such self-possession, such a rattle of tongue and spring-tide of conversation, so perfectly joyous, that I acquitted myself like a man, and went away as well convinced that my dignity had been unimpaired as if I had been dining with Cullen Brown.* Off I marched with Sydney Smith; Sydney is an excellent subject—but he too, has done me some *kind offices*, and that is enough to produce a most green-eyed jealousy in my noble and heroic dispositions! I was determined I should make as many good jokes, and speak as much as himself; and so I did, for though I was dressed at the dinner-table much like a barber's clerk, I arrogated greatly, talked quizzically, metaphorically; Sydney said a few *good* things, I said many!!! Saul slew his thousands, David his tens of thousands . . .

Mrs. S. helped me to two delicious dishes—and I was exceedingly hungry—veal and pickled pork, both highly commendable, particularly the latter. She was very engaging to me, and spoke of poetry, and so did her cousin, who is pleasant. An agreeable party, in spite of my cravat being much like a halter. . . . The conversation ran upon *your* family. The strain was high, but for awhile it suspended all my eloquence, and threw me into a fit of musing. . . .

New business engaged and harassed me to-day—woefully out of humour, because a silly bookseller said he was sure my book would *not* sell unless I gave the copyright to a bookseller!! . . . . For two hours I have been trying to hide from Matilda how I have been amusing my misanthropy in town. Poor sharer of my fate! would to God I could secure *her* happiness! . . . . I am a little too proud to want your sympathy, but I take the edge of these sensations off by the remembrance of your friendship! . . . I should write in sheer revenge to tell Mrs. S——t of all

* His old and attached friend, Dr. Cullen Brown, son of the celebrated Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh. See Vol. I. page 286.

this :—but there, I confess I am tied, and, to say the truth, have been much tied. Her husband is so wise that he has no notion of suffering. She is the being, dear F., who would be *your* friend ; but still one cannot write to bid her hide one's letters ; . . . and though she writes nonsense deliciously, I am always afraid of the wise Professor seeing nonsense from me ! . . . .

Sydney Smith says, however, he quite forgives you, for the sake of your beauty. . . . With respect to you and M., he is as right as possible in point of looks. . . I was greatly satisfied with hearing his admiration, and that it was not at all extorted by my remarks. It is quite the righteousness of full justice that he passes on that subject . . . .

Now pray, forget all my whining and write me a cheerful letter.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

In a light and characteristic mood he writes,

"*January* 23*rd.*

. . . I cannot close my letter without telling you to laugh at all my *doledrum* of yesterday. I have been quite *chirrupy* to-day!—wrote a love-song about the extraordinary and out-of-the-way case of two lovers parting in a bower, and of the lover vowing he was quite sincere, and how that they had not money enough to marry at present, but that on his return they should have abundance and be happy ; and that he took her picture with him, and said gallantly, "He had a picture engraven on his heart of the dear form !" Did you ever hear anything so full of original ideas ? May such a fate of a poor lover, dear F., never be yours ! so prays your affectionate friend. I thank you kindly for the "Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's feast !" I was the *last* of the children who got a reading of it. They would not give it to me, though I cried for it very much ! T. C.

"*February 2nd.*

Before the post goes off, I find myself able to acknowledge your sister's letter of this morning. I gave her, last night, an account of the most wonderful events that have taken place in our family! None of any importance has occurred to-day, except that the cat has scratched Thomas's nose; she was watching at a mouse-hole, in great anxiety of mind, when he interrupted her studies, for which she made him this rough return.—Your sister's receipt for my health is a kind and good one—Retirement, and giving up study! Alas! this is impracticable. The love of money has taken possession of my soul, all but a few roomy spaces where the *partialities* have their abode. Give up study! God knows, I am not head and ears in love with working; but the mill must go round, and the horse that is yoked to it must not stop. I wish I had been at your party; but Matilda, though not dull, yet from Mr. Wiss's death, needed my society. We shall meet, however, soon. To say the truth, I like you much better by yourselves, and the party would have had no additional charms but from your favourite Eliza. I must scold your sister through you. She is a great infidel! She believes I am always *fictioning*, when I say anything sincere to her. Now you are a sound and ripe believer. We must cure M. of her incredulity; but the cares of the day snatch me away even from this hurried scrawl. I have to review a book which I don't understand—hush! let that go to the grave with you! I am exactly what the man said in excuse for not serving in the militia—sick, lazy, and unwilling for this task. T. C.

February 5.

A sort of conscience hangs over me for the shortness of the last note I sent in answer to a very full and

friendly one. It was a pound note for a twenty pound one. Those things are trifles; but you know what "the mottoes upon the genteel snuff-boxes says—trifles shows respect!" I don't know what Swift says on the subject; but if we had Mr. S——, he could quote us, I dare say, something very clever to the same effect. "Fire—water—women—are my ruin!" said wise professor Vander-Bruin. But rats and cats do my business. T'other day I had no peace of mind for Matilda's reflections on the danger of Thomas's—I mean *Master* Thomas's—nose being infected with "canine madness," in consequence of a scratch from pussy; and to-day I must be half dead with the old bad sleep, in consequence of an impudent rat who laid his teeth like a saw to the wainscot near my bed, and kept grinding genteelly till day-break. Duels have been fought in saw-pits; but, surely, sleeping in a saw-pit is impossible, and so I found it. All my knocks and hisses and rapping, till my knuckles were sore, did not disconcert the engineer. I expect the same felicity to night; for, alas! I cannot send for my dear friend the cat. She is in disgrace for *two* offences—Tom's nose, and another case in *nos*ology, which I must but obliquely allude to, when I mention the drawing-room carpet.

I hear rumours of your intending to be with us in April. I hope this is not an April-day report. I really begin to wish winter were over, and that you were returned from that "devil's drawing-room," London, which I am told Sydney Smith himself begins to tire of. I pray you preserve your rural simplicity, and return unsophisticated to our Arcadian haunts. You will be wonderfully struck and delighted with my rustic manners, forming so fine a contrast to the forced breeding of the city swains. You will find me almost as natural as Peter the Wild Boy, or Wordsworth's Johnny Foy.

Caroline looks much more delicate than I ever saw her; but otherwise, I think her city residence has not changed her. She tells me you have got a beautiful cousin with you. I long to see this lady—but much more to see yourselves.

I still recur to April, "when primroses paint the sweet plain." I hope when the good weather is fairly set in, we shall have some parties in humble imitation of ——'s in the woods. Matilda will look the gipsy very well in a slouch straw bonnet, and with a little care I might be equipt at her side, like a needy knife-grinder, worthy of such a sibyl. It will be more difficult to harmonize yours and M——'s aspect with the banditti and picturesque nature of the expedition. . . . The note concludes with "Extempore Verses left unfinished":—

"Hark! from yon corner rings the supper-bell—
Adieu! adieu!—dear Fanny, fare thee well!
Oppressed by hunger, I must walk up stairs;
Then go to bed, when I have said my prayers.
But that same *rat* will still his visit pay,
So I'll be forced to watch as well as pray;
Yet watching—sleeping—doomed to sup or dine,
However faring—still, fair friend, I'm thine—"

Sincerely, T. C."

In the next letter he relates an affecting incident during the snow storm on Sydenham Common:—

February 19.

I was creeping down in my own quiet way to enjoy the sunshine of the village, when I saw the postman, and a sudden thought seized me that I should have a letter from your house; but instead of it, I had only two, at first, unintelligible papers to peruse—one from the editor of a plaguy work about the slave trade, the other from the

Kirk of Scotland's General Assembly, soliciting me to translate some of the Psalms of David anew, for the benefit of the congregations. But unless they will promise me to learn singing, and to warble my translations more melodiously than they do the old Vulgate, I do not mean to put pen to paper.

* * * * *

Did you ever see such an infamous week as the last? I was quite cross at the whole system of nature—at our manner of building houses—at the want of fur in our habits—and want of delectable German stoves. The greatest nuisance of all was, to see Mr. K., the schoolmaster, crossing the Common on the bitterest day, with nankeen pantaloons—

> " Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er ye be,
> That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
> How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
> Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
> From seasons such as these? "—

So, I dare say, you thought with me on the dismal Friday! The reflection was unhappily too true with regard to our own neighbourhood: A poor sweep, who had that day stockings without feet on his little legs—a child of eight years old—going towards Penge Common, was overtaken in the drift, at four in the morning, where he had been sent along with another boy of ten, to sweep a chimney at Dulwich. The Coroner's inquest sat on his body. The survivor said that on the way his little companion said, " Jack, I'm ill; go home and tell somebody to come and carry me." The lad tried to lift him, but he struggled a little and fell down. Instead of venturing to knock at a neighbouring door, the other boy went literally home, and when the master arrived, their poor little sweep was dead! He had lain for hours; but it was discovered—

by the confession of the brute himself—who had passed him on the road—that a carter had come up to him and said, "Why don't you get up?" and passed on. The poor child—as this wretch acknowledged—raised up his head without speaking, and lay down again! Included in the slave-trade, the sweep-trade* should have been abolished—or at least examined. A child of eight years old, on such a day without feet to his stockings!

* * * * *

I was going to subjoin an apology for a dull letter, as you occasionally, with little similarity of reason, do to me. We must not, however, restrain the communications of old acquaintance from any thought of that kind. In gay moments we can dare to meet an enemy; in the unstirred moods of our mind we may surely dare to meet a friend. In conversation I have often seen you, when very silent, very interesting. I should not say so much on the dreadful word *dullness*, unless I felt the zenith and nadir that gentle dame and you form in point of character. The constant retirement, the pressure of frequent care, and the exhaustion of much writing, may leave me little able, but never can diminish the good will, to *retain* the pleasure of seeing your hand; and though you do not regard me as friend enough, to dare to be a dull correspondent, I will boldly show you that it is not for my own letters I write, but for *yours;* and so that I get them, I don't care though I cheat you out of them. T. C.

* The recent Act to this effect was most gratifying to the Poet, who lived to see it carried into effect.

CHAPTER VI.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Among other domestic records of this period, his letters mention the serious illness of Mrs. Campbell, whose "apprehensions that her constitution was giving way, had rendered him feverish and anxious." Having consulted Mr. Hall, their medical adviser, his fears were happily quieted on this point, and she recovered her usual health. But, in the meantime, his peace was sadly interrupted by fresh annoyances from the old quarter—a misunderstanding with his Edinburgh publisher, with whom he had found it impossible to obtain a settlement. In a long letter to his friend, Mr. (now Lord) Cockburn, he states his grievances, and again begs his friendly interposition. The letter, which evinces great firmness and moderation, concludes—"You must take up my cause, and represent the hardship of not being paid for work finished in January, 1807; and having money instantly to pay, it will be more than unfairness—it will be cruelty—to expose me to the consequences." It is gratifying to add, that his friend "took up the cause" with so much zeal and discretion, that, on the 24th of April following, Campbell had the pleasure of signing a receipt for two hundred pounds. The first settlement, however, was not accomplished until the month of August.*

* To judge of the time—to say nothing of temper—wasted in this obstinate dispute, it may be safely inferred that the mere letters written on the subject

Later in April he writes to Mr. Cockburn, and, alluding to the new 4to edition, says, "I have put to press my *farrago;* and if Bensley can print it fast enough, I shall be out in a few weeks; but they compose almost as slowly as myself."—With this short digression, I return to his familiar letters, in which, as in a mirror, every passing thought, grave or gay, is clearly reflected.

May 14.

. . . Truly I have by far too much pride both as a Highland gentleman, and "a public character," to humble myself by declaring that I weary myself to death to see you; but, to tell you a secret, if you will let it go no farther—I am mortally tired of your absence. Oh, but your ready answer is, "Louisa is in town," and therefore you stay away from Sydenham, and prefer the sweltering town to the pleasing groves, and the songs of the nightingale—the ties of domestic affection—and the puns of the Poet! As to you and Louisa, you are a Damon and Pythias in the female world; and I have a great mind, like the tyrant, to sentence you both to death, that I may have the pleasure of reprieving you on the pleasant conditions—extorted with your fair necks just noosed in the halter, that I shall be admitted as a third partner in your friendship! But I despair of extorting such terms from you even on the scaffold. You would both say, "We'll be hanged sooner than admit you!" and in revenge for your absence, I mean to debar you from the sight of a beautiful

must have engrossed little less than was given to the composition of "Gertrude." The dispute began in 1802, and continued until the autumn of 1807, embittering, as it certainly did, a large portion of the Poet's active life—

> "How sour sweet music is
> When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
> So is it in the music of our lives."

poem, which I have written in blank-verse, upon "The Glories of a Summer Day:"—

"Oh, for a muse of fire to celebrate
The sweltering glories of a summer's day!
Now the thermometer of Fahrenheit—
Too far-in-height, alas! is seventy-five.
Red-faced, and dripping transpirations dews,
The morning stranger visits your abode,
And mutual plainings of the sultry weather
Follow the gratulations of the day.
Now Beau hangs out his tongue, and drops his jaw—
(Oh, that less honest brutes would drop *their* jaw!)
The animal creation quit their sports,
All but the playful kitten. She, alone,
Her tiger-origin of climes adust
Betraying, wantons in the solar blaze." &c. &c.

Now, from this exordium, you can no more guess at the exuberant beauties of my sudorific poem, than you can imagine the inside of a beautiful show at the fair, from the paintings on the outside of the waggon. It is sublime—it is something between Milton and Southey, but rather inclining to the latter. The high tone which my genius has lately assumed, M. says, is owing to a late revolution in my place of study—for I now study, it seems, in your dining-room.

My boys, prevented by symptoms of the hooping-cough from attending the Miss Redman's school, say they are "called Redman, for they teach men to read;" and I am driven for shelter from the double-drumming of their four legs, to study in that quiet asylum which your dear mother has politely given me.—To speak seriously, it is a most kind asylum; and I can hardly describe the progress of my industry in that seclusion. Thomas Hughes the gardener's wheelbarrow, or scythe, is he only noise I hear; his face the only one that crosses me. He looks in at me

like a spectator at a kangaroo, or ouran-outang, or any other strange animal, wondering what I can be about scribble, scribble, scribbling, and whetting my pen as he whets his scythe; and no doubt exclaiming, in the language of Thomson—

"Why, authors, all this scribbling, all this rage?"

. . . The nightingales have been excessively musical around us. Did Mary tell you of Matilda and herself being hoaxed one night while listening to their songs? There was one nightingale (your humble servant) who took his station about a hundred yards from the two romantic listeners, and who began *whur*, *whurring*, and whistling in the true philomelic style, to the admiration of the ladies. They pointed their fingers and cried, "How beautiful!—how sweet!" And well they might, for my worthy spouse found it out and exclaimed, "God bless me, it is our Tom!"

There has been a thunder storm this evening. I expected a fine performance of Jove's artillery; but it was a very poor one. I hope it went off better with you. A thunder storm is surely delightful, when in good style. There was to-night only one clap worth listening to—you are expected on Tuesday—pray do not disappoint us like the thunder storm. . . . T. C.

SYDENHAM, *May* 26, 1808.

Rain and sunshine time about. Thursday, dinner not quite ready—hungry, but not voracious and pretty well pleased—the world upon the whole approved of. Getting out of troubles is a pleasant thing, my dear old friend, and you will rejoice to hear that I have got pretty nearly out of mine—those I alluded to when you left London. The harpies relented. Indeed they have so far changed, that I wish to forgive them, and hush up this matter for ever.

Talking of getting out of troubles, I never hear the word without recollecting a most interesting scene of a trial, at which I was present, before the sitting magistrate of Bow-street. A lady—an Irish lady of St. Giles—most picturesquely dressed in the very mode of the "Seven Dials," was brought up to trial for having been caught the day before, dancing through the streets in the same state as Tam o' Shanter's witches, when "they coost their duddies to the wark." The poor "crathur" told her story with great contrition. She had been "three years in *throuble*, plase yer honor, and had that day got out of her throuble; and jist to cilibrate the occasion, she had got drunk; and tho' for the wide world she would not violate the rules of dacency, when she was sober, she could not help, plase yer honor, taking a single lightsome jig in her heart's joy." The court laughed, and she was dismissed. . . . .

I wish earnestly you were returned. You are all great thieves to steal so much of your society from those who have the best right to it. . . . I gave a pretty specimen of my sobriety a few nights ago, in calling at your house, after I had been listening to my Irish harper's * music for several hours, and melted occasionally to tears. . . . At parting with the musician I was a little flushed, and so called at your house, where I rated one for the coldness of her friendship—praised another for the warmth of hers; and to the half ridicule, half astonishment of the house, rattled upon the virtues and faults of every member of the family. . . . M—— has discovered the author of the review of "Hoyles' Exodus;" while a very distant relation of mine, of the name of Jem something, has been drowned in

* Having purposed to wed some Irish poetry and music together, he was in the habit of having this aged harper at his house, for the sake of pleasure and inspiration, and was frequently overcome by the pathos of the vocal and instrumental symphony, of which the harper was a master.—See Vol. II., page 57.

a sea voyage. Was it an inhuman or an unlawful application of Gray to quote—

> "Full many a *gem* of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear?"

Alas, I wish we were all in a better world, among angels who use their wings instead of stage coaches, where one could give a shake or two of one's pinions, and be over at Cornwall or back to London in a crack. T. C.

The month of June was spent in revising, finishing, and compiling miscellaneous pieces intended for the press; but the progress of which was often interrupted by his old complaint of sleeplessness. At length he writes:—

July 14, 15.

"For once, within these eight days, I had a sound sleep last night, and feel so much refreshed that I no longer compare myself, in point of spirits and ideas, and general power of either conversation or correspondence, to an egg after breakfast, when all the meat is out of it. Ah, well-a-day—or rather well-a-night—that a body could be oftener so! All the past fortnight I have been like Brutus, with my evil genius, scolding myself for not being able to write. Apologies are most execrable things; and reflections on what cannot be cured, but must be endured, (as the song sings) are still worse. . . . It is a nice tantalizing trick which your delay is playing off upon us. You are doing it intentionally. Well, you see by entering into this idea, I can relish it as well as yourself—I can be an epicure in friendship, and enjoy the dinner by waiting for it to a later hour. But come at last you must. Put your foot into the mail coach—and, if people don't respect sufficiently a young lady travelling without convoy or protector, talk big to them. Introduce some flourishes in

your conversation about *me*, and the Marchioness of Camberwell! Everybody will then revere and respect you —for the sake of your acquaintance!"

Turning to the news of the day, he adds:—"The world and I are this day rejoicing. Oh, sweet and romantic Spain! These news will kill me whichsoever way the event turns out: if the Spanish plume and beaver succeed, I shall die of joy—if not, of grief. I had no hope this rising was to be so general. Yet this is all *Whiggery*, and outrage to *your* creed! Ah, if you had been only privately bred up a *Whig* by your mother, what congenial souls had we been! Had you loved freedom as I do! O, I had not myself been free! It is a good safeguard to my poor Matilda! I should have hired a post-chaise of John Sutton (maugre the expense!) and away with you—braving the prejudices of mankind, to live in Utopia by ourselves! that is to say—which, as a matter of course, would have risen and sprung out of your free *Whig* principles—*if* you had had no aversion to the elopement. But, as you are a rank *Tory*, I cannot possibly think of so decisive a measure; and, in the civillest manner, must mortify you, by saying that your aristocratic prejudices prevent me, and ever must, from having any kindness more romantic than that of a brother!

"As it is, however, we still agree as to Spain. Let us compare notes: I see in your fancy the charming pictures arise of a Spanish nobility, and a venerable prelacy, erecting their high and haughty heads amidst the standards of national independence. I like that too. I love to think of their majestic faces and picturesque cloaks and plumes, and their lofty language; spreading sentiments of glory and pride among their meanest vassals. I do doat on the fine bold Bishop who flourishes the crucifix about his head. He is a right apostle. I hear him chaunting his '*Deus*

praeliorum,' and the people repeating it in chorus. God will assuredly hear them. Oh, what is Buonaparte in conquest, compared with the dead bodies of such men, killed in such a cause! And now, here are my hopes, that what the French Revolution has failed in, the Spanish will achieve; and that we shall hear, in the language of Cervantes, all the great principles of British liberty laid down in the future writings of Spain; that they will become a free people, and have, like us, their Sydneys and Chathams—have a king, for the sake of giving a pension or two to *deserving* characters!—While these dreams can be indulged—and, alas, they may prove *dreams*—let us each be happy in our own way of hoping. I dream of the *people*, and you of the chieftains! . . . But if I had a good heart under my ribs, and had not 'a wife and two small children,' and a sweet society—such as the 'Marchioness's,' and yours in the village, from which it would be a very hard thing to part, I sometimes think I could almost venture to contrive to get a meeting with Napoleon, and brave all the racks and wheels of punishment!

"An instance of the groaning state of poor Switzerland was made known to me yesterday. A friend of mine pays an annuity of fifty pounds to a poor old widow, who lives in that country. She prays earnestly for an increase, for she cannot subsist along with the burthen of maintaining *seven* French soldiers! In the north of Germany it is said the people are literally dying of hunger. T. C."

July 18.

. . . I have been in town on a visit to one of Mrs. Campbell's relatives. . . . Among the people we visited was the patriotic Lord S. His wife was an old sweetheart of mine, according to the jokes of my worthy friends. She was really not so; but, when

I knew her, she was about sixteen, remarkably sweet, natural, and sensible; and I really felt the cold, superior kind of liking which a grown person feels to an interesting young one. She has grown very tall, and keeps finely. Matilda and she have fallen in love at sight. I confess, the comparison of the finest Scotch women, with those educated in England, mortifies a little all my tartan nationality. I cannot disguise it; our belles have too much Scotchness about them. Another would suspect this to be sidelong flattery; but if I am known to you, you know it is the pure impression of conviction. I cannot exactly describe all the difference between Scotch and English women; but I do, involuntarily, acknowledge that Galilea has conquered us. The language and voices of the latter have a tone of refinement. Their education is generally so much better; and yet, after all, this does not describe the difference. I am clear that a man born in the north has not a perfect idea of what, properly and generally speaking, a fine woman is, until he has seen the best of Englishwomen. The female spirit, brightened to perfection, is as unlike, and different from, the male mind, as a diamond is unlike gold. It is a great mistake to suppose that making the most of a woman's mind approximates her to the masculine. In the superior and refined pleasure of female friendship, a man finds so much of what he calls congeniality, that he mistakes the congeniality for likeness; but this is not exact similitude; it is relative sympathy, not identity of feeling. I think it is like the harmony of different colours, or of the same notes on different keys. . . . I once thought a little differently; and yet, though I change my mind, I deny that I am changeable, expound the paradox as you please. I don't care for all your criticisms on my allusions to the causes of attraction in those female friendships. Voice is one of them.

A person's voice sways my heart, like a rudder governing a ship. I never yet could describe how much I think of people by their voices; and I should cover my face in confusion, if I thought any but a friend knew the vain little weak passion I—even I once cherished to have a fine, characteristic, manly voice!

Now I see I am hauling myself into a scrape, by alluding to the Scotchness of my Scotch friends, and thus hinting at my liking the English so well. I said a little about my dear Mrs. S——t once, and only once, and I assure you, in spite of it, I love her as well as yourselves. I really like all my Scotch friends *endearedly*. It is foolish to make comparisons. One's heart may expand a little, though not indefinitely. . . I do confess, after three years in Sydenham, it has seemed to me the sweetest spot in the world, in spite of many sorrows! It may be maturity of feeling, or it may be dotage. . . . But that sweet gate of yours, and your dog Beau . . . and your fine mulberries, and the lovely upland, rising behind the garden, and your sister Mary's enchanting picture, and Caroline, and Mrs. Adams, have grown like romantic things to me now, though I am seeing them every day. Which is the best heart, that which doats on what it has hold of, or on the past? I know not how it is, but thinking of the past is a trial to me. The remembrance of friends, interwoven with bitter recollections, has a tinge of melancholy. I like the *present*, and why should I not enjoy it? . . . . . .

Of "Marmion" I think very much—almost as you do; but I do not mean to think of poetry any more! I mean to try to make money, and keep a good house over my head at Sydenham. I was on Sunday with Cowper's cousin, who is worthy of being his cousin, and told me many interesting anecdotes about him. T. C.

Writing to another accomplished friend, he says :—

LONDON, *July* 21.

I feel exceedingly feverish and in need of rest. I have been trying to read a book of philosophy to divert the dead watch of the night. The author says, "What is violent does not last long." Blockhead! If he had said that nothing lasts long that is not violent, he would have hit on one truth in his lifetime. Fire, as Count Rumford thinks, is immaterial, because it does not exhaust some bodies by ignition. You may heat iron a million of times to white heat, and it will still endure, and be susceptible of supporting heat. I think so of my feverishness and my frame. I once had hopes it would waste itself by its own strength. It does not waste itself; it refutes all the hackneyed maxims of violent things having short endurance. And yet, amidst these sleepless hours, how much reason I have to thank God for moments of dear and delightful happiness—thinking of my friends and the balm of friendship! I am not alone; I fly to that society which has the charm of creating happiness, and feel in imagination a portion of what is felt in their presence. When thoughts and steps are timed together, how welcome is existence with all its evils! Sweet and consecrated are some of those moments, when the round of a gravel walk and the common turn of conversation can inspire so many cheerful thoughts. And yet it is selfish to talk of our conversational amusement, for I am sure it is all my own. I cannot imagine that you are amused with the half of my conversation, or untired, often, with the other half. Yet as you are always cheerful, I have the self-complacency to imagine you are now and then diverted. I know, my dear M., you have been a guardian angel to my house in my absence,

for which I will not thank you; for as Rousseau says, Nobody should say *Je vous aime*—so I think should not say *remercie*—but pray accept of a gentle hint that I am grateful. T. C.

With respect to the new poem, he tells Mr. Richardson, in August, "I have given some touches of my best kind to the Second Part. I have some stanzas on the anvil which enchant myself; and, though they may not enchant others, I am, by these new lines, growing a great deal more sanguine about the poem, which shall be out at Christmas, D. V. . . . I am in high love with the work. . . . I feel the burning desire to add some sweet and luscious lines at certain parts of 'Gertrude.' Be not alarmed; I know and see distinctly—most distinctly—what I have to do with the poem. I feel, at the prospect of these new touches, unbounded delight. Let me but have them out, and I care little what the critics may say." He then beseeches his friend "never to show the vain and conceited expressions in this epistle;" informs him that, as hitherto, he is "rubbing with the Straits;" suggests how his course may be rendered smooth and safe, with the wonted aid and counsel of his friend; and, returning to the subject of the poem, thus concludes: "I have positively no fears . . . my hope of it is, for the first time, sanguine; and my additions are definitely in view. T. C."

The next is in a dry, playful mood. Feeling the importance of the trust that has devolved upon him from Mrs. Campbell's taking the children to town for a day, he assumes an air of cool, affected *ceremony* with his intimate friends, and writes:—"Sept. 7th.—Mr. T. Campbell's respectful compliments to Miss M.; begs her acceptance of Thomson's Poems. Mr. C. begs leave to assure Miss M.

and family, that the infrequency of his visits, of late, has been occasioned by unforeseen and extraordinary circumstances, and not by any diminution of the sincere respect which Mr. C. entertains for Miss M. and family. Mr. C. begs leave to inform Miss M. that Mrs. C. has to-day gone with the two Master C.'s to town, in company with Mr. M. and several other *genteel* persons of Sydenham. Mr. C. regrets exceedingly, that this circumstance of Mrs. C. and the two Master C.'s having gone to town, may probably demand more of his attention to domestic and domiciliary, and household superintendence than he has been ever hitherto accustomed to; and Mr. C. fears exceedingly that his hours may be too much occupied for some time to come, to permit his having the pleasure of calling on Miss M. and family. But Mr. C. hopes that Miss M. and family will, with their usual kindness, excuse the favour of his company."*

The ensuing month of October brought Campbell into friendly contact with Mr. T. Lawrence, the future President R.A., and led to an intimacy which continued through life. Mr. Lawrence, the Rev. Sydney Smith, whom he first knew in Edinburgh, and other distinguished individuals, were frequent guests in Mr. Mayow's family; and in that intellectual circle, the Poet always found congenial minds, ready and able to improve the fertility of his own by the mutual sympathies of taste and talent.† Later in the autumn, he was invited to meet the Duke of Sussex, who was supposed to take an interest in the protégé of Fox;

* This note was intended as a playful satire on the cold, formal style of some recent letter, which was probably well known to the intimate friends whom he addressed.

† Of a talented young friend, who has since risen to great and well-merited distinction in the literary world, Campbell says: "Dr. C. is a fine creature, sensible but too unaffected, and speaks too little, I think, from absolute modesty."

but the presentation to His Royal Highness was unavoidably postponed.

A return of domestic illness retarded for some time the progress of "Gertrude;" but as soon as this was removed, his activity returned; and he concluded the autumn in improved health and prospects. Something, however, was still wanting to his comforts—an important want; and in a grave catalogue of his privations, sent to a sympathising friend in town, he says: ". . . I am in mortal want, also, of a plain eight- or nine-shilling umbrella! If you would really buy one for me at that price, you would do me a Christian kindness, and be cheerfully repaid on my endorsing the draft in your fair hands." Then, by a natural transition from umbrellas to the state of the weather, he adds—"This wind frightens me with the idea of my house tumbling down! The table absolutely rocks;" and, passing on to Greek lyrics, he asks—"What think you of this idea of Anacreon? It is almost perfectly literal. I shall first translate it with the Greek words in English characters."—Here he gives a long specimen of "translation, word-for-word with the Greek," and throws the whole into an impromptu,* adding: "I once thought of

* Beginning—Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῶν Ερώτων—

The rose, to love that sacred grows,
To Bacchus let us bring,
And, crowned with garlands of the rose,
Exulting quaff, and sing,
And laugh away the happy hours—
The rose, the paragon of flowers—
The rose, the nursling of the spring!

Roses, the gods themselves enjoy,
And Venus's delightful Boy,
His lovely ringlets to attire,
With rosy wreaths his brow embraces,
When he dances with the Graces.
Then crown me, and I 'll strike the lyre, &c.

lecturing on Greek poetry at the Institution, and of reading my translation; but I believe it won't do. Adieu! but, oh, pray mind the *umbrella!*" . . . The "thought" of lecturing at the Institution was destined, nevertheless, to be realised; and the incidental allusion shows how early his attention had been directed to that object.

In the course of the previous year, Campbell had made so much progress with the biographical notices, intended for his "Selections from the British Poets," that he became more and more anxious to come to a final arrangement with Mr. Constable for the publication. In the hurry of business, however, all his letters on the subject had been left unanswered; and, unable to elicit any explanation from the publisher, he wrote to Mr. Jeffrey, and lastly to Mr. Cockburn, to ascertain the cause of a silence so unusual and alarming.

TO HENRY COCKBURN, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *January* 13, 1809.

MY DEAR COCKBURN,

An affair of very great importance to me is pressing on my mind; and I must solicit your kindness to do me a service. I wrote to Jeffrey some time ago, troubling him with a commission to speak to Constable on the subject of a literary engagement which he had given me; but respecting which he would never answer my letters, nor give me a *decided* answer. Now I am very uneasy, both on account of the affair with Constable, and Jeffrey's silence. Jeffrey's friendship and acquaintance have been always to me a very much valued possession. I apprehend that I have risked the latter by having, without due consideration, troubled him with a commission—perhaps not a pleasant one. I trusted very much to his good nature as a man, and as an old friend—but I believe that I have trusted too much,

and that he is offended. I shall be much obliged to you to speak to him, and to say in the first place, that I really shall be very sorry to lose such a friend by introducing my commission—if it be troublesome—and desire to withdraw it, as the only atonement I can make for having troubled him. If his silence has been accidental, will you have the goodness to let him know the cause of my earnest wish to hear speedily? Constable is undecided on this business. The work has cost me much reading and writing. My subsistence for next year absolutely *depends* on getting from him, or some other bookseller, a proper reward for the work. Another publisher has said that, in the event of Constable's declining to proceed, he will take it up. If I do not get an answer speedily, so little is to be trusted to these verbal expressions, that I shall probably have my whole trouble thrown useless on my hand. I have been kept in suspense for five months about it; and even now, when I have sent a letter entreating Constable for an answer, through Jeffrey, I have only the additional mortification of being left to suspect that Jeffrey is himself offended. Now, I know your temper and punctuality too well, to doubt your, at least, relieving my mind from suspense. If Jeffrey is hurt, I shall be very sorry for it. It is the disagreeable feeling of having a coolness with a friend that makes me uneasy about the matter. I had always entertained so high an idea of Jeffrey, that I must say I do not wish to lose his friendship by any act of my own. What may be the issue of his connexion with me, in future, as a reviewer of my works, he must determine. I believe I am neither so weak, nor so vain, as to dread any breach in our friendship—from any fair remarks he may make. He will not I hope—and I hope you will not—attribute my anxiety to the view of being soon before him as a poet. But no!—It is plain Frank

Jeffrey, and not the Edinburgh editor, whose regard I propitiate.

If Jeffrey does not take any interest in this affair of the "Selections," will you do me the kindness to call on Mr. Constable, and request an answer? I will not occupy your time with explaining the whole transaction—but, whatever the bookseller may say, I beg, as my friend, you will suspend your judgment till I tell you the case myself. I received from Constable the most warm assurances of the strongest personal regard; and now that I only solicit justice, and a plain single answer to my repeated letters, he refuses all answer and all explanation. My single question is,—Does he choose the work to proceed? It is desperately hard that I cannot get this question answered. Will you drop me but a few lines as soon as you can find it convenient to take an interest in this business? and believe me, with great sincerity, your affectionate friend,

T. CAMPBELL.

In explanation of the silence, so keenly felt by the Poet, I annex the following document:—"I remember my reading this letter * to Jeffrey. He said that his not having written to Campbell, was owing to his having directed the proper answer to be sent by Mr. Constable; that he had never doubted this having been done, and that he would renew his injunctions—as it was a matter entirely between Constable and Campbell. As to everything else, he expressed himself with the utmost possible kindness towards the Poet; in relation to whom, so far from there being any coldness, there was nothing on his part except the warmest affection. I wrote this to Campbell, who was satisfied." H. C.

* The letter, as it stands in the text, is slightly abridged.

Thus reassured of Mr. Jeffrey's regard, released from his previous engagement with Mr. Constable, and all his apprehensions, as to the cause of the silence, being removed, his spirits revive, and, entering on a new theme, he writes as follows:—

SYDENHAM, *Wednesday, January 18th*, 1809.

How are you, my dear friends? and how does the keen crystal frost agree with your "robust" constitutions? I have grown lazy, addle-headed, and stupid, since you, and now even M—— have forsaken me! I was yesterday engaged in attempting to comfort Mrs. Hodge,* but it is a puzzling subject to speak of Moore and our gallant countrymen; with comfort on our lips, and despondency at heart. Yet, after all, poor Mrs. Hodge bears up better than I expected. You have been by this time to see Don John himself. I should have liked to have witnessed your meeting:—his Saturnine graciousness—for I know he would be gracious to you; your knowing perspective of his company-character; Mary's great delight; Mrs. ——'s aërial, uncorporeal agility of tongue, thought, looks, eyes, and movements, moving the solemn majesty of John's conversation, like galvanism, stirring the "mighty dead!" and Mr. Lawrence, like a beam of steady light, on the foreground of a Salvator Rosa!

Ask me a favour of Caroline, after giving her my kindest remembrance, to copy for me "Glenara" in her own hand. I have not a copy of it; and I am getting old now, and my memory failing; but I have a desire, besides, to have it in her hand. I have finished the stanzas of the last sheet of "Gertrude," according to their *new* alteration. I am tired with the poem myself; but what is that to the

* Mrs. H., mother of Major H., who fell at Waterloo. See "Lines."

tædium which *others* will feel! I am trying to versify my Dream about the "Spectre Drummer," with the shroud flying over his shoulders; and to introduce it in a new poem, which will be as wild and horrible as Golgotha; but "I loves to make people afraid." I pray that next summer I may have got so much time as to be forward with it; and to have the pleasure of making you all quake in your shoes, and afraid to go to bed in the dark! Man never is but always to be blest. I now think of nothing but summer, green leaves, and the dry gravel walk—I mean independent of my ghostly roll-call—and of the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Mayow say, "Really, Mr. Campbell, you should not frighten us all with such horrible poems!" I shall answer—"Madam, these are the themes of simple, sure effect!" . . And now, drawing in my chin with the same dignity that appears in my profile, I shall end like Pangloss Collins—"News, pray send me some of human kind." We have none of importance in the village. . . .

It is discovered that my "brother poet" was some time abroad, under the orders of government. The place of his diplomacy is said to have been considerably to the south of China, amongst people who have animals among them called kangaroos. Fame does not mention the cause of his having been so publicly noticed. I suppose it may have been like the case of a gentleman, who was sent on the same expedition, in consequence of a plan to diminish the scarcity of half-crowns. T. C.

To return to the Poets: The following letter, in which his plan of the "Specimens" is so clearly laid down, has a peculiar interest, and shows at once the sound judgment, correct taste, and ardent love of the subject, which so eminently fitted him for this undertaking.

TO JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SYDENHAM, *Jan.* 21, 1809.

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,

I have had a satisfactory conversation with Murray, on the subject of that Poetical Collection. Cockburn very kindly answered my letter, and enclosed one from Constable, who leaves it in my option to relinquish the engagement. . . . . This is a jesuitical way of posturing the affair; but I don't mean to quarrel with him about words. . . . . We have done with each other, and I leave him with the satisfaction, at least, of thinking that I have saved the work, on which I mean to ground my claims to future notice before the public, from being starved or strangled under his patronage. It would be dreadful uphill work, indeed, to be supplied with books by a man who could leave my letters unanswered for five months . . . .

Our friend's view of the speculation is as much in the right spirit as could possibly be wished. He speaks of the supply of books in a manner that sets my mind entirely at rest on that important score. I shall have access, I have no doubt, to every book that will be necessary. This is to me as rejoicing as the prospect of a full harvest to the farmer. I trust in God and good books, that I shall make the work at once entertaining, and fully fraught with information. Having full confidence in my own internal resources to say a good deal of English Poetry, which has not been yet said, and equal confidence in those external resources, I hope to make the narrative and biographical part as accurate, as the critical and illustrative part will, I trust, be original and amusing.

The plan of the work is a selection of all the genuine English Poetry that can be condensed within reasonable bounds, with literary and biographical dissertations prefixed

to each of the poets. I shall admit no specimen that is not of either already acknowledged excellence, or of such excellence as, if hitherto unnoticed, I may not be able to vindicate and point out. There is much excellent poetry in our language which no collector has to this day had the good sense to insert in any compilation; and there is a considerable portion which is either unknown to the bulk of more tasteful readers, or known and admired among individuals only, and never rescued from neglect by any popular notice. The men of taste seem to keep those admired passages, like mistresses, for their own insulated attachment. I wish to see them brought before the public for general admiration. Did I ever speak to you of some valuable passages in Crashaw? These are specimens of the beauties I allude to, which it is obvious that Milton had warmed his genius with, before he wrote his Paradise Lost. Among these is the soliloquy of Lucifer:—

"Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that gild the morn in charge were given?—
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves,
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heaven?
Look, in what pomp the mistress-planet moves,
Reverently circled by the lesser seven;
Such, and so rich the flames that from thine eyes
Oppressed the common people of the skies . . . . "

And, in another place:—

"What, tho' I missed my blow? yet I struck high,
And to dare something, is some victory."

One sees here the line—

"Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

and Milton, I think it can be proved, saw this in English, although it is a translation. * * * * *

Well—I have digressed too far. In the biographical part, it is quite evident that to be accurate, and to enter with simple interest into the short story of each poet, is quite sufficient for my object. Instead of branching out to discover creeks and streamlets in the tide of their history, I shall content myself with the true course of the stream. I shall leave to antiquaries, for instance, to discover the exact number of Milton's house in Bunhill-fields; I shall reserve my full strength of research for the true appreciation of his powers as a poet; of the state in which he found our poetical language, and of the influence which he bequeathed to it; I speak of this as a thing to *be* done, although I have much done already. I give Milton as a specimen of what I mean to do with the great poets from Chaucer downwards; because *you* know, to a tittle, how far I am acquainted with Milton. The poets preceding Milton, and after Spenser, are numerous; I mean to treat them differently. A man, or rather a god, like Milton, is to be described in all his attributes, as a great unity. Those minor beings are to be classed, male and female, according to their tribes. I shall endeavour, with as much industry as I can employ, to analyze them individually, like a natural historian; and then attempt as much philosophical generality as possible. I mean to class them in groups, as one should class the Wordsworths and Darwins of the present day. This classifying labour must apply, however, more particularly to the older poets. We know sufficient of the latter poets, and we live too near them to need such arrangements, or indeed, without prejudice, to be able to arrange them in any but a consequent order.

Last of all, but first in the printing, will be a prefatory essay on the history and characteristics of English Poetry. An essay of this kind is a serious attempt—it is sufficient to say, I will do my best. When I promise to leave all

the MSS. of this work, in which I have read and searched for no small time, in Murray's hand within a year, I beg leave to say, that, if any accident of uncommon bad health, or of any untoward event, unforeseen, shall delay me longer, I shall repose entire confidence on Mr. Murray's excuse, on a fair and full display to him that the delay was not culpable on my part. . . .

Yours affectionately, THOS. CAMPBELL.

Campbell had now a subject in hand, which was to concentrate all his powers as a classical scholar, a man of taste, and a critic; and he entered upon it with characteristic enthusiasm. "I long most earnestly," he writes, "to be buried in the heart of the undertaking. I dread any change in Mr. Murray's mind. In case of any untoward accident coming in the way, I request you to see him as soon as you can."

In another interesting letter of this month, is a heart-warm tribute to the gallant Sir John Moore, whose recent fate at Corunna, like that of his brave companions in arms, had brought sorrow and mourning to many a private hearth.

Friday, 27th January, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Everything was very interesting in your last note, only what you said about Mrs. W—— and Miss —— borrows its interest to me solely from yourself. What makes me like you all so well is to see that you are beings determined in your friendship; and that you either cut at once those unworthy of your kindness, or cherish those who deserve it with perfect consistency. I see the rest of the world very different. They seem like bells only fit for jingling. Now

I detest domestic "wars and rumours of wars" so completely, that I almost grudge throwing away the pacific powers of your mind, on reconciling testy bodies—I may be wrong. I underrate the most of women, perhaps, a little, but yet not very much, when I say that the little disagreements of a Mrs. This, and a Mrs. That are as much below your dignity to reconcile, as the wars of kites and crows, to use a phrase of Milton's, are below the notice of an historian. . . .

I had almost written you an account of our gaieties in Sydenham, and praised my wife's dancing—with half an eye at my own. But, alas! the cares of these times impose a good deal more serious thoughts. I suppose some of you will write me soon, if anything is known of Edward Hodge.* The idea of poor Mrs. Hodge's terrors, and possible despair, haunt me incessantly.

I am haunted also, I cannot express how strongly, with the supposition of our dear great MOORE'S agonies before death. It is selfish, I know, to love his memory more dearly; but I cannot help feeling it an additional bond of interest that he showed me notice, and called upon me at my lodgings, when I came first to London.† He was like all great, truly great men, simple and benevolent in his manner. I remember he said he was sorry he had not a

* To the gallant Major Edward Hodge, who survived the disasters in Spain, but fell at the head of his squadron, in the attack of the Polish Lancers, at Waterloo, Campbell thus adverts in his "Ode to the Memory of Burns," 1815—

"Such was the soldier—Burns, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due!
In verse like thine, oh, could he live!
The friend I mourned—the brave—the good!
EDWARD that died at Waterloo. T. C."

† See vol. I., p. 362, also for Dr. Moore, ib., pages 173, 241. On this subject

house in London, that he might invite me to live with him. You know, I hope, that I am no great liver at other people's houses; but the kind expression then affected me, and I recall it with strong sensations, when I think that his gallant heart, which beat and bled for his country, was also minute enough in its benevolence to think of patronising a humble son of literature.

But when I think of our public loss, and private losses in detail, amounting to a public one in the aggregate, how melancholy is the subject! Yet our country will surely weather these last afflictions; and though Spain is lost, let us look in time, though distant, for the independency and regeneration of millions in the continent of Spanish America, where Buonaparte cannot go.—One thing I must not forget to mention, which the recollection of Mrs. Hodge's distress brings to my mind:—Whatever be the afflictions out of your own family, which it may please God to send, I trust you will take care yourself, and also warm-hearted Mary,—not to leave your own house, and sacrifice health and nerves to the over-benevolent task of comforting and attending the sick. I assure you Mary has been a martyr to

it is superfluous to remind the reader of the lines on "The burial of Sir John Moore," or Campbell's own stanzas:—

Pledge to the much-loved land that gave us birth!
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth—
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!
And be it deemed not wrong that name to give
In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh!
Who would not envy such as Moore to live?
And died he not as heroes wish to die?
Yes—tho' too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given;
Yet, in a mighty cause, his phœnix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven!

March 21, 1809. T. C.

others, during her stay at Sydenham. It seems impertinent in me to offer advice, but I cannot help obtruding it. Mary will absolutely kill herself if she lives always in the excited state of making efforts about others. You have no conception of her state on Thursday, and the preceding evening.

For you both, if it please God to avert all the dreadful calamities, I have a task to impose, and a favour to solicit. I have still in view the finishing my selection of English Poets. You must read for me Spenser, and give me your opinion of passages you like.—The necessity of calling upon our late entertainers at the ball, makes me send you a dull short, instead of a dull long letter.

Your affectionate friend, T. C.

28*th January*, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If I could have ever wished, at one time more than another, to draw your picture, it would have been bidding me "good by, and God bless you!" to-day, and pardoning me for having so freely advised you about Mary's health. I was embarrassed by the thought that I was listening to you less than thinking of your manner. . . . . What a relief this hope about Edward Hodge is! I have a presage, I know not how, that all will yet be well. Mary looked better than I expected, but you somewhat paler. Pray, write me as truly and frankly about yourself as about others, and tell me how you bear the sad news. I feel the dreadful dejection of spirits, I laboured under some ten months ago, returning from some material cause in my corporeal frame, which, I fear, is interwoven with it. The letters of my friends are wholesome cordials —at least, I believe them to be wholesome; though, when I receive a long letter from you, I often suspect I am half-intoxicated with self-love and satisfaction. I called at the

S——'s, and was well pleased, and shall love them all my life for the manner in which they rejoiced at the hopeful news respecting your friend. . . .

I came home with Dr. A., who gave me a copy of his friend's Sermons. I have laid them under my pillow—you know my inveterate complaint! . . . The cathedral is to have a barrel-organ consecrated to divine Harmony. Our friend has prescribed the tunes—neither Hurdigurdies nor Paris pipes are to be admitted as accompaniments. Conceive the effect of Mr. ———'s sermons, his fair-haired clerk, and a barrel-organ — all conspiring to wing the thoughts from earth, and lap them in Elysium. May I expect a few lines from you to-morrow? The thought of this, will, if less lulling, be at least more pleasing than the homilies which I have put instead of bride-cake at the head of my bed . . . . .

Poor L——, his daughter has come home, and he says that he must bring her to me—that "I may take down from her own lips" an account of what she has seen in Spain. See then what awaits me. Behold your poor friend and notary hanging on her lips (the worst species of a hanging death), and scribble-scribble, scribbling an "account of the Spanish expedition."—This is worse than the barrel organ. Adieu, my now four-years' friend, T. C.

Next morning he pronounces the book of homilies to be as good as a hop-pillow in his wakeful malady; and, finding himself much refreshed, indulges his playful humour in the new character of "*Thomas of Sydenham.*"

SYDENHAM, *February* 13, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I verily believe that this secluded place will separate my brain and ideas so completely, that the

divorced ideas will all fly to the source from whence they came, and the brain remain like some dry specimen of mineralogy, some honey-comb looking petrification in a chemist's collection—worm-eaten by the "maggots" that have infested it! I sit down to write this with my heart full of friendship, and my head full of nothing. When I am with you, I am like a flint from which fire can be struck; your presence supplies me with conversation; but, away from you in this sepulchral Sydenham, I feel my head a non-conductor. For God's sake come back, and electrify the caput mortuum!

If I should write you about that which I am reading, it would seem to you worse than a letter written from the dead to the living. Asserius, in his life of Alfred, is contradicted by the testimony of William of Malmesbury, as to the time when hewn stones were first used in constructing edifices in England; but the doubts of John of Huntingdon have rather leant to the side of Asserius, in the antiquity of the art of polishing stones; so that the matter rests with Thomas of Sydenham,* who, in writing on the same subject, leaves it just in the same state as he found it, as we learn by an ancient MS. of his letters to the celebrated *Fannia Maia* of the same place—supposed to be the Maia of the ancients—although of that there are also some doubts, as Mercurius the son of Maia is a personage of classical antiquity, and could not possibly be the Maia of Sydenham, alluded to so often in the writings of the divine bard.—Such are the disputes into which a poor student of antiquities is obliged to dip.

Of real life let me see what I have heard for the last fortnight—first:—A snake—my friend Telford received a

* The name by which he hopes to be known to posterity: in *Maia*, he affects to have discovered the true *etymon* of *Mayow*.

drawing of it—has been found thrown on the Orkney Isles, a sea-snake with a mane like a horse, four feet thick, and fifty-five feet long—this is seriously true. Malcolm Laing the historian saw it, and sent a drawing of it to my friend . . . Again: One day in November last, before the melancholy event of his son's decease, the class of Dugald Stewart was opened for the first time in the session, and attended as usual by an immense concourse of students. Lord B——n, (the Mendez-Pinto of Scotland,) said, "I must really take notice of Stewart, and go to the opening of his class." He went, the congregation was great. Before Dugald entered, the Earl mounted a high place in the hall, and looking round, put his hand to his lips, smiled graciously, and bowed to the audience. They shouted in an ecstacy of merriment; he bowed three times, they shouted as oft, and clapt their hands, till Dugald entered, and then he pointed to him, again smiling, as much as to say, "Leave off your homage to me; Mr. Stewart has now a right, and my leave, to your attentions." This was as good as smoothing down the gooseberries.—Lastly:—I have heard that space and time are nothing—I really think them something; for, to scribble all day, and have only the outside of your house to look at in my walks, is a very sorry employment; in winter, so sad, you cannot annihilate time. I beg of you, my dear Maia, to let your house in town as fast as possible, and come down to the "Deserted Village," just to see the last ideas take their departure from my adustified brain. Perhaps by writing me you may prevent the immediate process of its petrification.

T. C.

CHAPTER VII.

PUBLICATION OF GERTRUDE.

THE last stanzas of Gertrude of Wyoming were now in type. The proof sheets having been forwarded to Mr. Alison, were shown to one or two judicious friends in Edinburgh, and then returned to the author. It does not appear, however, from anything in my possession, that the poem underwent any material change during this process. The manuscript had been revised with great care at Sydenham; and, when sent to press, was pronounced by very competent judges to be in all respects worthy of the author. This opinion was re-echoed by its admirers in Edinburgh; and, among the commentaries thus elicited, while printing, was the following extract from a letter, addressed to Campbell himself, which is well entitled to precedence.

EDINBURGH, *March 1st*, 1809.

. . . I have seen your Gertrude. The sheets were sent to Alison, and he allowed me, though very hastily, to peruse them. There is great beauty, and great tenderness, and fancy in the work—and I am sure it will be very popular. The latter part is exquisitely pathetic, and the whole touched with those soft and skyish tints of purity and truth, which fall like enchantment on all minds that can make anything of such matters. Many of your descriptions come nearer the tone of "The Castle of Indolence," than any succeeding poetry, and the pathos is much more graceful and delicate. . . But there are faults too—

for which you must be scolded. In the first place, it is too short—not merely for the delight of the reader—but, in some degree, for the development of the story, and for giving full effect to the fine scenes that are delineated. It looks almost as if you had cut out large portions of it, and filled up the gaps very imperfectly. . . .

There is little or nothing said, I think, of the early love, and of the childish plays of your pair, and nothing certainly of their parting, and the effects of separation on each—though you had a fine subject in his European tour, seeing every thing with the eyes of a lover—a free man, and a man of the woods. . . . It ends rather abruptly —not but that there is great spirit in the description—but a spirit not quite suitable to the soft and soothing tenor of the poem. The most dangerous faults, however, are your faults of diction. There is still a good deal of obscurity in many passages—and in others a strained and unnatural expression—an appearance of labour and hardness; you have hammered the metal in some places till it has lost all its ductility.

These are not great faults, but they are blemishes; and as dunces will find them out—noodles will see them when they are pointed to. I wish you had had courage to correct, or rather to avoid them—for with you they are faults of over-finishing, and not of negligence. I have another fault to charge you with in private—for which I am more angry with you than for all the rest. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them, forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them. Believe me, my dear C., the world will never know how truly you are a great and original poet, till you venture to

cast before it some of the rough pearls of your fancy. Write one or two things without thinking of publication, or of what will be thought of them—and let me see them, at least, if you will not venture them any further. I am more mistaken in my prognostics than I ever was in my life, if they are not twice as tall as any of your full-dressed children. . . I write all this to you in a terrible hurry—but tell me instantly when your volume is to be out.

F. JEFFREY.

Expressions of admiration from other classic sources, though less discriminating, were not less candid and emphatic. In reply to one of these private friends, Mr. Telford, who enjoyed and cherished the Poet's reputation as his own, thus writes :—

LONDON, *March 7th*, 1809.

Yesterday's post brought me your welcome letter. I would not for a moment resist dispatching it to Sydenham. Unusually frequent visits plainly bespoke the parental anxiety respecting the reception of "Gertrude" in his native city—and from "the friends of his heart!" I almost blame myself for this rashness. Such unqualified applause will either drive him frantic, or make him complete the epic poem on "Bruce," which he has threatened, before he closes his eyes. If I once hear from, or see him more, I shall have a fine story to tell you. T. TELFORD.

The "welcome letter," to which Mr. Telford alludes, and which, like the former, Campbell regarded as an affectionate trophy, runs thus :—

EDINBURGH, *March 2nd*, 1809.

You never conferred so great a kindness upon us as in sending Gertrude. I was frightened to meet

her. But I have seen her; and she is more angelic than I dared to hope, and as immortal as her author. We have fought for her: we have wept with her; quarrelled with regard to her beauties, but have always ended in triumphing in her existence, and prophesying her immortality. All this I might have told you in twenty-four hours after I received your invaluable packets. But I wished to try the experiment with better heads than those that happen to grow at Bruntsfield Links; so she was dispatched immediately to Callander House: you all know what must be the tone of feeling there, at this moment. The effect, however, was greater than even our own Poet could have wished. Mr. S. insisted upon reading it first by himself, and he returned to them as pale as a ghost, and literally sick with weeping. Mrs. S.'s rapture rose with every line; and when I hinted some apprehension that a little more detail would have been acceptable to the unlearned reader, and that there were symptoms of an *iron hand* having shorn some of the tresses of her luxuriant beauty, Mrs. Stewart declared, most positively, that "she was perfect, and that she could not have read one page more for the world." So much for Callander House. At present she is in the hands of —— to whom I have laboured to introduce her with all the advantages, and with all the address in my power. . . As for Campbell, tell *him*, that all those he cares for, are more than proud—that they neither think or speak of rivals; and that amid all their wishes, they durst not have imagined Gertrude. Tell him that we never meet without speaking of Mrs. Campbell and his boys; and that a late letter of his to Callander House, had all the effects that he could wish from it.* . . . A thousand thanks to you—not

* A letter of condolence to Professor Dugald Stuart and his family, then suffering under severe domestic affliction.

from this house alone, but from many whom our Gertrude has delighted and conquered. A. ALISON.

This was high praise; and higher authority—considering the taste and character of the writers—could hardly be named. But although these private opinions of Gertrude—first heard in whispers—were soon re-echoed, and confirmed by the public voice, Campbell judged of them with his usual discrimination: he could truly say to each—"Lætus sum laudari a *te laudato viro*;" but he did not forget the maxim—

"Cum te aliquis laudat, judex tuus esse memento."

In a characteristic letter to his "Sydenham Friends," enclosing the above documents for their perusal, he writes:

March 7th, 1809.

I know you will think me vain for showing it—and I fear more the reprehension of your well-regulated minds, for so little a passion as vanity, than any reproof I know. But I give you the reading of these for two reasons—first, because I know that you are interested in the same way as affectionate and beloved sisters would be, in my literary report, when, as the die is not cast as to the *public* fate of the poem, you are probably as much alive to the first opinions of it as myself.

Jeffrey's letter I inclose for your perusal, as preparatory to the criticisms that will be past on me—and as a rich curiosity. Alison's letter, is a thing belonging to the heart. Poor Stewart's tears are at present no certain test; his great, but always susceptible, mind is reduced, I dare say, to almost puerile weakness, if I may say it with due reverence to his name. Now my dear friends, let me ask,—Is it very great ostentation to betray the first symptoms of doubtful success to you?—to you who are

so dear to my heart, that you will excuse even its foibles? I must not exclude your family from hearing something of Gertrude . . . Aye, aye—I am like the whale in the gulf of Mälstroem. I feel myself getting into the whirlpool of vanity, in communicating the puff from Alison. I may roar and repent, but into the gulf I *must* go! But I love you very much, and that is the reason that I do not fear you. Say your worst—bating, that I am a silly, vain creature—bite my nails, &c., brag much about Montague-street, when I have dined—and envy Sydney Smith! Except these faults, I defy you to say black is the white of my eye! T. C.

A delay of some weeks having occurred in the publication of Gertrude, great impatience was felt by the author; and, with an urgent request to Messrs. Longman and Rees, he writes to an accomplished friend, and begs her to take up the cause:—

March 21st, 1809.

If giving trouble be a true testimony of friendship—and in good truth I feel it is—this case is one of the privileges of that noble sentiment, in which I may have (many times before I go to sleep in *Westminster Abbey*) occasion to demonstrate my affection for you, by that test. Alas! alas, poor Gertrude! the Poet killed her, and the booksellers are determined she shall never have a resurrection.

The agitation I feel on this subject is quite intolerable. The delay is hurting me every way. At this season, so short and precious, every day lost is losing the prime of its morning sale. Messrs Longman and Rees (though I hope you will be very civil to them) are certainly not pressing the bookbinders. The book has been printed three weeks. . . .

Be so good as to tell M. that the only verses I ever

wrote respecting Sir John Moore, are some which I rather think will appear in the papers in a few days. This copy of verses was produced in consequence of an application from the Highland Society to give them some poetical celebration of the martial glory of the Scots for their next meeting. The request was communicated in a very polite letter from the secretary. I answered by declining the task; alleging, as I truly could, a press of business, indifferent health, and want of promptitude for occasional verses on a prescribed subject. The secretary sent, in return, an invitation from the Celtic worthies to partake of their festival (to-morrow)* in the Freemasons' Tavern, with a pathetic lamentation for the refusal I had given—yet still accepting the will for the deed. Touched to the quick with their pathos and hospitality, I sent, along with my apology for being unable to honour their invitation, a sort of copy of verses on the glory of "the kilted clans," and on the military fame of poor old Scotland—written with an aching head, yet with a willing heart. Heaven knows what Celtic tongue will recite them, or what inaccurate paper will make them still more lame than they are! But I imagine the Highlanders will print them. In those verses I have alluded to Moore in three stanzas as a Scotsman. These stanzas, however, are, like the Greek mentioned by Pallet, not worth repeating. The toasts of the Highland Society will therefore probably be as follows†—purely *national*:

* For an account of this festival, see the papers of the time. The *verses* were immediately incorporated with his other poems. V. ed. 1842, page 175.

† TOASTS.—1. The King of *Scotland*, England, and Ireland!!

2. The Poems of *Ossian*—eternal infamy to Malcolm Laing; and may he be swallowed up in the great snake that was lately thrown on the Orkneys!! —[See previous letter, Feb. 13, page 170.]

3. Eternal brimstone to the memory of Dr. Johnson, and all calumniators of Scotland!!

. . . Now, Fanny and Mary, my fair messengers! take Gertrude along with you and demand "why your sister is not yet out?" Ye are my messengers—which, in Greek, signifies angels; and angels indeed ye all are—excepting the wings. What a pity ye had not these to save the yoking of horses—but we shall all be one day flying like pigeons among the clouds, or above the clouds in a happier world! Pray let that Montague-house come down here, where the spring is budding so beautifully. . . . . Yours very truly, T. C.

Again, in the same cheerful mood—happy himself and striving to make others so—he writes:

March 28.

Thank you, my dear F——, for the title, (which I assure you is not lost on a heart most susceptible at least of your praise) "Best poet of our grove!"[4] I thought of the *justice* of your remark this morning at seven, when I accompanied worthy Frank Clason as far as Dulwich. The woodcutters had finished demolishing Dulwich, or rather Sydenham Wood, down from Heron's Gate. There will now be no nightingales to sing to us; and you will be obliged, instead of listening to the *truly* best poet of the grove, to be contented with the best that can be had. And so we shall see you, and all the people of true taste, coming to listen, and linger, and point their finger and cry, "Ha! how sweet!"—not to "the jug-jug" of the *true* nightingale—but to take their accepted invitation when he is jug-jugging at his evening ale, and warbling melodious strains

4. May the taste for Haggis, Sheep's-head, and *Mr. Campbell's Poems*, be as eternal as the mountains of Scotland!!! (with a *three times three*).

5. Success to the cultivation of the true principles of music and the Scottish bag-pipe!!

6. The Scotch Fiddle!!!

to the tune of Erin go Bragh! . . . . This morning, I assure you, I associated the remembrance of you, as it is always linked with the finest and most pleasurable meditations. From the Common, which was all in mist, Frank and I got to the top of the hill, and, though he is a lawyer, the scene was unaffectedly impressive to him. The country was all-perplexed and bewildered with mist; trees, and water, and mountains, and castles, or castle-like houses, were scattered all about us, like islands in fairy-land, here and there through the atmosphere. They say there are only three simple elements in a landscape—earth, trees, and water—here was a *fourth*. The mist was like a becoming drapery on a beautiful person. Clason immediately began to talk of Europe—law pleas—assizes—and sentences of death! Now, I thought it would be worth our sacrifice if we, poor mortals, could give up all the effect that is produced by the agency of the passions, in epic poetry, in tragedy, for the sole pleasure of being able to live in this beautiful world in peace and love with fine landscapes and one another! Was not this a great sacrifice for a poet? Away at one sweep go battles, and blood, and midnight conflagration, and all those enchanting things! Aye, but for what peace and friendship and such scenes as these of ours, which make millions happy without impoverishing one!

I called at Dr. Glennie's. A man and his wife who robbed their house—and who, to say the truth, richly deserve transportation—are to suffer death . . . . . This is horrible, to be sure, and by no means like the view from Sydenham; but I mention it because Glennie, who was quite right, after all my sentimentalising, to prosecute the midnight robbers of his house—is afflicted by the circumstance, and wishes to do something for a poor infant of the condemned pair, who is only three years

old, and cannot, from being too young, be received by the Philanthropic Society. Do you know any humane, noble, or rich person who will take this child under their protection? God help it! I pray you, for God's sake, apply to any noble or great person you know. Glennie says he will support the child. He is not rich enough to be justly allowed to do this, and is too much a gentleman to be partially assisted. Although I am determined, if I should beg for the infant, to get some one or other of the powerful of this country to snatch an innocent from perdition . . . .

T. C.

P. S. Since writing about the poor child, I am glad to hear that there is less difficulty than we at first apprehended in providing for it. Matilda has—with a feeling which I cannot suppress the mention of—promised that wherever the little girl is placed, she will look after her as a mother, and see to her comfortable and moral education. . . . . T. C.

At length, finely printed in quarto, and inscribed to his steady friend and patron, Lord Holland, Gertrude of Wyoming was introduced to the public. The first perusal of the Poem justified the character that had preceded it; and the cordial reception of his heroine formed a bright epoch in the Poet's life. On the same day appeared a Number of the Edinburgh Review, opening with a brilliant article on Gertrude, and the genius of its author:—"We rejoice once more," said the writer, "to see a polished and pathetic poem in the old style of English pathos and poetry. This is of the pitch of the Castle of Indolence, and the finer parts of Spenser; with more feeling in many places than the first, and more condensation and diligent finishing than the latter."

Then adverting to the popular poems of the day, it is added, "We have endeavoured, on former occasions, to do justice to the force and originality of these brilliant productions, as well as to the genius, fitted for higher things, of their authors; and have little doubt of being soon called upon for a renewed tribute of applause. But we cannot help saying, in the meantime, that the work before us belongs to a class which comes nearer to our conception of pure and perfect poetry. Such productions do not, indeed, strike so strong a blow as the vehement effusions of our modern *Trouveurs;* but they are calculated, we think, to please more deeply, and to call out more permanently those trains of emotion, in which the delight of poetry will be found to consist. They may not be so loudly nor so universally applauded; but their fame will probably endure longer, and they will be oftener recalled to mingle with the reveries of solitary leisure, or the consolations of real sorrow. There is a sort of poetry, no doubt, as there is a sort of flowers, which can bear the broad sun and the ruffling winds of the world; which thrive under the hands and eyes of indiscriminating multitudes, and please as much in hot and crowded saloons as in their own sheltered repositories; but the finer and the purer sorts blossom only in the shade, and never give out their sweets but to those who seek them amid the quiet and seclusion of the scenes which gave them birth. There are torrents and cascades which attract the admiration of tittering parties, and of which even the busy must turn aside to catch a transient glance; but the 'haunted stream' steals through a still and solitary landscape; and its beauties are never revealed but to him who strays in calm contemplation, by its course, and follows its wanderings with undiminished and unimpatient admiration." . . .

These extracts may shew that the Poet was singularly

fortunate in his critic; but as the article itself is accessible to all readers of "The Edinburgh Review,"—the great intellectual repertorium of that day—the facts under notice may be restricted to a few brief sentences.

The character of genuine poetry, as defined in this critical analysis, is illustrated by many of those striking passages in which the poem so much abounds; and, in confirmation of the opinion then expressed, may now be added the testimony and experience of nearly forty years, during which Gertrude has been adding to the number of her admirers, and still appears as fresh, and lovely, and intensely interesting, as on the day of her first coming out. The beauties of the poem, as described with equal truth and brevity, "consist chiefly in the feeling and tenderness of the whole delineation; and the taste and delicacy with which all the subordinate parts are made to contribute to the general effect." And the passage which might justify all that is said in praise of the poem, is the death scene, beginning—

> . . . . "Where fires beneath the sun
> And blended arms and white pavilions glow—"

And ending—

> "Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
> And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
> With love that could not die! and still his hand
> She presses to the heart no more that felt.
> Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
> And features yet that spoke a soul more fair!"—*Stanza* XXXII.

Of the smaller pieces it is said, "The Mariners of England" is a splendid instance of the most magnificent diction. The "Battle of the Baltic," in which "nothing can be more impressive than the very short and simple description of the British fleet* bearing up to close action.

* By turning to page 43 of the present volume, the reader will find the stanzas here quoted in illustration, marked 6—14.

. . . The description of the battle itself is in the same spirit of homely sublimity, and worth a thousand stanzas of thunder—shrieks—shouts—tridents—and heroes." The two ballad-pieces, composed at Sydenham, are considered favourable specimens of his powers in a new line of exertion: "Glenara"* is quoted entire; but the other, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," is allowed to be the more beautiful.

The judgment thus pronounced on the genius and influence of Campbell's poetry, has never been reversed. The discriminating taste of the critic, however, though captivated with the beauties of the poem, did not overlook those incidental blemishes from which no human composition is exempt. The narrative was considered obscure and imperfect; various passages were thought incorrect, or almost unintelligible; but the "constraint and obscurity of the diction" were explained as the result "of too laborious an effort at emphasis and condensation." Such, indeed, was the fact; labouring to be at once concise and brilliant, he became obscure; yet no author, perhaps, ever benefited less by public criticism. He had an almost superstitious dread of retouching anything after it was printed; and thus, though perfectly sensible of his error, the blemishes and beauties of the poem hold nearly the same relative position in the last, as they did in the first edition.—The former, however, are only slight inadvertences, and, in company with the latter, may pass unobserved; but others are more obvious—that, for example, where he introduces into Pennsylvanian landscape various animal and vegetable productions peculiar to the Old World. This, though a mere oversight, was still "a sin against natural history;" but numerous editions of the poem

* Glenara has been noticed, Vol. I., page 184; but it is only in *The Family Legend* of Joanna Baillie, that the wild and romantic tradition has been rendered immortal.

having been called for, and no objections stated against the *panthers*,* *flamingoes*, and *aloes*, which he had made to figure in the woods and lawns of Wyoming, his poetic colony was allowed to retain quiet possession of the new settlement; at least, until

> ——— "the evil Manitou that dries
> Th' Ohio woods consumes them in his ire . . ."—*Stan.* XVII.

The reviewer "closes the volume with feelings of regret for its shortness, and of admiration for the genius of its author," adding, "There are but two noble sorts of poetry—the pathetic and the sublime; and we think he has given very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both." . . . "We wish any praises or exhortations of ours had the power to give him confidence in his own great talents; and hope earnestly that he will now meet with such encouragement as may set him above all restraints that proceed from apprehension, and induce him to give free scope to that genius, of which we are persuaded that the world has hitherto seen rather the grace than the riches."

These sentiments were cordially shared by other, though less weighty authorities; and so liberally was the poem quoted, that nearly every stanza was pointed out as an example of "melting pathos," "polished diction," or some other characteristic of poetical excellence. Whatever had been said of "The Pleasures of Hope," was repeated with increased emphasis in praise of "Gertrude;" and it was admitted on all hands, that, in the path of genuine poetry, the author had made another important step, and established new claims to admiration.

The reception given to the poem in America was cordial and flattering. "It contains," says an elegant writer of the New Country, "passages of exquisite grace and ten-

* I am just informed by an American friend, Mr. S., that the Poet is right as to the *Panther*.—*August*, 1847.

derness; others of spirit and grandeur; and the character of Outalissi is a classic delineation of one of our native savages—'a stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.' What gave this poem especial interest in our eyes, and awakened a strong feeling of good-will towards the author, was that it related to our own country, and was calculated to give a classic charm to some of our own home scenery."

It may easily be imagined that praise in such a strain, and from such high sources, was not lost upon the sensitive author. The grateful confidence it inspired, became a new stimulus to ambition; and he resolved, by a more lofty and sustained effort, to verify the predictions of his critic. The theme which had long dwelt in his mind,* and on which he was now desirous to concentrate all his force, was the struggle for Scottish independence in the thirteenth century. The hero was to have been Wallace, the "Knight of Ellerslie"—whose glorious deeds and ignominious death were intended to have been the groundwork of an epic poem. By what obstacles he was diverted from his purpose will be seen hereafter; but, delayed from month to month, and from year to year, the subject was at length abandoned.

Before quitting this portion of the work, I am bound to notice an unfortunate mistake in the text of Gertrude, which caused much pain to a respectable citizen of Wyoming, and no little regret to the Poet himself. The mistake, so justly complained of, was the epithet applied to one of the characters in the poem—"the monster Brandt"—thereby inflicting a severe stigma upon a man who, in reality, had served the cause of honour and humanity. Nothing could exceed Campbell's surprise and regret, on being made fully sensible that the name he had consigned

* See Vol. I., page 202, projected "Queen of the North, 371."

to infamy in his poem, was, in fact, that of a man whose life and conduct had entitled him to respect and gratitude. Convinced that he had been totally misled in his delineation of the Indian chief—one of Nature's noblemen—he took instant measures to repair the injury—so far as it could be repaired. After a personal interview with the son of Brandt, then in London, he publicly retracted his mistake, and caused the following note * to be inserted in every subsequent edition of his poems, where, in justice to his memory, every aspersion was withdrawn, and "the name of Brandt" pronounced to be "a pure and declared character of fiction." †

* "I took the character of Brandt, in the poem of Gertrude, from the common histories of England, all of which represented him as a bloody and bad man—even among savages—and chief agent in the horrible desolation of Wyoming. Some years after this poem appeared, the son of Brandt, a most interesting and intelligent youth, came over to England, and I formed an acquaintance with him, on which I still look back with pleasure. He appealed to my sense of honour and justice on his own part, and on that of his sister, to retract the unfair aspersions, which, unconscious of their unfairness, I had cast on his father's memory. He then referred me to documents which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brandt's cruelties at Wyoming were gross errors; and that, in point of fact, Brandt was not even present at that scene of desolation . . . Had I known this when I was writing my poem, Brandt should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief. It is but bare justice to say thus much of a Mohawk Indian, who spoke English eloquently, and was thought capable of writing a history of the Six Nations. I ascertained, also, that *he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. The name of* BRANDT, *therefore, remains in my poem as a pure and declared character of fiction.*"—T. C.

† But "why, after so frank an apology," it was asked, "did he suffer the *name* to remain in the text?" Because "its suppression would have involved him in the necessity of reconstructing several stanzas; and if the reason was but indifferent, the *rhyme* was good."

CHAPTER VII.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

HAVING adverted to this new epoch in the Poet's life with as much brevity as the subject would admit, I return to the narrative of his private and literary career, upon which the reception of his new poem appears to have exercised an important influence. Though withdrawn from the busy world in his retirement at Sydenham, "the genius of Campbell, like a true brilliant, flashed occasionally on the public eye in a number of exquisite little poems." The theme of his next piece "was suggested by seeing a flower in his own garden, called *love-lies-bleeding;*" and to this trivial circumstance we are indebted for the exquisite story of "O'Connor's Child." It was written during the autumn, finished in December, sent to press in January, and came out with another edition of Gertrude, early in the spring. It is superfluous to say that this deeply pathetic poem fully sustained, if it did not advance, the reputation acquired by Gertrude; and was considered, by good judges, as the most highly finished of all his minor pieces. It is the only poem, perhaps, in which the author has repeated himself. I allude to the lines—

> "Sweet was to us the hermitage
> Of this unploughed, untrodden shore;

Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more."* . . . *Stanza* IX.

Among other playful efforts of his muse, in which there is much epigrammatic point and elegance, were the "Lines on telling her faults to F. W. M."—a lady who had accused him of not being able to read any writing but his own; and it really was a great difficulty to him. He said he would be "*revenged,*" and recorded his revenge thus :—

"In Fanny's praise let others talk;
I'll tell the blemish of her nature—
It is not in her speech or walk,
Her conversation or her stature.
I like her heart; 'tis warm to friends;
Her face I could not wish to vary;
And, polished to her finger-ends,
Her form has something statuary.
Her taste—I 'm vain enough to deem—
Is good, because with mine it tallies;
Her wit, I very much esteem—
Save when my own dear self it rallies!
And yet—I will not while I live
For all your worth and virtues many—
I will not one *sad* fault forgive;
You *write illegibly*, my Fanny!" . . .

T. C.—*Sept. 7th.*

As a relaxation from severer studies, the Poet took up at intervals his old métier of Maître-de-langue. With

* The thought and even the words are thus repeated in the "Lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria."

"Yes, I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, *unploughed, untrodden shore;*
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar,
For man's neglect I love thee more." . . . *Stanza* VII.

three young ladies for his pupils—in whose service the pencil of Lawrence had been employed—he delighted to revise his Latin or Greek favourites, and point out their beauties in the way already mentioned * in these pages. In a letter of this date, written in his new quality of master, he asks, "Whether his pupils are prepared to receive him in the evening, that he may ascertain what progress they have made with the inceptive verbs in *sco?*" Being answered in the affirmative, and satisfied with the progress they had made, he resumes the higher office of poet, and next morning sends the following epigram :—

"To be instructed by the Graces,
Let other bards their favour sue;
But when I view your learning faces,
Dear Mary, Fanny, Caroline,
A more delightful boast is mine;
I teach the Graces, while I 'm teaching *you*."—T. C.

Writing in a serio-comic humour to one of these ladies, he gives the following account of his visit to Mrs. Siddons.

Jan. 18*th*, 1810.

I have just returned from an important visit . . . The great Queen of Tragedy wrote to me, saying, that a copy of Gertrude had arrived, after many months' delay, which she believed to be her own. She thanked me for the present. I had long meditated a visit, and attempted to make out one, but was taken so ill at the Hummums, that, after being nearly disposed of, I returned, *re infecta*, to Sydenham . . . After a sleepless night, I set out again this morning; and, mounting the topmost height of the Sydenham coach, was conveyed for the moderate charge

* See example of this strong partiality for classic antiquity, Vol. I., page 37.

of one-and-sixpence to the Elephant and Castle . . . After meandering along the many-turning paths that lead to Paddington, and crossing the Park, I met Lady Perth, with whom I conversed in state for a whole hour, talking broad Scotch . . . At length I arrived at the picturesque banks of the Paddington canal . . . By this time the exercise had thrown me into what physicians call a moderate transpiration. I had thrown off my great coat which I was carrying in a simple-minded manner, over my left arm, holding in my right hand a pair of yellow gloves, for which I had paid half-a-crown, in order to appear in a more genteelish style before the object of my expedition! . . . And now I lifted up my eyes and beheld two female figures on the road two hundred yards off. It was not Diana and her nymphs on the banks of the Eurotas. It was Mrs. Siddons and Miss Patty Wilkinson on the shores of the Paddington canal! * . . . I was taken rather aback —for I had suddenly to whip on my great coat, and adjust myself for the interview. I knew them at the first glimpse; but affecting an enamoured contemplation of the scene, I looked on the fields and dust-barges, as if I were ruminating a description of their beauties. I was not inattentive, in the mean time, to minutiæ. Under the specious pretext of coughing, I wiped the dew from my face, pushed my cravat close up to my throat to prevent

* Mrs. Siddons' cottage was at Westbourne, Paddington.

" . . . The mansion, cottage, hall, or hut—
Call 't what you will—has room within
To lodge the King of Lilliput—
But not his court, nor yet his Queen . . .
Perhaps you 'll cry on hearing this,
What! every thing so very *small*?
No: she that made it what it is,
Has *greatness* that makes up for all."

VERSES BY MR. SIDDONS.

my neck, or, as the Scotch call it, *thrapple*, from being seen. I also recollected that my old wig, in its days of dotage, had taken a fancy, instead of adhering to my bald pate, to which it is legally united, to contract an *alibi* attachment to my hat,* and thereby, in the grave act of salutation, to expose, by its partiality for the hat, the whole of my shaven poll to the view of my admirers. Giving, therefore, a pull to its forelock, I got my hat ready for the salutation, and went through the ceremony with peculiar elegance.

The Queen was very glad to see me—and here I can laugh at hat or wig no more. I was overcome, even to tears, by the whole meeting. . . . The affection in her behaviour, and the perfect dignity and propriety of all her words and looks, in allusion to the occasion, were to me irresistible. . . . She showed me her youngest daughter,† who is so very like "The Siddons," that when I looked at her, she guessed my thoughts, and asked if she did not remind me of her? . . . She appeared at this time to be deeply affected, and even wept. I thought it a mark of her good sense and dignity, that, even in alluding to other melancholy subjects, she spoke with perfect tranquillity, and even passed from them to gayer topics without violence or effort. At parting, she took both my hands, and prayed that we should not lose sight of each other. . . . I told her candidly the difficulty of my paying her visits, at such a distance. "Well, then," she said, "let me come

* An instance in point is mentioned in the New Monthly Reminiscences of Campbell, now publishing. Having accompanied some friends on their way homewards, after dining at his house, it was proposed at parting that they should say good night with three cheers, and hats off! In the act of pulling off his hat, however, Campbell found that it was accompanied by the wig, which stuck to it like its own lining. I only quote from memory; but the anecdote is characteristic, and well told in the Reminiscences referred to.

† See Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons."

and see you." I held her to her promise; and she is to come and dine with me when the days are longer. . . .

T. C.

Another "formidable visit," paid to a family for whom he ever afterwards cherished feelings of respect,* and in which his sister resided as governess, is thus humorously reported:—". . . I was a little afraid of the Dover-street interview with the M.'s. Although my sister spoke of them highly, I had contracted an idea that they were proud people. On my way I had prepared to put my looks and manners into the most dignified attitude! But, though I behaved sublimely to the footman, and almost knocked him down with overawe, I had no sooner got to the inside of the drawing-room, than I found it better to put off my godlike air, and resume my human appearance. They were plain, sensible, and civil people, with good characteristics, and a little *cordiality* of manner—just what I wanted—nothing that was over-much, or that might have led me to suppose they were saying in their hearts, 'Let us be kind and civil to this man, and not avail ourselves of his sister being our governess." Mrs. M—— is particularly lady-like in her manners and appearance. . . . I am quite glad that my sister is there. . . . I stayed to dine with them, and took the latest Dulwich coach."

Passing to another subject—that of literary task-work, and its depressing effects, he adds:—"I was much out of spirits the evening I called. . . . I have taken to heart more than usual the necessity I see before me of this perpetual galley-slavery, which will for ever debar me from the only consolation of my existence—that of writing,

* See the Poet's Letters from St. Leonard's, 1831-2.

or attempting to write, poetry. I see no hope of rescue from unprofitable drudgery. It is quite clear that I must make *down* my mind to this. . . . But I was in the very act of bringing it down when I called; and the putting on of tight boots is often more painful than wearing them. . . Excepting the article sleep, I have, in all the comforts of life, more advantages than a cart-horse, though an equal prospect of dragging and drudgery! But don't be offended that I called even under the influence of evil thoughts: you know it is only *real* friends that one can see in those humours, and the sight of a friend is a great relief to them." The letter concludes with a handsome compliment to his sister, and a desire to introduce her to his best friends—"almost the only brotherly attention he has it in his power to show the good, worthy old maid!"*

The drudgery, to which he alludes as so irksome and discouraging, was nearly the same as hitherto—occasional papers for magazines and reviews, with biographical sketches intended for the Selections, and the first outline of his Lectures on Poetry.

In a "shrewd report" from "the nursery," this month, he utters the following prognostics:—

April, 1810.

Let me inform you of other affairs, only second in importance to the Pig, the Kitten, and the Ode to Fancy. Thomas, the heir apparent, has got a very fine rocking-horse—quite an "Eclipse" among toy-horses. For ever on the watch to observe the early evolutions of human character, I have studied the youth's behaviour since he got it. "A man of mental energy," says Mr. Godwin, "cannot pass an ale-house without deducing some important truth respecting man and his nature." Now, I have not passed Tom and his hobby-horse unobservingly. I have seen what my boy

* See Vol. I., page 21. This sister was by many years his senior.

is, in all probability, to turn out. I observed that he had a great taste for the Fine Arts, or for jockeyship—I know not which—implanted by the hand of nature; for he no sooner saw the horse than he grew enraptured, and preferred him to all other toys. The horse is, indeed, all worthy of his attachment. . . . I have discovered, also, that he will make an excellent lawyer; for, judging that possession is nine points of the law, he took formal possession of it, called it "mine horse," and bestrode it himself. In the next place, he will either turn out a great poet—or something else—for he is dexterous at fiction. He persuaded his brother Alison that "the horse was quite tired with coming from town, poor thing!" that he would bite him if he came near his mouth, and kick him if he came behind his heels! There is something like legal chicane, as well as poetry, in all this!

. . . I have not been idle, storing and improving my mind with images, as well as facts of morality, drawn from this wooden deity. I have compared him to the Trojan horse, which has brought dismay and din into the walls of my house. I have compared him to the horse of Nero, which was made consul. I have seen also in him an emblem of all favourites, who are, at best, but toys; for his owner to-day struck off his ear with beating him! . . .

* * * * T. C.

The next letter presents a sad reverse of the picture. The first stroke of domestic affliction had fallen suddenly on his heart, and for a time rendered him equally unfit for society or his daily task. His youngest child, Alison, the object of his fondest parental hopes, and the theme of many a pleasant letter, was seized with scarlet fever. Dr. Maton was called in to attend him; but the case was malignant, and the child died within a few days. Campbell

was prostrated by the shock, and for a time quite inconsolable.* As soon as he had recovered in some degree his self-possession, he thus poured out his grief to a sympathising friend:—

July 21, 1810.

Having undergone various modifications of distress, extreme depression, violent agitation, and sometimes a mixture of both, I am so far from being yet composed, that I cannot sufficiently thank you for your letter of consolation, for the interest you have felt, and the advice you have given on the present crisis. Yet, believe me, I am not insensible to your kindness, although I am so far from being able to express myself in proper terms. . . . In fact, the distress has affected my memory—I should rather say my common sense and energy—for the memory of my friends can never be weakened . . . But the presence of mind, the power of looking to minute things and properties, all the tranquil and easy movements of my mind, have gone since the agonising event. . . . I mourn still for my child! I cry out, "Absalom, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee!" . . . I think that once I had the soft, lovely hands of two children to go into each of mine, and now I have but one. . . . I think of my cherub, and see him playing on the Common before me. . . . But now—

I bid you adieu, my dearest F., with the most perfect esteem that a friend can have for another. Never have I met with a kinder or more intelligent adviser—with a tact and feeling the most minute, and a power of consideration the most unvaried and uniform. T. C.

* The loss of this child, as will be seen in his Letters many years after the event, sank deep into his heart, and was rarely alluded to without visible emotion, even in the last stages of life.

August 3rd.

I have not been able to see you to-day. I had thought the wound was better skinned over than I find it. . . I am weaker than I thought. . . I shall soon be stronger. . . Yet oh, my son, my son! I see him everywhere! I believe we feel solace in proportion to misfortunes. I feel the value of your affection the higher, the deeper that I feel my spirits fall. T. C.

In this state of mind, literary occupations were much neglected. Even letter-writing was discontinued—and what was actually accomplished, showed very clearly that his thoughts were not with his subject. Weeks, months elapsed; but with only faint relief to the keen sense of his bereavement. At length he writes to Mr. Alison :—

November 3rd.

It is with a good deal of exertion, I assure you, my dearest—and now, alas! *only*—Alison, that I can assume courage to write to you; for your name, though attached to my heart by indissoluble ties, awakens a train of overwhelming associations. . . . I wish I could tell you that I began to feel the wound closing up. . . . But time has not yet done what time, I trust, in its natural course will do. It is better for myself, perhaps, that I am compelled to address you on a different subject.* I shall be rewarded by the tears that rise at reading your letters, as well as in writing to you, and often, even in thinking of you, by a satisfactory account of yourself, and of all your charming family. I shall hear also of the Stewarts. I would write to Mrs.

* The letter contains certain commissions relating to his private affairs in Edinburgh.

Stewart, but I dare not yet do it. It is not that I *cannot* write such letters—no ; but they make me hysterical for days after. But pray tell the Stewarts that I hope and trust they still remember me, with some return for my unbounded love for them. T. C.

His correspondence with Mr. Alison had the usual effect of tranquillising his mind ; and, in a cheerful retrospect of old times in Edinburgh, he writes :—

November 28th.

Oh, Scotland, Scotland! how I long to be at thee again, and to have a long chat with Alison! Often do I think, my dear old friend, of the walks round the beautiful little enclosure before your door! Do you remember how impudently I was wont to apologise for going away from your house so *soon*, when I had staid till *one* in the morning? Do you ever remember the Artillery Serjeant's marriage in your drawing-room? I am sure Montagu does not forget it. Why do you never think of coming for a short trip to London? Do set out some day. I should walk through Sydenham a foot taller to show you to the good people here, and my house and them to you. The natives know you well, and would recognise you by your likeness * over my chimney. I should still have pride to show you what a snug box I have, and to make you kiss the surviving darling. . . Woe's me—we have your namesake no more! . . . But I am as busy as I can be, my dear Alison, and, I thank God, I am sometimes cheerful. You may have the satisfaction, however, of believing I am never so

* This likeness of his revered friend was a beautiful medallion in opaque glass, by *Heming*.

cheerful as when I think that I am still beloved by such old and steady friends as yourself. T. C.

For the benefit of his health and spirits, he was advised to take daily exercise in the open air; and in one of his rural walks in the neighbourhood, an amusing incident occurred which is thus noticed:—

"*December 5th.*

"A little adventure which befel M. and me on the road to Clay-hill, gave us an amusing laugh and display of human nature. In a walk to see Mrs. Courtenay, the rain drove us for shelter into an outhouse of farmer-something, where a man about sixty was brewing. He shovelled out some grains to a duck that was quacking about. Presently an aged dame, of at least eighty, mumbled out, 'What d'ye mean, ye old blind scoundrel, by dirtying the yard?' 'Ah,' said the poor man, 'no matter where I had thrown the grains—it 's the nature of the thing, and she will scold.' 'Friend,' I said, 'I think this is your wife, from her mode of talking to you?' 'Nay,' said the old boy, 'an she wur my wife, I shud take her back to the devil to get a better un!' Now what an odious thing must old age be, when even this crone, who was old and half-blind herself, could find no worse term of reproach.—What a clever idea it was in the old man to think of exchanging bad wives at the fountain-head of Evil!"

Turning to his literary progress and the success of his new poem, he continues:—

"I have this moment received a sweet interesting epistle from Messrs. Longman and Rees, indited thus:—'Dear Sir,—We are happy to inform you, that we have not quite three hundred of the small edition

of Gertrude.'—This edition has not been more than thirteen months out, and will be all sold in fifteen. 'Glorious Apollo! from on high behold us!' I mean to contract the form, and lower the price of the next small edition to 6*s.* 6*d.* or 7*s.* vice 9*s.*, which in conscience is too much, and thus, I hope, sell a whole edition within a twelvemonth. I have finished a volume of my *Lives*, in MS. at least. Would to Peace, that Murray would put them to press!—M. is very obligingly looking over the book, and even her malignant spirit of criticism can find but few faults."—Then, turning to the nursery, he adds :—"My remaining boy, thank Heaven! is continuing strong. We see him all hours of the day on the play-ground of the Common, before Kerval's * school. He seems fond of his playmates, and they of him. I like that school; for I have seen several instances of what, I believe, no other school exhibits an instance of—namely, the elder boys preventing the younger ones from fighting. At public schools, it is the invariable practice for the elder imps to stimulate the younger fry to bickering. Thomas runs for hours together—alternately as *horse* and *driver*, and in both situations appears equally happy! Seeing my own boy so far advanced, may well make me sing :—'It grieveth me, alas, and I sigh : I could once play better than they!' But no matter : a most important event in my domestic affairs is, that next week it is projected to make a whole cask of ginger wine. T. C.

The first portrait of "the author of Gertrude," by Lawrence, originated in the kindness of a mutual friend, to whom the following letter is addressed :—

* This worthy man was much given to Astronomy, and every time the Poet and he met, a lecture on the stars was got up, which "generally ended," said the former, "in total darkness."

January 26th, 1811.

Such a letter as your last, dear F., is too satisfactory to require a long answer. I acquiesce entirely in Mr. Lawrence's pleasure and ideas. I think him a man fit for the Golden Age. Never was I more sensible of my obligation to the delicacy, zeal, and good sense of a friend, than when I read your account of the whole negotiation. It seems to have been conducted with that mixture of candour and delicacy, which are so rarely united on both sides of a conversation. On your side, I had every reason to expect that mixture. I know Lawrence much less than I could wish, and perhaps I am affected by the partiality due to a kind office; but I am inclined from this instance, in addition to what I have seen of him, to think him a man of great candour.

I have been working like a dray-horse for five or six days, and shall be exceedingly hard wrought for some time; but I have the sublime satisfaction to think I am making a little money! . . I trust, after all that you know of me, you will not think me insensible to the last zealous instance of your kindness. . . The happiness of sharing your frank and unqualified friendship, is so far above personal benefits, that I have no fear of seeming ungrateful to myself, or to you, when I say that the former cannot be increased or diminished by the absence or presence, lightness or weight, of the latter. T. C.

In a letter to the Rev. Archibald Alison, he adverts, among other topics, to the state of literature and party politics at the new year:—

SYDENHAM, *January* 29, 1811.

. . . . I have been reading your book with renewed pleasure. It takes me back to the time when I

read it first in Edinburgh, and made your acquaintance at Dugald Stewart's. · It will not happen again to me to have the same pleasure in forming any new friendship. Long and piously have I wished for the arrival of dear Telford to hear news from you all in the north—from "our Northern brethren," as the Scotch critics in the Quarterly Review are wont to say. Talking of critics, was not your blood a little warmed at the irreverent positiveness of the E. R., in still believing that moral philosophers are of less use to the world than chemists?—a corporation which has no higher prerequisite for membership than some of the free boroughs for choosing a Member of Parliament, viz., boiling a pot. . . . Stewart's book is as beautiful as I expected.

The Whigs are still in high spirits, I find, whenever I meet them in London; but as I am in the neighbourhood of Tories, I witness also the bright side of their hopes, which are founded on the King's having spoken to the Chancellor. . . . The Whigs are all talking of ——'s conversion to courtly principles, and are very wroth with him. . . . But though I write thus politically, believe me, I am as zealous and disinterested, and free from personal hopes on the subject, as a pensioned man can well be. I feel myself of no importance to the party who have my best wishes; and with the heads of the party, I lose the little interest I might have, by an unconquerable aversion to attend great men's houses. A mere poet's pen is to them of no use. . . .

Adieu, my dearest Alison; why don't they give you a diocese? My best wishes to all yours—with entire affection. T. C.

Acting upon the advice of his friends, Campbell had now resolved to prepare a course of Lectures for the Royal Institution; and, while busily employed in these,

and much less congenial labours, he imparts the following particulars to a friend.

SYDENHAM, *February* 2, 1811.

. . . Having happily finished my brick-without-straw-making, before the hour appointed, I snatch the opportunity, as the haberdashers say, to speak a few words with you on paper. I was highly soothed with your last: nay, though I say soothed, don't think your explanation was an unmeaning lullaby repeated to a child. I know you are a rational—not easily changeable—being; but at the same time, I know a little more of letter-writing than either Mr. Robinson the farmer, or the lady whose note made Mr. Canning laugh so heartily; and I know that there is a *ritual* in the communion of friendship, which ought to be held sacred. I have laid aside the fourteen hours a day—for "flesh and blood won't bear it;" but whether I can bear it or no, I must be at it ten hours—four reading and six writing—Heaven bless the mark! Is there no spermaceti for an inward bruise? But I believe I am almost resigned—at least, so far as not to complain aloud of these disappointments that set me off the hope—all that was ever hope to me—of writing verses, and oblige me, like Baron Trenck, to thrust my hands again into the iron bolts.

I was sorry I could not write to you, nor resume our Latian labours! I hope and trust the idea of reading Virgil is not yet abandoned. . . . Alas, the clock strikes—less than twelve—that fatal hour, in the mimicry of whose sound on the bell, Mr. Fitzgerald cracked a glass tumbler, as he sung about the "bell in the castle!" I am called away, like Hamlet's father's ghost, at the scent of the morning air; and, although I have myself a very dull scent, yet I hear by the silence that I have remained out

my time. . . Pray write to me. You will walk a vast deal farther than you can walk in one day, before you meet a person who loves to see your writing, and longs to exchange thoughts with you, better than I do. T. C.

To the same kind and zealous friend he writes again, respecting his portrait:—

February 10*th.*

I request you to tell Lawrence—for I hate to put *Mr. John* to Milton, like Johnson's Index-maker—that I am truly obliged to him; and say, if you please, that the obligation sits warmly and lightly upon me—I must say *lightly,* and hope you understand me—for the favours of such a man are to me like the drapery that does not constrain the wearer. I am troublesome, I fear, with my commissions; but be—as you have all along been—my kind and friendly agent; and I pray you let Lawrence know that I have a peculiar pleasure in being indebted to him. He has done to me exactly as I should have done to him, in the same situation. One thing makes me a little uneasy, namely, that he should be put to the expense of the paper and impressions. It was really not a part of our accredited agreement. I don't like to be importunate on this subject; yet I should wish my request to have as much weight as, I think, in fair justice and delicacy, it deserves. You have acted rightly on all points. What the author himself decides on as the price, should be decisive. If any of my Lectures can amuse Mr. Lawrence, they are all at his service and yours. His kindness in *signing* * me two hundred, is really great. T. C.

* These two hundred proofs were retouched after the engraver, and signed, *T. Lawrence, R.A.*—See a subsequent *Note* regarding this portrait.

February 15th.

. . . . T' other day I devoted myself to serious idleness—I mean to abstraction from carpentering at literature—for the pleasure of writing to you. I was exceedingly stupid—that is an ordinary occurrence; but stupid as I was, surely I might have written. I now feel determined, however, to write—because this day has been an overflowing cup of happiness. Don't anticipate too much! I happened only to sleep well, and have wrought well to-day; and have been, so to speak, in heaven with absence from pain, and the possession of a clear, day-light understanding. I shall not, possibly, be so to-morrow, or for some time; but I am never happy without writing to let you know it. Those alone who are whole nights awake, know what this pleasure is after such pain. I sometimes think (not irreverently) that such a state almost resembles the resurrection of the blessed. I was all day reading Cicero, quoting from him; quite as wise as he; playing at intervals with the cat, and neither envying her good humour, nor her sleep upon the rug. . . . But, as Virgil says,* the humid night now descends from Heaven, and setting stars persuade to sleep. I go thither also . . .

I will pray for you before I slumber—but not in the manner a clergyman threatened to pray for a graceless squire, whom he durst not rebuke: "I am forbid," said he, "to rebuke you; but if you do not mend your manners, I will *pray* for you before the whole congregation!" Adieu. T. C.

The interval between the preceding letter and that which follows, was filled up by a regular course of industry.

* —— nox humida cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.

He read and made selections from the Poets—wrote their "biographies," with occasional articles for the Magazines, and prepared a series of Lectures on Poetry. His seclusion, however, was often enlivened by friendly visits among his neighbours, among whom was the family of Mr. Marryat, whose second son—the distinguished naval officer, and accomplished writer of the day—became the Poet's literary coadjutor in the "Metropolitan." One of his favourite companions was the late Mr. T. Hill, well known for his quaint humour, social qualities, and warm attachment to his friends. The Poet and he were near neighbours at Sydenham, and lived in frequent and cordial intercourse. From town also; as he has told us, he had the happiness of weekly visits from some of his older friends—"northern brethren," congenial spirits, to whom his frugal dinner had all the attraction of an attic feast. These *réunions* were generally improved by morning rambles over the Common.

* * * * *

In the following letter to Mr. Alison, as in most of its predecessors, there is pleasing evidence of that uniform filial solicitude, which so marked his character as a son. The often-told anecdote of Buonaparte and the German bookseller is here mentioned for the first time; and his burst of honest indignation at the continued horrors of the slave-trade is characteristic, and worthy of the poet of freedom.

SYDENHAM, *July* 14, 1811.

Have the goodness, my dearest Alison, to raise my pension, and give my good old mother her share of it. I have not heard from her for some time; but her answer to the enclosed letter will, I hope, set my mind at rest. I rejoiced exceedingly to see your favourite name in the pages of Jeffrey, the critic-king. I have a liking for him, as I have for Buonaparte, on account of his great abilities. . . . By the way, the abuse, which it is the fashion to

lavish upon this extraordinary enemy of our country, seems to me in the very worst spirit of English taste and intellect that ever our history betrayed. We scorned Philip, we laughed not ill-naturedly at Louis XIV.; but at this Buonaparte we gnash our teeth and laugh—with the laugh of wretches on the wheel. Either he is more respectable than we allow, or we are grown a parcel of cowards, not to treat him with dignity. Perhaps in my feelings towards the Gallic Usurper—"wretch," "tyrant," as we charitably call him—there may be some personal bias; for I must confess that, ever since he shot the bookseller in Germany, I have had a warm side to him. It was sacrificing an offering by the hand of Genius to the Manes of the victims immolated by the trade; and I only wish we had Nap here for a short time, to cut out a few of our own cormorants.

Scott's *Vision* I have seen a part of. It is bold, and dignified, and quite worthy of him. . . . As to the cause of the Spaniards and Portuguese, I do not blush to own that I can hardly pronounce a blessing on it. At this moment there are thousands—in the course of the year there are scores of thousands—of miserable Africans, groaning under the positive sanction of the Slave-trade by those two nations. Yes, my dear Friend, the Slave-trade—and I have particular access to know the extent of it—is resumed by Spaniards and Portuguese, with tenfold circumstances of cruelty,* to what we ever practised in it. The numbers of slaves are increased, I believe, to an importation of 80,000 yearly, from the increased demand in the Spanish Islands. There are no regulations such as we have observed in our ships. The deaths on the passage

* For more recent and appalling facts of this inhuman traffic, see Dr. Madden's "Commission of Inquiry on the Western Coast of Africa, 1840; Cuba and the West Indies, 1835-6-7."

are multiplied to twenty per cent., the horrors inconceivable. Urged by the fear of trade stopping, the Spaniards and Portuguese redouble their piracies on the African coast, and the Spanish planters take more slaves than they can feed. My neighbour, Mr. Marryat, M.P., a man who now execrates the Slave-trade, has given me convincing documents in the papers forwarded. While this horror continues, I care not if the Peninsula were swamped.

T. C.

His plan of delivering, by invitation, a course of Lectures at the Royal Institution, was now matured; and, after consulting with his private friends on the subject, the proposal was duly made, and accepted on the following terms:—

TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, *Nov.* 23, 1811.

SIR,

Your letter to me, dated the 17th inst., has been laid before the Managers; and I have the honour of informing you that they have resolved that your offer of giving *five* lectures here on Poetry, during the ensuing season—viz.: two before, and three after Easter—be accepted, upon the terms proposed by you, of one hundred guineas as a remuneration. May I request you to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, and believe me to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

THOMAS HARRISON, *Sec.*, R. I.

About the same time, also, some final arrangements regarding his "Selections from the British Poets," then in active progress, were concluded by Mr. Richardson, on the part of Campbell, who thus expresses his satisfaction:—

December 7th.

I thank you for speaking with Mr. Murray. In consequence of seeing no definite term to my expectation, respecting the partnership of Messrs. Baldwin, Cadell, and Davies; and being obliged, for the sake of a temporary supply, to take some articles from a periodical work, I have a month's employment on my hands. At the expiration of that month, I shall be perfectly pleased to close with the terms which Mr. Murray has sent. In six months from the 8th of January next, the book will be ready for the press, provided I receive the bill, and only such books as I can show to be indispensably necessary for me to consult. These will certainly not be numerous; and to lessen this trouble to the proprietor, I will send back the Review, and Magazines. T. C.

Thus, with improved health and prospects, a new line of exertion at the Royal Institution, congenial labours on the wide field of English Poetry, critical reviews, and biographical sketches for a periodical, Campbell entered upon the new year with much to encourage and reward his industry.

In a letter to his brother Alexander, he writes:—

"I have been appointed to give lectures on Poetry at the Royal Institution. It is a very honourable appointment."—"I hope," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Campbell's plan of lectures will succeed. I think the brogue may be got over, if he will not trouble himself by attempting to correct it, but read with fire and feeling. He is an animated reciter—but I never heard him read."

At the commencement of this year, the health of the Poet's mother, Mrs. Campbell, then residing near Edinburgh, had become seriously worse. She had lingered several months under the effects of paralysis, which had greatly impaired her mental faculties; but, as far as human ministry could go, her wants were supplied, her pains soothed by the same friends who, twelve years before, had attended the death-bed of her husband—"the placid, pious old man"—as he was emphatically called; and on the 24th of February, she concluded her earthly pilgrimage, at the age of seventy-six. To the sad event, her son—her "best of sons,"—thus briefly adverts:—

SYDENHAM, *March* 4, 1812.

I thought and felt it very kind of you to write me a voluntary note. Alas! the subject of it is serious, my dear comforting friend. Perhaps another would think me unfeeling, if I expressed my sincere acquiescence in the dispensation of Heaven respecting my poor old mother. But I know you would not attribute my quiet to any but the rational cause. She had suffered much since her first attack of palsy. . . . She was at times in possession of her memory, and expressed great desire to be at rest. Her exit was without pain, and rather the close of her sufferings than a struggle to get away from them. I felt more at the news of her first shock than on the present occasion; and it is only when I imagine her alive, in my dreams, that I feel strongly on the subject.

MacArthur Stewart, of Milton, my Highland cousin, was so kind as to order a superb funeral for my poor mother at his own expense. It was attended by more than two hundred people. The *kindness* of this attention to my mother's memory pleases me more than the value of it.

With regard to your advice,* for which I thank you—it might have been, perhaps, necessary to decide a struggle between my opposite inclinations: but unhappily, in one sense, I do need such bracing to my resolution of doing justice to my own family. I have some debts pressing heavily, which will require four years' application of the sum I had hitherto spared from my income—even when these debts are discharged. What in the interim may be the sufferings of those who may be thus disappointed, God knows; but I will be commonly honest, before I pretend to be, even in a humble degree, benevolent. These melancholy subjects insensibly tinge my mind with a less cheerful tone than that I should wish to bear in your company. . . But let me be off dull subjects, and speak of my lectures—though that perhaps may turn out as *dull* as any of them.

I begin my First lecture with the Principles of Poetry—I proceed in my Second, to Scripture, to Hebrew, and to Greek Poetry. In the Fourth, I discuss the Poetry of the Troubadours and Romancers, the rise of Italian Poetry with Dante, and its progress with Ariosto and Tasso. In the Fifth, I discuss the French theatre, and enter on English Poetry—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare. In the Sixth—Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Cowper, and Burns, are the yet unfinished subjects. It forms a sort of chronological—though necessarily imperfect—sketch of the whole history of Poetry. My endeavour is to give portraits of the succession of the truly great Poets, in the

* The advice alluded to, was—That he should not bring distress upon his own family, by continuing to other branches the annuity hitherto paid to his mother (about seventy pounds per annum, since March, 1801); but lay by a part to pay off old debts, and part to obviate the *necessity* of literary drudgery, and the *losses* caused by frequent illness. His affection and generosity, however, were too warm and *uncalculating*, to turn this to much profit: for though the principal annuity had now dropped, he still charged himself with many smaller sums, in the various forms of "donations and subsidies."

most poetical countries of Europe. I forgot to say that I have touched also on oriental Poetry. T. C.

Introducing his sister Mary to his much valued friends, the Mayows, he writes :—

April 12, 1812.

. . . I have ventured to agree with the ladies that they are to call on you in Dover-street. . . . You will see they wish to consider you as already acquainted with them by name. . . . They are the daughters of a gentleman * who died at Sydenham, where they now reside some months of the year, on their own estate, with their mother. Their father, Mr. Mayow, was a law-officer of the Excise—a lucrative and important station, which he filled with great reputation for his integrity, and merciful dealings with those who came under the hands of the Excise. . He was one of the worthiest of human beings —the most mild, venerable character I ever saw. I had reason to believe I was a great favourite with him ; and, had he lived, I should have found him an important friend. That circumstance has made Mrs. Mayow and her family show me marks of regard. Mr. M. was, in fact, more like our dear father than any person I remember. . . . . I say all this that you may be frank and unreserved with the family. . . . They will know how much I wish for a proof of their friendship by their interest in you. Their sisters are married ; one to Mr. Courtenay, † a brother of [the present] Lord Devon ; another to Mr. Adams, secretary to the late Duke of Portland, and formerly to Mr. Pitt—son of the member for Totness, Devonshire. He

* Mayow Wynell Mayow, Esq., died [in London] lamented, as he had lived respected and beloved, by all who knew him, on the 14th January, 1807.

† The late Right Honourable T. P. Courtenay, P.C., Vice-president of the Board of Trade, a Commissioner of the Board of Control, one of the Members for Totness, &c. Vide p. 99.

is a truly excellent man*. . . . I have told you all this to avoid the awkwardness of people calling upon you whom you do not know. . . . T. C.

The critical season had now arrived when Campbell was to make his appearance before a London auditory; and on the morning of his first lecture he writes:—

April 24, 1812.

I am just setting off to preach at the Royal Institution. Whatever be the result, whether adverse or fortunate, M. will probably tell you by the next post. I know you will be happy to learn that, on the eve of my *trial*, I am in tolerable health and composure. Sydney Smith cautioned me against *joking* in my lectures! Was it not Satan reproving sin? T. C.

The result of this "trial at the bar of the Institution" is told with great *naïveté*, and in a vein of humour that evinces his own satisfaction with the event—but in which, it will be allowed, there is less of vanity than humility.

TO THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

SYDENHAM, *April* 26, 1812.

MY DEAREST ALISON,

The day before yestedray I gave my first lecture at the Royal Institution, with as much success as ever your heart could have wished, and with more than my most sanguine expectations anticipated. Indeed, I had occasionally pretty *sanguine* expectations of a very different sort of reception. I took, however, great pains with the first lecture, and though I was flattered by some friends saying,—I had thrown away too many good things for the audience, yet I have a very different opinion. I felt the effect of

* William Dacres Adams, Esq., of Bowdon, Devonshire, late one of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and elder brother of General Sir George Pownall Adams, K. C. H., of Ockington, Somersetshire.

every sentence and thought, which I had tried to condense. You will think me mad in asserting the audience to be enlightened; but now I must think them so—wise, enlightened as gods, since they cheered me so! and you will think me very vain in telling you all this. Pray burn this letter with fire in case it should rise up in judgment against my vanity! But really and truly, my dear old friend, I am not so vain as *satisfied* that all my labour has not been thrashing on the water. I was told, of course, all the good things about my own sweet self, in the ante-chamber. Lord Byron, who has now come out so splendidly, told me he heard Bland the poet say (knowing neither his lordship nor me), "I have had more *portable* ideas given me in the last quarter of an hour, than I ever imbibed in the same portion of time." Archdeacon Nares fidgetted about, and said, "That's new; at least quite new *to me.*" I could not look in my friend's face; and I threatened to divorce my wife if she came. All friends struck me blind, except my chieftain's lovely daughter, and now next door neighbour on the Common—Lady Charlotte Campbell. I thought she had a feudal right to have the lecturer's looks to herself. But chiefly did I repose my awkward eyes on the face of a little yellow unknown man, with a face and a smile of approbation indescribably ludicrous. When I came to your name about "association," I felt the force of your doctrine, and my heart, having passed from fear to confidence, swelled so much that, for fear of crying, I stopped sooner than I ought, but I said you were an eloquent and venerable clergyman. I could not add *my friend*, for it sent another idea most terribly through my heart.

I had taken no small pains with my voice and pronunciation, strengthening the one not under a pedantic teacher, but with some individuals who are good judges of reading, and getting rid of *Caledonianisms* in the utterance.

My dear boy, Thomas, hoped on my return, that "nobody had made me laugh during my lecture!" * The little wee man with the yellow face certainly made me smile.

Now this news, with the taking of Badajos, is quite sufficient for one week. I had forgot to remind you of my pension—no wonder. I shall be popular in London, for probably three weeks! and nothing less than a riot at the theatre, or a more than ordinary case of gallantry in high life, can put me before that time out of date! . . . .

But seriously, my dearest Alison, a greater cause of my good spirits is the recovery of Thomas from an illness and fever of six weeks, which has reduced him to a shadow. He is now fairly better. How are all your dear circle? Remember me to them. Your ever affectionate

T. CAMPBELL.

During his third public reading, a new and unexpected incident occurred, which is thus told:—"My lecture, however, went off better than in one moment of despair I deemed to be possible. At the most interesting part, a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, came on. The window above me was open, and the rain poured down on my paper as it did on Leander in the Hellespont. The lightning had given me an electrical headache; and the thunder, aided by the pattering rain, being my competitor in my endeavours to

* The lecture was thus noticed in a London paper:—"Mr. Thomas Campbell, yesterday, April 24th, commenced a course of lectures on Poetry, and he proved, in an address abounding with warm and beautiful images, that he was most happily qualified to pourtray in prose the art, of which he is himself so accomplished a master in verse. He described the primary and distinguishing objects of poetry, the nature of poetical genius and taste, with the objects of the latter—the beautiful, sublime, and picturesque. The hall was crowded, and the eloquent illustrations of the Professor received the warmest testimonies of applause."

gain the public attention, it required all my lungs to obtain a hearing. The audience were, for a while, evidently more interested in the elemental war, than in my story about the Gondoliers of Italy, chanting the 'Jerusalem.' But at last the storm subsided; and at the end I got back their ears to myself. I thought I should have sunk with fatigue—out-thundering the thunder. Sydney Smith patronises me a little too much about the lectures—but I forgive him."

Turning to other subjects, he says, "The Princess of W.* has threatened to make an irruption into my house. Lady Charlotte Campbell has prevented her, but I am to be summoned to Blackheath to see her. My head, I do assure you, is not turned with all this vertiginous notice. . .

"I have this moment been the object of riotous abuse in your house, for saying that I should like to lecture only to ladies! I meant that men are so phlegmatic; while nothing that is brilliant or interesting is lost on a female audience. But I have scarcely been able to appease the indignation—loud and outspoken—of C——, in particular! . . . she is like an angel without wings—looking bright and speaking bravely. My boy, thank God! is now very well. Adieu. T. C."

Campbell's success in the lecture-room of the Royal Institution was quickly followed by the display of a very different talent in the ball-room at Blackheath! His account, in a private letter, covered with hieroglyphical portraits of the personages with whom he had just figured in the dance, is a good sample of his natural playfulness, when his heart was really "light of sorrow."

* He was presented to the Princess of Wales, by the Lady Charlotte—"the fair daughter of his Chieftain."

May [15], 1812.

I *must* be getting down now, for I have attained the summit of human elevation—dancing a reel with royalty! . . . . Imagine four personages standing up at right angles to each other, thus.—* As I know you tremble for the event of such an awful scene as the royal reel, I must inform you that it went off well. I overheard Miss * *, one of the ancient azure-hose, remark that Mr. C. had the neat national trip! This was conciliatory; but she looked and spoke *at* me, as if she had more respect for my heels than my head. This, my venerable friend! will prevent your grey hairs from going down with sorrow to the grave on my account. . . . . Seriously, I am pleased with all this; but I begin to dread that I have got into too much good luck, by this princely acquaintance. I shall be obliged to attend the Opera, in consequence of having told the great personage that I loved operas to distraction! "Then, why don't you go often to them?" she demanded. "They are so expensive," quoth I. . . . . Next day a ticket for the season arrived! God help me! This *is* loving operas to distraction! I shall be obliged to live in London a month to attend the Opera-house—all for telling one little fib! I am terribly jaded with lecturing and *reeling*—all in one day; else I had a great many things to talk about . . . . T. C.

Writing to the same friend in Devonshire, at the auspicious termination of his lectures, he says :—

* Here follow grotesque figures of H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, Lady Charlotte Campbell, Sir James Mackintosh, and the Poet (in a flying attitude) with this scroll—"*All preparing to set off with the Highland Fling, to the Reel of Tullochgorum.*"

May 18, 1812.

. . . . From the expected zeal and kindness of your letter, I believe that the success of my lectures has given you as much happiness as myself. . . . . Your congratulation is the most noble and flattering that I have received. I rejoice that I have not disgraced you; for woe's me, if I had failed, you would have been the first to comfort me, but one of the last to forget the mortification of my downfall! . . . . But I am driven from this agreeable subject—all about *myself*—by the late public event—the lamented death of Mr. Perceval—which, I fear, has very seriously unhinged you all. . . . . When I first shuddered at the news, I thought of the horrible sympathy that would harrow up your feelings. A more atrocious speech was never tolerated by a British audience; and it is a terrible symptom of the public mind, that the wretch is pitied on the tops of stage-coaches. . . . . T. C.

To his "first appearance in the Professor's chair, and next as a courtier and man of fashion in the ball-room," Campbell, in his letters, often reverts with much playful irony. He speaks with grave self-complacency of his own performance in the "reel of Tullochgorum," and indulges a few pleasantries regarding the agility of his partners. "It is sport-royal, I warrant"—"admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries." He is quite ready "to make one in a dance, or so; or he will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay." *

For his royal Patroness he expresses much respect and sympathy; and of "his Chieftain's lovely daughter," he writes—"Lady Charlotte Campbell is a great accession to

* "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Love's Labour Lost."

me. I spend evenings very often with her and her sensible Swiss governess, and very often dwell on your favourite name.* . . . . You may have heard, perhaps, of two remarkable epochs, namely, that I have finished my lectures, and that I have become a favourite with the Princess of W——, with whom I have danced Scotch reels more than once. To say what I think of her, without being bribed by the smiles of royalty—she is certainly what you would call, in Scotch, 'a fine body;'—not *fine*, in the English sense of the word; but she is good-humoured, appears to be very kind-hearted, is very acute, naïve, and entertaining. Her accent makes her, perhaps, comic† . . . . I heard that she was coarse and indelicate. I have spent many hours with her and Lady Charlotte alone; and I can safely say that she showed us no symptoms of that vulgarity which is attributed to her. . . .

"T. C."

Having formed acquaintance with two persons in a very different class of society—one the victim of misfortune, the other a favourite of genius, they are thus introduced:—

. . . . "In the hurricane of bad news, one loses the recollection of minor misfortunes; but, like a crow in bad weather, I wish always to croak in company. . . . . I have a person whom I wish to have down to Sydenham when you are here. It is not a lion—not the Scott—not the Jeffrey—nor the Sydney, who, they say, 'would rather bleed on

* Extract from a letter to Mr. Alison.

† It was probably to the following that Campbell alludes:—One day that Her Royal Highness was showing a distinguished peer some new pictures in the gallery, she directed his attention to a portrait, which had just been hung up. It was a striking likeness of himself. With a profound bow he acknowledged the honour conferred upon him; when, still desirous to enhance the compliment, "You see, my lord," said the Princess, "I do consider you one of my great household dogs!" Here the compliment was apparently neutralized; but her Royal Highness meant to have said household *gods*.

the scaffold than go to rusticate in Yorkshire.' My stranger is not a great man, but a very old one—a hundred and nine years old!—a poor gentleman, who has so little of the squalidity of depressed old age in soul or body, that he is not to be offered charity, though obliged to sell threads and tapes, and has nothing even pitiable in his appearance. He talks cheerfully of passing events, relates anecdotes of the procession of Queen Anne, was a rich man once, but was ruined by the Fordyces. Once, in a walk with his tapes and threads, he passed the house where he had kept his coach, and fainted at the recollection. The people of the house were kind to him, and sent him home in their carriage. . . . I mean to have him at Sydenham, and we shall see whether this romance-like thing be true. Alas, the romance of misfortunes is not confined to the Circulating Library! . . . Yesterday an improvisatore—a wonderful creature of the name of Hook—sang some extempore songs, not to my admiration, but to my astonishment. I prescribed a subject—'pepper and salt'—and he seasoned the impromptu with both—very truly Attic salt. He is certainly the first *improvisatore* this country ever possessed—he is but twenty. T. C."

In a long, desultory letter to one of his intimate friends, he expresses a melancholy conviction that old age and laziness are creeping upon him at once: says that, to save five shillings and sixpence a day, like a true miser, he has resolved to stay at home, and not patronise the Sydenham coach any longer:—congratulates himself on the pleasure of having met Mr. T. Moore; says the pleasure of the meeting was increased by hearing him speak kindly of his brother, Archibald Campbell, with whom he had travelled in America; and adds, that when he sung and played, he reminded him strongly of Mrs. Allsop, whom he so greatly admired.

To the author of "The Sabbath," so often mentioned

in these pages, and whose recent death left a sad blank in the circle of Campbell's early friends, he thus alludes—and the reminiscence is at once faithful and affecting :—

"I propose to send to one of the periodical works a biographical notice of the life and writings of my poor friend Grahame. But so small a part of James's value lay in his poetry, that I feel it difficult to express my real sentiments about it. There are anecdotes, too, which would interest such a reader as you; but the great rookery of the reading and talking world have only things in their left sides called hearts—mere *pulsations*, as they are happily called in 'Self Control.' One of the most endearing circumstances which I remember of Grahame was his singing. I shall never forget one summer evening that we agreed to sit up all night, and go together to Arthur's Seat, to see the sun rise. We sat, accordingly, all night in his delightful parlour—the seat of so many happy remembrances! We then went and saw a beautiful sunrise. I returned home with him, for I was living in his house at the time. He was unreserved in all his devoutest feelings before me; and from the beauty of the morning scenery, and the recent death of his sister, our conversation took a serious turn, on the proofs of infinite benevolence in the creation, and the goodness of God. As I retired to my own bed, I overheard his devotions—not his prayer, but a hymn which he sung, and with a power and inspiration beyond himself, and beyond anything else. At that time he was a strong-voiced and commanding-looking man. The remembrance of his large, expressive features when he climbed the hill, and of his organ-like voice in praising God, is yet fresh, and ever pleasing, in my mind. But it is rendered a sad recollection from contrasting his then energy with the faltering and fallen man which he afterwards became. T. C."

He then turns from the simple annals of his own domestic life at Sydenham, and, among the incidents of a visit in town, mentions an alarming fire in the neighbourhood of his friends in Montague Street, at which he set an example of great personal exertion and presence of mind:—"I had been left alone in the drawing-room," he says, "and was reading to get an appetite for sleep, when lo, there comes a rap to the door, with the pleasant monosyllable which sounds so finely in a street at night! The 'fire' was four doors from you; I went in to console Mrs. M——, whose servant reiterated her assurance that the flames were belching into the upper rooms. Another gentleman and I were of opinion that Mrs. S. M—— should remove with whatever was most valuable into your house; when Mr. M. himself, stepping into the parlour, said, in the most lawyer-like manner, 'There is not the least chance of the fire communicating. It cannot, ever since the fourteenth of his present Majesty's reign. The party walls have been ordained by law, and under a penalty, to be so built in all new houses, that the fire *cannot* spread.' The fire or the party wall were probably overawed by the authoritative tone in which the law was laid down; and neither did the one break, nor the other burst in; so we all slept at last, and the crowd dispersed. T. C."

The ensuing autumn was spent in literary seclusion at Sydenham. Always on the alert for political events, and, adverting to the retreat of the French army in Russia, with the probable consequences of their recent engagement with the Cossacks, he writes:—

December 13, 1812.

What are all other subjects—what even your praises—what are "Childe Harold" and "Gertrude" to

these tremendous moments of suspense that have, no doubt, kept you from sleeping as well as myself! . . . May God avert such events, and the renewal of the blows that have made Europe stagger under them! But let us hope! "To doubt is to rebel!" Let us exult in hope, that all will yet be well! What pleasing ideas have not filled our minds at the bare prospect which this campaign may bring round. Fancy our shaking hands with each other, the day that news of peace arrives. I even build castles about France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, being accessible to us all; that some chance will bring us all together on some delightful tour; and that we shall see the Tyrolese Alps, and Mont Blanc! . . . I should think even the greatest of all luxuries—a tour on the Continent—imperfect without your sharing in the entertainment of it.

If you see Mr. Lawrence again, implore him to say what he decides about my "lovely portrait." I have got so smoky and old-looking, that I wish to get back my imaginary beauty, just to see how I shall look when I grow young again in heaven. That is the merit of Lawrence's painting; he makes one seem to have got into a drawing-room in the mansions of the blessed, and to be looking at oneself in the mirror.

Madame de Staël is coming to England; she will see us at Sydenham, and we shall *patronise* her for the sake of Corinne. I have offered to superintend the translation of her new work. She speaks English, I hear, quite well.

T. C.

To his letter, conveying this agreeable offer, the Poet received an immediate and flattering reply—

TO MR. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

STOCKHOLM, *ce 5 Janvier*, 1813.

Pendant les dix années que m'ayent séparé de l'Angleterre, Monsieur, le Poëme ánglais qui m'a causé le plus d'émotion—le poëme qui ne me quittait jamais—et que je relisai sans cesse pour adoucir mes chagrins par l'élévation de l'âme—c'est Les Plaisirs de l'Espérance. L'épisode d'Ellinore, surtout, allait tellement à mon cœur, que je pourrais la relire vingt fois, sans en affaiblir l'impression.

Je regarde comme un hazard singulier, l'offre que vous voulez bien me faire, et je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire que je l'accepte—ou plutôt que je la reçois comme une véritable faveur.

Je me flatte d'être à Londres vers la fin du mois de Mai, et je vous apporterai l'exemplaire que j'ai sauvé de cet ouvrage brulé, qui ne méritait pas assez de l'être—car devant le faire imprimer à Paris, le silence que je gardais sur le plus égoïste des tyrans, était ma plus grande hardiesse—enfin je devrai beaucoup à cet ouvrage s'il me donnera des rapports habituels avec un des hommes du monde que je désire le plus de connaitre—et avec lequel je me crus, dans mes jours d'orgueil, la plus grande analogie. J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, &c. &c.

BARONNE DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

The frankness and cordiality of this letter were fully appreciated by Campbell; and the prospect of its being soon followed by a visit from the lady herself, made him look with more than usual impatience for the spring. Praise from Madame de Staël was a thing of sterling value; and to be told that she could read his episode of Ellinore for the twentieth time with undiminished interest, was a compliment never to be forgotten.

In the mean time, study was again suspended by illness. An "attack of pleurisy," from which he was now recovering—but which, he had good cause to apprehend, might seriously interrupt his lectures—was occasioned as follows :—

January 15, 1813.

. . . . My boy was seized in November, suddenly. Seeing him in pain, and trembling for fatal consequences, I rushed out in a dreadfully severe night, amidst the snow; ran two miles across the Common, and back, to fetch a surgeon. In the agony of my fear I thought that no other messenger would be sure to fetch assistance. In consequence of this, I was seized with a renewed pleurisy, and, within these ten days, was still more alarmed by bringing up blood. . . . I am now preparing a course of Lectures; and if I am warranted by better health to read them at the Institution, I will do so; but if not, the Lectures shall be sent to the Managers, to show that I failed not for want of good will. T. C.

Still suffering from the same cause, and nervously apprehensive of its consequences, he writes to another friend :—

SYDENHAM, *January* 25, 1813.

. . . . I think my state of blood completely refutes the doctrine of Harvey. I am positive it has no circulation at all, and that my pulse is a mere sham to excuse the laziness of the sanguineous particles, by an appearance of pulsation. It is the ticking of a watch that does not go! Having therefore lost all confidence in my internal resources of heat, by means of veins and arteries, I have resorted to cast-iron and coals for external heat, and have got my study at length so famously comfortable, that I think, sometimes, that I could almost write poetry!

Have you read 'Rokeby?' I have read a piece of it to the Princess and Lady Charlotte, who both thought it fine; but I must confess I was so indisposed the day I was at Blackheath, that I could hardly judge of what I read.

"I am still preparing for my lectures, but cannot get a good plan sketched out. From feeling some inconvenience, after attempting to read aloud by way of preparative exercise of voice, I think it is not quite impossible—though I trust in Heaven not probable—that I may be obliged to give up the Institution. But be not alarmed—the lectures shall be written; and if I am unable, that is, if pleurisy come back, some one will read them for me—perhaps you; will you? and save my poor lungs? I am sure my friend Miss Benger would do it with enthusiasm.

"These are days of glorious news. Now, surely, peace *is* possible. Europe will fight better without our propping. It will then fight in earnest, and surely our scrags of mutton, at a shilling a pound, give a woeful picture of the times. I speak feelingly, having yesterday paid half-a-crown in the pound for poor-rates. T. C."

* * * * *

"[31*st.*] Yesterday, at the Princess of Wales's, I met Dr. Burney and his daughter, Madame d'Arblay. Her features must have been once excellent; her manners are highly polished, and delicately courteous—just like Evelina grown old—not bashful, but sensitively anxious to please those about her. I sat next to her, alternately pleased and tormented with the Princess's *naïveté*, and Madame D'Arblay's refinement. Her humility made me vow that I would abandon the paths of impudence for ever! Yet I know not that any body but herself could manage so much gentleness. I believe any other person would appear *designing* with it. But, really, you would love her for her communicativeness, and fine tact in conversation. . . . I was

able, I thought, to have told you all she said; but I feel my spirits overthrown and sunk by the melancholy thought that a whole family of my neighbours have been swept away.* T. C."

* * * * *

As the spring advanced his winter malady took flight, and Campbell was enabled to resume his literary engagements in town. Conversations with his fellow-passengers in the Sydenham coach—generally of a private or political character—are frequent topics in his letters. The "most interesting traveller," he says, "I have met for many a day, in these journeys to and fro, is a Glasgow-man, who gives me a splendid account of my native city: the improvements it has undergone; the state of its raw muslins and manufactures; and the mercantile houses that have made their fortunes in the muslin way since I left—all of which I felt very interested and curious to know." Another morning, interest of a different kind was excited by a lady in the coach, "who speaks highly of Mrs. Allsop, who has come to reside in the village, and agrees with me that her mother, Mrs. Jordan, is, after all, an excellent woman."

In Mrs. Allsop's case he thenceforward took a most active and friendly interest; and, in compliment to her exquisite singing, wrote the following impromptu:—

"A month in summer we rejoice
To hear the nightingale's sweet song;
But thou—a more enchanting voice—
Shalt dwell with us the live year long.
Angel of Song! still with us stay!
Nor, when succeeding years have shone,
Let us thy mansion pass and say—
The voice of melody is gone!"

* This letter is misdated.—See Epitaph, page 278, vol. II.

Among his convivial memoranda is the following :—

"*April.* . . . I dined yesterday with Captain Morris, the old bard, who sang his own songs in his eighty-first year with the greatest glee, and obliged me to sing some Scotch songs and the 'Exile of Erin.' . . . The party was at Lonsdale's, the painter's ; and you may guess how social it was when worse, infinitely worse *thrapples*, as we Scotch say, volunteered songs after dinner, in the hearing of ladies. Poor old Morris was *cut* a little—but he is a wonderful spirit. His dotage seems to consist of boasting of the King's kindness to him. I was as sober as a judge when I came home at one in the morning. T. C."

To his sister, who informed him that a new song, claiming him for its author, had arrested her attention, he writes—

"SYDENHAM, *June* 9, 1813.

". . . With regard to the 'Mariner's Dream,' I never saw or heard of such a poem, till your letter announced it. I beg of you, as widely as possible, to disclaim my title to the honour of being its author ; and, also, to take no further step about the globes till I inform you ; as a friend, more able than yourself to purchase entire worlds, has expressed an intention to make him such a present. Give me credit, however, for being as grateful, and conscious of your love for my boy, as if you had sent me the gift twenty times over. He comes on at Latin slowly, but surely ; he is a sensible boy, and quick at many things, but I am too well acquainted with tuition to fear much for a boy not being rapid at languages. The great Dr. Reid told me himself, that he was one of the slowest at such learning ; and he, in the moral world, has always seemed to me to be of the same order of minds as Newton in material philosophy. Thomas's remarks are

often very sagacious: this morning, after finishing his reading in Roman history, he said, 'I like this Roman history better than the Greek which we read last.' I asked him the reason. He thought some time—dear little fellow—and said, 'I see a progress in the Roman history; they always take advantage of their victories, and grow greater after them!'

"I spent a day or two with Madame de Staël this spring, and read her my lectures—one of them against her own doctrines on poetry. She battled hard with me; but was very good-natured and complimentary. Every now and then she said, 'When you publish more lectures, they will make a great impression over all Europe. I know nothing in English but Burke's writings so striking.' This she said before Lord Harrowby and a large party; and if her praise was flattery, she at least committed herself. It is because you are my sister, that I dare to send you this account—not, I assure you, from vanity. . . God bless you, my dear Mary. T. C."

His second Course of Lectures, at the Royal Institution, was applauded to the echo. . . . "You have been lecturing on poetry with great *éclat*," writes an eminent classic then at the Bar; "and as your head must be full of speculations and brilliant sentences, I hope you will not disdain to string a few of them together for our use."

* * * * *

In allusion to the strong military reinforcements, which the critical state of affairs abroad had rendered imperative, the following jeu d'esprit, or "suggestions" by Campbell, appeared in the columns of a Morning paper. The lines evince a strong party spirit, but are very characteristic of that vein of pleasantry, by which he often turned the rancour of political prejudice into a harmless jest:—

"As recruits, in these times, are not easily got,
And the Marshal *must* have them, pray why should we not,
As the last—and I grant you the worst—of our loans to him,
Ship off the whole Ministry, body and bones, to him?
There 's not in all England, I 'll venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare;
And, though they 've been helping the French for years past,
We may thus make them useful to England at last:—
C———gh, in our sieges, might save some disgraces,
Being versed in the taking, and keeping, of places;
And Chancellor E——n, still canting and whining,
Might show off his talents, in sly undermining;
Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
Old H—f—t at horn-works, again might be tried,
And the Chief-Justice make a bold charge at his side;
While V———rt might victual the troops upon tick,
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

"Nay, I do not see why the great R———nt himself
Should, in times such as these, lie at home on the shelf;
Though in narrow defiles he 's not fitted to pass,
Yet, who could resist, if he bore down *en masse?*
And though, of an evening, he sometimes might prove,
Like our brave Spanish Allies, "unable to move!"
Yet one thing there is, of advantage unbounded,
Which is—that he could not with ease be surrounded.—
"In my next, I shall sing of their arms and equipment;
At present no more—but good luck to the shipment!"

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO BRIGHTON.

At the close of the season Campbell writes, "My health is getting sadly crazy again."—"*Sept.* 3. A severe fit of illness has obliged me to leave home. I have trifled with my complaints this summer till they have got ahead of me. This morning, a physician attended me, and directed that I should repair to sea-bathing. I write you from bed in the 'Salopian;' and to-morrow I am to start for the coast. I have suffered some hours of acute pain." Such was the actual state of his health at this moment; yet in a strain that, to those unacquainted with his real character, would appear to savour of levity, he forces his sad thoughts, to use his own expression, into a new channel; and affects much ease and gaiety,* while, in fact, his mind is anxious, and his health impaired.

His journey to the modern Baiæ is preserved in a humorous diary, entitled, "Journal of an old Poet of the Eighteenth Century," from which, and his letters, I am enabled to present the following extracts:—

"*September* 6, *Thursday Night.* Could not sleep at the 'Salopian;' set off at seven next morning; looked at myself

* This, as it repeatedly struck the narrator, was very characteristic of Campbell, who often appeared lively and companionable, while actually suffering from pain or anxiety. In this mood he endeavoured to forget himself—drew from incidents, however trivial, something for the mind to lay hold of; but, in his very playfulness, he was still a philosopher.

in the glass, pale, unshaven; an ugly man and a bad author. . . *Mem.* Since the year 1810 my physical beauty has much declined. N. B. to treasure up the beauties of the mind . . . A silly fellow-passenger in the coach with four *dumbies;* heard the talker named Alison; deigned to speak to him for the sake of his name. After a long pause, one of them, an officer, asked me if I had been 'amused counting the mile-stones?' Answered by—'Is that your mode of amusing yourself on a road?' Not another word exchanged . . . Nearer Brighton the country grows more beautiful; the smooth Downs are very striking —interspersed with wide expanses of green, and fields of fine corn; the landscape looks like a coloured print; the oats like fine plush velvet, so thick, so rich, and glossy; the potatoe fields, like green carpets spread upon the Downs. *Mem.* to keep this nice comparison for a clap-trap at the Institution Lectures! . . . Dined at the White Horse Inn upon a fine fried sole. . . ."

"*Saturday Morning.* Stepped over to a house near the sea, and saw lodgings at a guinea a week; neat, very small, civil. The landlady of the White Horse calls the folks of the house 'good, 'sponsible people;' so I took the lodgings. Called upon Disraeli, a good, modest man; invited to dine with him to-morrow. . . *Mem.* forgot to mention an important event of yesterday: On the road saw some nets hanging out to dry, in which an unlucky cow had got entangled, and other cows were assisting her out. The sight was interesting. . . . . T. C."

BRIGHTON, *September* 11.

". . . The 'seasoning cold' is going off. Matilda's arrival is important. You women are delightful beings; but your fault is, never making distinctions. An illness might be intolerably troublesome, without being dangerous;

yet you all set me down as very ill. Before Matilda's arrival, I had a world of troubles. Mrs. Drake advised us to go to a boarding-house—without seeing the rooms! I bespoke boarding for us all at seven guineas a week. I had been told the rooms were good; when, lo! on being shown them, they were high, bleak *attics*—no place for a fire—and it was chilling cold. This complimentary allusion to my *attic* poetry at the expence of my constitution, I did not relish; yet how was I to untwist the Gordian knot? . . But the boarding-mistress was civil, and disembarrassed me, as soon as I found another lodging—for three guineas a week, the suite of splendid apartments from which I have now the honour of writing to you. I had asked if they were quiet? "Oh, the quietest in the world." Nothing had the landlady said to me of a family of a dozen children, I suppose, graduated most regularly in their scale of noises, from the wail of sucking infancy, to the roar of naughty boyhood; nothing in the world had she said to me of a beautiful Poll-parrot, of the first powers of mimickry, who gives me all *their* gamut of melody at second hand, interspersing his own natural shrieks and ho-ho-laughs, and whistlings, and triumphant chuckles in the midst of his ludicrous imitations. . . .

"But, after all, I cannot get rid of this terrestrial paradise; for when you go to an alluring window-pane, instead of lodgings, you find something about a milch-ass or a donkey-cart.—Friend N. coming out of the bathing machine is very like a water-rat. . . I have seen Mrs. Siddons—every day that I could stir out, in a chair or without it. Herschel the astronomer is here, and I expect to be introduced to him. His son, a very young man, is going to turn out a second Newton. T. C."

To another Sydenham friend he writes in continuation:—

"BRIGHTON, *September* 12, 1813.

"To-day has been exceedingly beautiful, and the weather most exhilarating. Luckily for us, our lodgings are very near the sea; and I believe, from experience, that if good is to be got by sea air, it must be in the very vicinity of the waves. Thomas amuses himself incessantly, and delightfully, on the beach and among the shipping, and looks the better for his sea air already. Matilda, who was threatened with a fit of illness, is apparently better for the sea breezes . . . I am giving myself up to idleness here, and aiming only at breathing as much of the sea air as I can get for my three guineas a week. . .

"I expect to be much disturbed, but I mind rest much less at present, than when I am studying. When I return, I shall set about Murray's 'Specimens,' and conclude it merrily. I shall probably give two lectures at the Institution in the course of the winter. I have seen much of Mrs. Siddons, who is here, and met me wandering about the day I came. T. C."

Thursday, September 14, 1813.

". . . What a world of small and great uneasinesses do we live in! Sometimes, in looking at this delightful scenery, when I see the prospect smiling, I think the sea and the air put on that smile because they are inanimate beings, not conscious of life's tormenting fire. . . . I wish I had you here, that we might look at the cliffs together, and feel the freshness of the sea-gale. If sensation could make one happy, Brighton would do it. Everything is gay, healthsome, *heartsome*, as the Scotch say, and amusing. The air gives an appetite, the fish is delicious; and the Library is quite a pleasant lounge, with the luxury of a band of music. I cannot get other lodgings, so must be contented where I am; although the noise of the family

and the green bird often drive me to the dreadful thought of committing poll-parricide. T. C."

In his next, a very different, letter, Campbell has recorded the deep impression left upon his mind by an interview with the illustrious and venerable Herschel:

"*September* 15, 1813.

"I wish you had been with me the day before yesterday, when you would have joined me, I am sure, deeply, in admiring a great, simple, good old man—Dr. Herschel. Do not think me vain, or at least put up with my vanity, in saying that I almost flatter myself I have made him my friend. I have got an invitation, and a pressing one, to go to his house; and the lady who introduced me to him, says he spoke of me as if he would really be happy to see me. . . . I spent all Sunday with him and his family. His son is a prodigy in science, and fond of poetry, but very unassuming . . ."

"Now, for the old Astronomer himself—his simplicity, his kindness, his anecdotes, his readiness to explain, and make perfectly perspicuous too, his own sublime conceptions of the universe, are indescribably charming. He is seventy-six, but fresh and stout; and there he sat, nearest the door, at his friend's house, alternately smiling at a joke, or contentedly sitting without share or notice in the conversation. Any train of conversation he follows implicitly; anything you ask, he labours with a sort of boyish earnestness to explain.

"I was anxious to get from him as many particulars as I could about his interview with Buonaparte. The latter, it was reported, had astonished him by his astronomical knowledge. 'No,' he said; 'The First Consul did surprise me by his quickness and versatility on all subjects; but in science he seemed to know little more than any

well-educated gentleman; and of astronomy, much less, for instance, than our own king. His general air,' he said, 'was something like affecting to know more than [he did know.' He was high, and tried to be great with Herschel, I suppose without success; and 'I remarked,' said the Astronomer, 'his hypocrisy in concluding the conversation on astronomy by observing how all these glorious views gave proofs of an Almighty wisdom.' I asked him if he thought the system of Laplace to be quite certain, with regard to the total security of the planetary system, from the effects of gravitation losing its present balance? He said, No; he thought by no means that the universe was secured from the chance of sudden losses of parts. He was convinced that there had existed a planet between Mars and Jupiter, in our own system, of which the little Asteroids, or planetkins, lately discovered, are indubitably fragments; and 'Remember,' said he, 'that though they have discovered only four of those parts, there will be thousands—perhaps thirty thousand more—yet discovered.' This planet he believed to have been lost by explosion.

"With great kindness and patience, he referred me, in the course of my attempts to talk with him, to a theorem in Newton's 'Principles of Natural Philosophy,' in which the time that the light takes to travel from the sun is proved with a simplicity which requires but a few steps in reasoning. In talking of some inconceivably distant bodies, he introduced the mention of this plain theorem, to remind me that the progress of light could be measured in the one case as well as the other. Then, speaking of himself, he said, with a modesty of manner which quite overcame me, when taken together with the greatness of the assertion—'I have looked *further into space than ever human being did before me.* I have observed stars, of which the light, it can be proved, must take two millions of years to

reach this earth.' I really, and unfeignedly, felt at the moment as if I had been conversing with a supernatural intelligence. 'Nay, more,' said he, 'if those distant bodies had ceased to exist two millions of years ago, we should still see them, as the light would travel after the body was gone.' . . . These were Herschel's words; and if you had heard him speak them, you would not think he was apt to tell more than truth.

"After leaving Herschel, I felt elevated and overcome; and have, in writing to you, made only this memorandum of some of the most interesting moments of my life.*

T. C."

A few days later he writes:—

"*September* 19, 1813.

"I cannot tell you how much a kind letter, when I receive it in the morning, contributes to give a cheerful tone to my thoughts for the rest of the day. . . . Worthing is a pleasant-looking place. I made the jaunt in company with an American gentleman, who knew my brother Archibald intimately, and spoke of him in kindness itself. . . . The parrot left my lodgings yesterday. It is bought for eight guineas, being an excellent speaker, by an elderly lady who, I suppose, had advertised for a 'companion;' but, alas, the dear children are those of a widower, who is obliged to leave them to the charge of a nursery-maid. The poor mother died very suddenly.

"I intend to be home on Wednesday. . . T. C."

* The impression left upon Campbell's mind by this conversation appears to have been a little too strong: Herschel's opinion never amounted to more than *hypothesis*, having some degree of probability. Sir John Herschel remembers his father saying—"If that hypothesis were true, and *if* the planet destroyed were as large as the earth, there must have been at least 30,000 such fragments;" but always as an hypothesis—he was never heard to declare any degree of conviction that it was so. [Nov. 1847.] W. B.

* * * * *

Once more at Sydenham, Campbell resumed his study of the "British Poets," and finished several of the biographical prefaces. His progress, however, was suddenly interrupted by a summons to Liverpool, where a sister of Mrs. Campbell's had been taken alarmingly ill. On his return home, his pen was again active; and, among many private letters, is one to a lady, which shows so remarkable a dexterity, in touching a very delicate point, that I will not withhold what places the writer in a very amiable light.

"SYDENHAM, *December* 9, 1813.

". . . I know not if I am breaking a false or a true delicacy when I send you this note, which I wish you to make entirely confidential; but I know that I am very sorry for losing one day—one hour in communicating a little piece of information which I was prevented from giving you, partly by the presence of others, and partly by an embarrassment on the subject; not, I think, unflattering to you, nor wrong in me. The seal * is a vignette from a little French poem, of which neither you nor your amiable friend ever heard, or are likely to read a line. Not one person in a thousand would recognise the reference of the picture to the poem, or verses; for a poem is a sacred name, and should not be applied to such a degradation of rhyme and metre. But the verses may possibly be recollected by seeing the seal; and my pride takes alarm at the idea of your being smiled at, in your entire ignorance of the licentious verses to which the seal alludes, by one who may happen to have read them. I hope you know that I am not a searcher for such verses;

* A fancy-seal which had been given to his friend by a young lady, as a specimen of *lithoglyphic* art.

but you may depend upon the accuracy of my recollection in having instantly recognised the connexion of the vignette and the verses. You need not alarm yourself with thinking that many persons could know this disagreeable association of ideas; for, unless I had by chance made the subject of modern imitations of antique gems a particular study at one time of my life, I should have looked on the seal, with you, as one of the simplest of all things. At the same time, I could not delay sending this *veto* about the device. I thought it was every thing to gain time. I hesitated and fretted about it, but concluded that, supposing myself in your place, I should have thought it the kindest part to be honest, and even free. A third person, who did not understand my motives as you do, would be apt to call me a prig—a puritan—an officious fellow; but I thought that if done at all, the sooner the better. Would not you, in a similar case, be equally free ?—I can trust you would. T. C."

In the following letter to Mr. Alison, with authority to draw his pension, and containing various particulars of public and private interest, he reverts with great pleasure to the day spent with Dr. Herschel.

"SYDENHAM, *December* 12, 1813.

"MY DEAREST ALISON,

"I inclose the little certificate, according to custom, by which it appears that I was alive this morning. You know the sequel of the problem—*quod est faciendum*—namely, to get as much as you can in exchange for it at the royal Exchequer. My heart bleeds at the idea of taking money from the public at this terrible moment, when we have just heard in the City, that thirteen

millions are to be immediately raised for the support of our allies, on the continent, independent of the new taxes. I have been in London to-day, and I assure you the general face looks long. I met with an American, on whose word I have the greatest reliance, who was in France within the last five weeks; he says it is known that Buonaparte, in drawing out the Conscription of 1815, which will be organised this winter, will have assuredly at his disposal eight hundred thousand men! . . And yet the public prints talk of his being surrounded!

"If I heard a little more from you, my dearest Alison, I should talk to you less about things foreign to our old subjects of correspondence. But from dearth of particular information from yourself, I am obliged to grow a politician, or an egotist. Do, I pray, take up your pen when you have a spare moment of leisure. Ten years of absence have only deepened the interest that subsisted between us on my part—

> 'Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear.'

I would not wish, however, to impose either a tax or conscription on your time. Give me but a word or two. . . . I spent three weeks with my family at Brighton, in charming weather, and much pleased with, as well as benefited by the place.

"There I met a man with whom you will stare at the idea of my being congenial, or having the vanity to think myself so—the great Herschel. He is a simple, great being—I had almost said, as pleasant as yourself. I once in my life looked at Newton's 'Principia,' and attended an astronomical class at Glasgow; wonderful it seemed to myself, that the great man condescended to understand my questions, to be even apparently earnest in commu-

nicating to me as much information as my limited capacity and preparation for such knowledge would admit. He invited me to see him at his own abode, and so kindly, that I could not believe that it was mere good breeding; but a sincere wish to see me again. I had a full day with him; he described to me his whole interview with Buonaparte; said it was not true, as reported, that Buonaparte understood astronomical subjects deeply; but affected more than he knew.

"In speaking of his great and chief telescope (which I trust I shall see in a few months), he said with an air, not of the least pride, but with a greatness and simplicity of expression that struck me with wonder,—'I have looked further into space than ever human being did before me. I have observed stars, of which the light takes *two millions* of years to travel to this globe.' I mean to pay him a reverential visit at Slough, as soon as my book is out this winter.

"Telford has not been in London since I wrote you last, nor have I heard of the dear Stewarts. If you see or hear from either, will you offer them my best remembrance, as well as to all your beloved family. Believe me, with unceasing affection, T. C."

The correspondence of this year concludes with a letter from Mr. Heber, to whom, in the progress of his "Selections," Campbell was indebted for the use of some very rare editions of the old poets.

"WESTMINSTER, *Dec.* 30, 1813.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I owe you many apologies—first, for delaying to forward the books you wished to examine; and secondly, for having omitted thanking you for your kind note. The occasion of both has been a very severe cold, from which I

am just beginning to recover; and which, though it kept me pretty closely confined at home, made a visit to the Charnel-house, in which my poetry is deposited, too like a prelude to the entrance of my own. However, I hope you received my second parcel safe, as I did the first, containing Greene's pieces, which you returned. I now forward a third to St. James's Place, composed entirely of Elizabethan poetry, most of which will, I hope, prove useful. By dint of rummaging, I think others, of the same era, may yet be furnished; but whether before I leave town, or not until my return in February, is uncertain . . . Of course you have seen "The Quintessence of English Poetry," in 3 vols. 12mo. 1740, as well as Herdley's Selections? If not, I can furnish you with both. Believe me, Dear Sir, your very faithful humble servant,

RICHARD HEBER.

His Lectures on Poetry had been so well received in London that, at the urgent request of his friends, Campbell agreed to repeat the course in Edinburgh. His intention, however, was defeated by unforeseen difficulties: "My resolution," he writes, "to lecture in Scotland is deferred, not laid aside. I think it will do famously; but Murray's work, 'The Poets,' must be first printed." The same scheme was subsequently revived, but never carried into effect.

In his letters from Ratisbon, the reader may remember his having been courteously received by General Moreau, and presented to his "young and beautiful wife." That lady was now in London; and Campbell, in the height of his popularity, and with a grateful remembrance of her gallant husband, was among the first to bid her welcome. Madame de Staël had also arrived; and at her house the Poet was a frequent and favourite visitor.

Writing to Mr. Richardson, in great admiration he says, "I have dined with Madame Moreau! . . . Tell

Mrs. Archibald Grahame that she is excessively like the warrior's widow—who is, indeed, like nothing I ever saw for simplicity—somewhat Scotch-like, with a fascinating benignity of expression. She did me the honour of talking almost exclusively to me. I sate between Madame de Staël and the lovely widow."

At Holland House, also, as well as St. James's Place—in the society of Lord Holland and Mr. Rogers—he came into familiar contact with the great talents of the day. "I have spent," he writes to a friend, "a pleasant day at Lord Holland's. We had the Marquis of Buckingham, Serjeant Best, Major Stanhope, Sir James Mackintosh, and a *swan* at dinner. Lord Byron came in the evening. It was one of the best parties I ever saw." The first interview between Lord Byron and Campbell was in November, 1811, when they met at the table of Mr. Rogers. On another occasion—after a dinner party at Holland House—Lord Byron writes, "Campbell looks well, seems pleased, and dresses to sprucery.* A blue coat becomes him—so does a new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding garment. He was lively and witty. . . . We were standing in the ante-saloon when Lord H. brought out of the other room a vessel of some composition, similar to that used in Catholic churches; and, seeing us, he exclaimed, 'Here is some incense for you!' Campbell answered, 'Carry it to Lord Byron; he is used to it.'"

Turning from literature to art, and the British loom, Campbell mentions (Feb. 27) that he had just received from his dear old friend, Mr. Thomson, of Clitheroe, a specimen of English manufacture, which struck him with the greatest surprise. He was always an admirer and, so far as he was

* "Memoirs of Lord Byron." [MS. *note*]. Campbell, in reference to his own personal appearance, has given a less flattering account.—See ante, pp. 85-135.

able, a promoter of native industry: but "I did not conceive it possible," he writes, "to have made such a fabric out of cotton. It is splendidly beautiful. The oriental richness of the colouring, and the softness of the texture, give one the idea of the most costly oriental loom; and yet there is a regularity and solidity of texture which superadd the appearance of European art. . . . I wish I had some specimens of my own to send you; but that will be coming ere long—at least, I am reading hard for important views. In the mean time, you will let me send you a print of my head, which is only valuable as an engraving from Lawrence's drawing of me, corrected by himself, with his own name written in the proofs. T. C."

This copper-plate engraving, executed at his own expense, was presented by Sir Thomas Lawrence to the Poet, for whose benefit it was published. The sale of the impressions realised a handsome sum, which relieved him from some temporary embarrassment. This well-timed generosity was conferred with the greatest delicacy; and in the Poet's mind added gratitude to admiration.

Among the memoranda of this spring, is one of a visit to Madame de Staël, which procured him the acquaintance of several distinguished foreigners; but what rendered it no less profitable than pleasant, was her fascinating powers of conversation, to which he bears faithful testimony.

The invitation which preceded this visit is characteristic:—

"Mon fils part le 1er Mars, pour quinze jours. Voulez-vous venir occuper son appartement chez moi, pendant ce temps? Cet appartement est très simple, et la vie que je mène aussi: mais je serai ravie de vous récevoir à la ville, comme à la campagne; et peut-être vous conviendra-t-il d'être parfaitement libre, et jouir en même temps du

plaisir que vous me ferez de toutes manières. Je me crois toute isolée par le départ de mon fils; et quand je ne serais pas isolée, ne sentirais-je pas toujours le prix de votre présence? Si ma maison avait été plus grande, j'aurais prié Madame Campbell d'être de la partie; j'espère qu'elle m'en dédommagera cet automne à la campagne. Mille complimens, &c. B. De Staël."

To the "Daughter of Necker," the episode of Ellenore, spoke with peculiar force and tenderness, and the following lines were often on her lips:—

" . . . Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doomed the long isles of Sidney Cove to see—
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice returned to bless thee and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
The plaint that owned unutterable woe;
Till faith prevailing over sudden doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!" . . .
. . . "Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er,
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorned by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah, no! methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on Innocence for Mercy's sake!"

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO PARIS.

In the political affairs of Europe, which were now assuming a new and cheering aspect, Campbell felt and expressed the deepest interest. So absorbed, indeed, were his thoughts by the rapid progress of events, the fast approaching crisis, and the glorious results which it promised, that most of his correspondence is a mere chronicle of the day—short comments on military dispatches, and confident predictions of what very soon after became the province of history. This eventful spring was the most exciting, but perhaps the least productive, season of his life; and for several weeks, or even months, his study of "The Poets," if not entirely neglected, was greatly retarded by the grand topics of the day.

During the ephemeral peace of 1802, he had often expressed an ardent, but fruitless, desire to visit "the scenes of the Revolution, the public monuments and libraries of Paris, but above all the Louvre;" and now that the fall of Napoleon, the capture of Paris, the restoration of the Bourbons, and the presence of the Allied armies had drawn thousands of English subjects to the spot, he resolved to profit by the momentous crisis, and accomplish the long-cherished hope of a visit to the French capital.

Several of his intimate friends had already crossed the Channel; others were on the move: Mrs. Siddons, John

Kemble, the Baroness de Staël, and others, whose society would give a charm even to the novelties of Paris, had pressed him to join them; and, on the 25th of August, Campbell embarked for Normandy. In twelve hours he had completed the first, and worst stage of his journey, and entered the picturesque streets of Dieppe. Several of his letters, as if suddenly infected with a passion for the "old court language," he has written in French; but, as the sentiments are pure, untranslateable English, I shall endeavour to relieve them from their foreign garb, so that the general reader may accompany him with more satisfaction in his first impressions of "the fallen Empire."

DIEPPE, *August* 26, 1814.

"I have this instant arrived, after a very short trip across. The morning was splendid: I have traversed the whole town—very ancient and very picturesque. The ladies look so like our great-grandmothers, the houses so like those of our own ancestors, that one seems to have gone back a century or two. . . All with whom I have yet conversed on the ticklish subject of politics, appear to be very loyal, and much attached to their legitimate sovereign.

T. C."

Next day he continues:—

"I have now recovered the effects of my voyage, and completed the circuit of the town, which, although it contains neither theatre, ball-room, nor library, pleases me exceedingly. The inhabitants are affable; the public walks charming; and to-morrow is to be celebrated the national fête of St. Louis. But why am I not at Paris, you will ask? The truth is, health *must* take precedence of pleasure; and here, for the present, all is novelty. Yet the loyalty, after all, is but superficial—for here is a

portrait of young Napoleon which I send you. Last evening I fell in with a rural fête-champêtre in my rambles. I was greatly amused by their dancing; so much gravity, so much ceremony, so unlike the people of our own country. The mountains and cliffs surrounding the town present a magnificent view of the sea; and when the sky is very clear, says my guide, the heights of Dover may be seen from them. I was so overcome by the scene, that I burst into tears. . . .

Here, as I ascertained, one may live nobly on an income of two hundred a-year. I have made the acquaintance of a Monsieur Morell, whose love of strangers and rapidity of thought—flashing like lightning—remind me strongly of Jeffrey of Edinburgh. I find everything as agreeable as possible—one only exception, that of their brick floors, which make me shiver—but I am promised a *carpet* for my bedroom. I am lodged in the house of the Protestant minister: I think him an honest man, but dislike his politics. In our conversation last night, he eulogised * Buonaparte, and attempted even to justify the war in Spain. . . . . But I am not come here to meddle in politics. The strong party, however, detest "ce monstre Buonaparte!" and shout for the King.

At the fête-champêtre one little circumstance struck me as interesting: on their return from the dance, they walked through the streets in parties of twelve or fifteen, each girl leaning on her partner's arm, and all singing. Another peculiarity is, that the ballad-singers here are not restricted to the streets, but enter freely into the hotels, and even private houses, and there exercise their vocation

* To the reader who remembers the generous treatment of the Vaudois, and other Protestant pastors and their flocks, by Napoleon, and the sad reverses they experienced at the Restoration, this eulogy—the natural expression of gratitude—will not seem at all surprising.

for a few sous. Their voices, in general, are very powerful, clear, and sharp—but in the true French style. . .

T. C."

DIEPPE, *September* 1, 1814.

". . Letters, they say, are opened in their way to England. The government is so unsettled that they are obliged to take this precaution. *You* need not, however, be apprehensive: recollect my old compliment to you, on the subject of handwriting—yours is safe from all deciphering.* Jeffrey alone excels you in hieroglyphical chirography! But you ask what further news, adventures, or remarks on France? Why, the Comte de Caumont is gone to Paris—so I did not see him; but the second night I spent at Dieppe, I was alone in the coffee-room, when a carriage arrived with a gentleman and his wife. They proposed supping with me—or rather, that I should join their party. He reminded me of Mr. S., and was, in fact, just Mr. S. translated—face, manners, and tongue—into French. We cozed exceedingly well. I described to him, as well as I could, the scene and sensations of Louis XVIII., on leaving England. He had himself been in England, an émigré and severe sufferer by the Revolution. After a pleasant evening, he concluded by fixing a day when I should visit him at his château, seven miles hence. The day came: it was the last which he was to spend in this neighbourhood. I had engaged a *voiture:* everything was ready but my linen, which was all damp, and had to be dried. One would have thought it easy to get a shirt aired; but no—there was no fire in the house! Behold the comfort of French lodgings! Mine host and his daughters lit a fire of straw, and gave me

* See "Lines on telling her faults, to F. W. M.," page 188.

back my linen still damp—spotted, sooted, and unwearable. So, having no other change, I was obliged to send an apology.—But let us not mind vexations.*

"The town of Dieppe, as I told you, is very picturesque. The weather, which had behaved itself to admiration—gilding the magnificent cliffs, and giving the sea a thousand optical beauties—has now broken; but this morning it was exceedingly fine during one burst of sunshine. I had a glorious walk, through lanes that traverse the cliffs, till I came to the top, and that defies description! On the side where I stood, was the very highest ground, commanding the sea on the left, as far as the eye could reach; the cliffs on the right still very grand—but so much lower than the left, as to show their plain tops undulating for twenty miles—here retiring, and there jutting into the sea.

* It was probably this or some very similar disappointment that inspired a burlesque drama, "in blank," entitled "*The Cruel Sempstress; or, a right piteous and heroick Tragedy, in the manner of Mister Wm. Shakspeare. By* T. C." The following is an extract in point:—

Prince. . . . Oh, picture in the gallery of your thoughts
Me asked to dine abroad: shaved, toiletted,
Busk'd brave in silken hose, and glossy shoon;
But, rummaging my wardrobe—struck aghast,
To find no wearable untattered shirt!
Obliged to ring the bell, and call my boy,
And send him with a scribbled *note*, as sad
As nightingale's lamenting for her young,
To say I cannot come! to frame a fib—
A white one in my black despair, and sealed
With wax as ruddy as the drops of blood
That visit this sad heart! No Burgundy
For me this day, nor bright champagne, blanc-mange,
Nor jelly! Nor can fancy fill the void
Of thwarted hope, by figuring a lost feast:
For who can treat his palate to champagne
By merely thinking of its sparkling bubbles?
And who can put a *shirt* upon his back
By barely thinking of a shirt? . . . .

Between the two ranges of cliffs, a broad champaign, with the river Dare winding beautifully, stretches up to a third cluster of mountains, which terminate and define the prospect. There is much wood, but few, or no gentlemen's seats. Below, and close at the foot of the precipices, lies Dieppe, with its old castle fronting it; and just below where I stood, you see the town like a panorama.—Don't imagine it a row of fishermen's huts; it contains 20,000 souls.

"I did not, for fear of alarming you, say anything about the disturbances, which at first threatened to be very serious. I am not surprised at it: their loaf of bread has risen to eightpence, which is just as if ours had risen to two shillings; and the sight of export-vessels cannot be very pleasant to the poor people. One day the *générale* was beat, and I was advised—as the English were apt to be insulted—not to go about; but nothing of any consequence happened to me. One woman, indeed, told me that the English were to be thrashed; and a boy threw a stone at me; but for three days I have not met one uncivil look. . . I leave in a day or two for Paris, though I don't think I am over well; but the municipal officer, in describing me, when I got my passport, says—*teint clair!* so I can't be very ill. T. C."

DIEPPE, *September* 3, 1814.

". . . . The people are much incensed against the English: one of the rabble called after me this morning—'Va-t'en Anglais! vous cherchez nous faire périr de faim!' . . . I was much struck at first sight with the native features and character of this place. The physiognomy of the people is strongly marked. The women, as well as the men, are tall, with fresh complexions, blue

eyes, and large prominent noses. They exhibit great vehemence in conversation, even in trifling matters; stamping with their feet like an actor in Richard the Third; and the very next instant, without any apparent cause, laughing like a Falstaff! The following incident happened to me this morning: taking my walk along the street, I was surprised to find my gloves suddenly snatched from my hand, and, turning hastily round, discovered that the thief was a *raven*, whose cage I had just passed. The gloves were concealed in an instant; I could do nothing with him; but mounting the staircase, went to demand instant justice of his master. 'Monsieur l'abbé,' said I, 'one of your family has just stolen my gloves!' 'Quoi?' said he. 'Yes,' I repeated, 'one of your family — the raven.' 'Ah, le coquin!' he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh, and immediately ordered his housekeeper to search the cage, and return me the gloves, which Monr. le corbeau was in the act of pulling to shreds. The governante, a person of great volubility, declared that the *vaurien* of a corbeau was 'as mischievous as any Christian.' T. C."

Having spent a week very pleasantly at Dieppe, Campbell started for Paris; but, having letters to deliver in the old Norman capital, and, above all, a strong desire to see his brother Daniel—with whom he had parted at Hamburgh in June, 1800—he was induced to make another halt of two days. Here he was received with marked distinction by Professor Vitalis, and subsequently elected Member of the Royal Academy of Rouen.*

* "An instance of the attention which is given to English literature in France has lately occurred, in *the Royal Academy of Rouen* sending Mr. Thomas Campbell a diploma of their Society, in consequence of a paper, on the subject of his poetry, which was read to them by Professor Vitalis."—*London Paper.*

His adventures, on the second stage of his journey, are thus continued :—

PARIS, *September* 6, 1814.

. . . I travelled by night to Rouen, so lost all sight of the country; but my loss was compensated by the conversation of a veteran French officer, who had fought at Hohenlinden, and remembered various details of the battle. He had served twenty years under Moreau and Buonaparte —a fierce-looking soldier, but frank and consistent in his opinions. We were all very merry: a pretty young Frenchwoman of the party sang some popular airs, and the soldier gave us songs of all countries—except England, where, thank God, he had never been as a conqueror. At intervals, he gave us several Polish songs, which, at the lady's request, he translated. The sentiments of love, war, devotion, with their peculiar customs, were not always the most delicate, and the lady declared that she was beaucoup *choquée;* but shocked or not, she still called *encore!*—and was answered by another song, and another translation.

On my arrival at Rouen, I found my poor brother Daniel—poor as ever—and spent two days with him. . . . From Rouen upwards, the course of the Seine is truly magnificent. As far as Paris, a distance of seventy-four miles, the country is rich and beautiful; undulating with wooded hills, and interrupted by a dark forest, which, extending twenty miles along the mountains, gives a sublime feature to the landscape. Our company from Rouen was composed of two English compatriots—a man and woman—a Frenchman, and myself. The English were people of fortune, reduced by some accident to travel in a Diligence. They were therefore sullen, timorous, and afraid of losing their dignity, by speaking to poor

creatures, as unfortunate as themselves in having recourse to such a vehicle. They never exchanged a word, English or French, with us for seventy-two miles! The Frenchman and I talked the whole time. He was, at first sight, a sullen, proud fellow; but under all this, I discovered a good heart, and very liberal opinions. Dreadfully wounded in spirit, like the rest of his countrymen, at the fall of French glory—as they falsely conceive it—a sort of hesitating friend of the Bourbons and peace—he, nevertheless, displayed to me a reverence for England, and her great patriotic spirit, which was at once flattering and sincere. His idea of our martial spirit was such that I needed to raise my voice, in bad and impetuous French, to convince him that, if Buonaparte—granting our navy to have been out of the question—had invaded England, he would not have succeeded. His dark, cold spirit seemed to be warmed, and even willingly enlightened, when I told him that a million of hearts of fire were ready united to overwhelm him. I was pleased at making something even of a sceptic. "Yes," he said, "it is very true: you are the greatest people that ever existed on the face of the earth. I wish to Heaven we had your liberty—your public spirit—your constitution!" This man, whom you would have imagined the last either to like or to listen to me, has literally haunted me ever since I came to Paris. He showed me, indeed, a real kindness, in giving up his lodgings the first night I arrived, in order (for he is a physician) that I might be sure of an aired bed. He showed me the greater part of Paris, and took me through l'École de Médecine, and the libraries.

* * * * * *

I have met Mrs. Siddons!—In her company, to-day, I have visited the statues in the Louvre, and traversed the Elysian Fields—the Elysian fields of France!—which are

as contemptible, in comparison with our Hyde Park and the Green Park, as the public squares and buildings are superior. Of these it is impossible to convey any idea. The junction of the Palace by Buonaparte—the Column of Victory—the architecture of the whole, is what I felt myself unable to enjoy—only, because I had not my dearest friends around me.

To-day, as I said, we visited the statues in the Louvre. You may remember the launch of a ship, how it made us both shed tears; and what a weak creature I am, to be inclined, by a flood of associations, to tremble and shed tears among those monuments of genius! Yet you, my dear friend, would have felt the same emotion—for we so often feel alike. I am no judge of statuary: but the *exquisite* has always the effect I have described; and although even you, who know me well, might be forgiven for doubting it, yet the exquisite statuary in the Louvre, and all its associations, produced the same effect. Far from wondering at the madness of the female, who fell in love with the Apollo, I thought her only a reasonable enthusiast. I could not command myself, and left Mrs. Siddons—glad to indulge the most absurd and pleasing of all tears. I know it is all *imagination*. Perhaps, unless told of it, I could not even discover either the Apollo or the Venus; yet, when convinced that I really saw the statues that enchant the world—the prodigies of two thousand years!—such associations rushed upon me, that I thought myself far transported into another world. T. C."

To another friend he hastily announces his arrival, and thus continues the glowing record of his impressions:—

PARIS, *September* 8, 1814.

"Written in the Louvre, within two yards of the Apollo. I take out this sheet, the moment I see the Apollo de Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis. Mrs. Siddons is with me. I could almost weep—indeed I must. * * * * * * T. C."

"I write this after returning from the Louvre . . . You may imagine with what feelings I caught the first sight of Paris, and passed under Montmartre, the scene of the last battle between the French and Allies. . . . It was evening when we entered Paris. Next morning I met Mrs. Siddons; walked about with her, and then visited the Louvre together. . . Oh, how that immortal youth—Apollo! in all his splendour—majesty—divinity—flashed upon us from the end of the gallery! What a torrent of ideas—classically associated with this godlike form—rushed upon me at this moment! My heart palpitated—my eyes filled with tears—I was dumb with emotion.

"Here are a hundred other splendid statues—the Venus—the Menander—the Pericles—Cato and Portia—the father and daughter in an attitude of melting tenderness. . . I wrote on the table where I stood with Mrs. Siddons, the *first* part of this letter in pencil—a record of the strange moments in which I felt myself suddenly transported, as it were, into a new world, and while standing between the Apollo and the Venus." . . .

"Coming home I conclude a transcript of the day:—The effect of the statue gallery was quite overwhelming—it was even distracting; for the secondary statues are things on which you might dote for a whole day; and while you are admiring one, you seem to grudge the time, because it is not spent in admiring something else. Mrs. Siddons

is a judge of statuary; but I thought I could boast of a triumph over them—in point of taste—when she and some others of our party preferred another Venus to '*the* statue that enchants the world.' I bade them recollect the waist of the true Venus—the chest and the shoulders. We returned, and they gave in to my opinion, that these parts were beyond all expression. It was really a day of tremulous ecstacy. The young and glorious Apollo is happily still white in colour. He seems as if he had just leapt from the sun! All pedantic knowledge of statuary falls away, when the most ignorant in the arts finds a divine presence in this great created form. Mrs. Siddons justly observed, that it gives one an idea of God himself having given power to catch, in such imitation, a ray of celestial beauty.

"The Apollo is not perfect; some parts are modern, and he is not quite placed on his perpendicular by his French transporters; but his head, his breast, and one entire thigh and leg are indubitable. The whole is so perfect, that, at the full distance of the hall, it seems to blaze with proportion. The muscle that supports the head thrown back—the mouth, the brow, the soul that is in the marble, are not to be expressed.

"After such a subject, what a falling off it is to tell you I dined with human beings! yea, verily, at a hotel with Mrs. Siddons, her family, and Sergeant Best and party. We were all splendidly dressed—dined splendidly, and paid in proportion; yet I never paid fourteen shillings for a dinner with more pleasure. It was equal to any at Lord Holland's table—a profusion of luxuries and fruits fit to pall an epicure. After dinner we repaired to the Opera—a set of silly things, but with some exquisite music, at which even Mrs. Siddons, exhausted with admiring the Apollo, fell asleep. I should tell you that last night I was

alone at the 'Orphan of China,' and read the tragedy so as closely to follow, and feel the recitation . . .

T. C."

PARIS, *Sept.* 12, 1814.

". . . . I have seen a good deal of French society at Madame de Staël's. Yesterday I dined with Schlegel and Humboldt, who are both very superior men, and with a host of Marq*uis* and Marqui*ses*. After much entreaty, they made me repeat 'Lochiel.' I have made acquaintance also with Denon, the Egyptian traveller, who is a very pleasing person, and gave me an admission to the sittings of the Academy. I have been also introduced to the Duke of Wellington at his house . . . .

"Alas! all this is lost upon *me*, at this moment; for the noise and air of Paris are far from agreeing with me; and I must positively this day seek for lodgings some miles removed. I write near the Post-office—on purpose to save another journey to that place—in a street which makes me long for the silence of the Strand, and the smell of Fish-Street-Hill! But the dirt of Paris is too nauseous a subject—only you must excuse the insipidity of this epistle, when I tell you that I am literally shaken on my seat by the passing carriages. I have been at Versailles; it is very splendid indeed. The Louvre is now shut; it has been, to be sure, a treat beyond description. I am going to-day to the Jardin des Plantes. My stay in Paris will not exceed the 28th.

T. C."

* * * * *

PARIS, *September* 16, 1814.

"This morning was a dull and rainy one, and I was confined to my lodgings—but I received your letter. I

sent a person, whom the French call *commissary*—that is, a little ragged boy, without shoes or stockings, who brought it to me.

"I wrote to you (Sept. 8) describing the sensations which I experienced at the new sights which Paris presented. The last sheet I sent you was entrusted to Serjeant Best. It was begun in pencil, within two yards of the Apollo of Belvidere. I was within the influence of the burning bush. Since then, though I might sing *ça ira*, in all other respects, a hurt which I got in my leg by an accidental fall at Dieppe, in tripping too lightly down stairs without counting the steps, festered into a sore by allowing the wound to rub on a cotton stocking. Though I contrived for several days to hop about Paris in company with Mrs. Siddons, yet at last I was obliged to apply a poultice of herbs to the part, and to keep my chamber for the sake of rest. You must not imagine that it is anything serious—it is only a trifle; but rest is prudent to ensure my future movements.

"In the mean time, I have visited only the catacombs in a coach; that is, a coach took me to the gate, from which you descend to the catacombs. My companions were Leslie, the professor of Mathematics from Edinburgh, and Dr. Goldie, Miller's friend, whom you have seen. Our party was pleasant, though the object of the visit was very dismal. The catacombs of Paris are one hundred feet below the surface of the ground, and stretch for miles. The avenues, I think, are six feet high, through which we proceeded with tapers, and through bones and human skulls, piled on each side, to the amount of millions. Two millions is the number generally reckoned. This was a dreadful and gloomy curiosity, but one of the most extraordinary in Paris. There you see the remains of those that fell in the day of St. Bartholomew, and of the heroes

that perished on the fatal 2nd of September. But enough of this gloomy subject.

"I have been obliged to keep my room, but you see I have not lost my spirits. I look forward to happy days in Sydenham. To-morrow I shall change my lodgings, from a chamber literally six stories high, to one only three, and to all appearance a comfortable apartment. Imagine the cheapness of this place, when I dined well to-day for tenpence, at a good hotel, and got my coffee for sixpence. I often imagine, if the expenses of your family and mine were consolidated, how cheap and happy we could all live at Paris. No doubt things are uncomfortable—the floors are cold and dirty; they never change knives; a thousand things revolt an Englishman; but they are cheap, civil, and accommodating.

"I forgot to say that, the day before I began to keep the house, I saw the delivery of the Standards, in the Champs Elysées, and heard the king speak a few words in answer to the oath of twenty thousand men under arms. The spectacle was affecting and imposing. I shall never forget the shout of their oath! But yet they are such a light-hearted, vacillating people, that I give but little for either their oaths or their acclamations.

"I have been at the Theatre with the Siddons frequently, and once at a little Theatre with John Kemble—at a piece which pleased me a good deal. The tune of Henri IV. is often played; it is joyous and pleasant, and always raises my spirits . . . When I have seen more of Paris, I shall have exquisite pleasure in describing whatever occurs" . . . .

* * * * * *

"Perhaps you will think it is the effect of the French climate to make me flatter; but you English women are as beautiful in comparison of the French, as I think *we*—

even the *handsomest* Englishmen—are inferior to the really handsome Frenchmen. As to the French women, I cannot describe to you my ideas of them. There are two sorts of them—the aquiline, or rather, nutcracker faces, and the broad faces: both are ugly. Perhaps, on the whole, the French face here has a broadness at the cheek bones that is very unbecoming. The boasted gait and air of the women have no charms for me. That sweet and Greek cast of countenance, which I verily believe English women have more than any others, is not to be seen in Paris; or, if you see it, you immediately find out that it is an Englishwoman. They caricature the Englishmen, but have the delicacy, I observe, to spare the women generally. I must confess our men look very John-Bullish; and nothing that the French say flatters me so much as when they say that they would not take me for *un Anglois!* Yesterday I carried my French air very far; two good dumplings of an Englishman and his wife came into the coffee-house where I live, and wished to be told the way to the Luxemburg Gardens. I was sent for to interpret their bad French, but had the roguery to pass for a Frenchman to John and Joan. I spoke a sentence or two so affectedly, and shook my fingers in speaking so Frenchically, that, after receiving my instructions how to go to the Luxemburg—the little fat Englishman having made his bow—the lady said to him in my hearing, 'How very civil those French people are!'

"I have seen the 'Tartuffe' inimitably acted. The French tragic declamation half pleases, half disgusts me. One actress, Mdlle Pelette, affected me a good deal; she is a beauty, like the rest of the French beauties . . . A poet lodges in the next room to me, who is much more mad than myself; he is continually reading aloud, and the monotonous French verse interrupts my morning sleep.

T. C."

PARIS, *Oct.* 8, 1814.

. . . I am here a sort of delegate, to collect whatever amusement I can find for you. Alas! I fear I have ill performed my part. The Louvre has literally engrossed all my time—four hours of every day. It has done me no good that I can count upon. The study of the pictures leaves me still not half, nor the one hundred and twentieth part of a judge; and as for the luxuriant reveries which it has inspired, I doubt much if they will ever prove applicable to any purpose. But when uneasy thoughts and fears, such as my letters lately expressed, were corroding me, it soothed the demon of melancholy within me, and made me happy for at least a portion of the day. I have seen nothing of any consequence to compare with it.

* * * *

I went with Dr. Goldie, a very good little man, and another physician, a very Scotch one, to see Versailles. I enjoyed the party very much . . . The stairs of Versailles that lead to the door, are Brobdignaggian; the top of the flight makes you dizzy to look down. The view is over a lake of artificial water, like a sea. All is vast and royal; but stiff, French, and squared with horrible taste. The furniture is truly superb. The next day I saw the little palace of Buonaparte, commonly called the Napoleon Elysée. It recalls very lively ideas of the tyrant, when you are shown the bed in which he slept, the desk at which he wrote, all daubed with ink; and the room where his Guards and Mamelukes reposed. The furniture is exquisite; the apartments are hung round with portraits of all his relatives. You are shown also the bed-room and sitting-room of the Empress Maria-Louisa, and the chamber of state where she received her visitors.

Yesterday I visited Notre Dame Church, which, though not equal to St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, is still worth seeing—especially from the top, which commands a view of all Paris. Here are shown the Crown and Sceptre of Charlemagne, and the golden Laurel-Crown of Napoleon, with the robe of state which he wore at his coronation—made of many thousands of ermine skins—and one of gold, weighing in all sixty pounds. I told you in my last that I had visited Madame de Staël, and that she was very kind to me. I shall tell you more of the Duke of Wellington hereafter.

Madame de Staël's friend, Dr. Schlegel, is a very uncommon man. I have had long conversations with him; he is exceedingly learned and ingenious, but a visionary in German philosophy, and by far too mystical. I never fought so hard with any man, or came away in better humour. The exercise of mind with such a one is like an inspiring battle—and to battle we set at the moment we meet. I lent him Dugald Stewart's works. He blames the Scotch and English philosophers for not aiming at the essence of things, and beginning with general principles. I in vain endeavoured to vindicate that, since the time of Lord Bacon, the method in philosophy pointed out by that great man had been very properly pursued in England, which was to collect particular truths, and then combine them into general principles or conclusions. In fine, Mons. Schlegel is a visionary and a Platonist, who really believes that the external universe is only a shadow or reflexion of the inward principle of mind.

Denon, the traveller, has been very civil to me. He is an old, entertaining man, as you may imagine. He told me he had drawn plans of almost all the great battles that the French had fought. It was an odd circumstance, he added, that he never could obtain the most exact infor-

mation from the *generals* who had headed divisions, but collected his knowledge principally from the *peasants*, who had been spectators.

I have seen also the Jardin des Plantes. Oh, my dear M——, you should have been there too. The first thing you see in this vast entertaining space, which is as large as Hyde-park, is the menagerie. A noble lion, of the largest size, is there. I tried to provoke him, shook my cane, and threw something at him ; but he disdained me with a royal look. Besides a lioness, there is a little dog who barks at her and pulls her by the ear : they have been in the same cage many years. There is also another lion, somewhat younger, who will not give himself the trouble to rise, but generally sleeps ; his side-look is very striking. Several bears are seen climbing trees, in their ditch-garden below, for apples put there to tempt them. They often sit in a begging posture, and get bread from the passengers. They are fine large animals. For tigers, I think we are better off in England ; but the elephant is a wonderful sight. The man reaches up only to the height of his leg, where it joins with the body ; his height, I think, must be twelve or fourteen feet. It is curious to see such a mass of life, while his lithe proboscis lifts up minute crumbs at his keeper's bidding.

Passing from the elephant, I met an English party, with whom I was not acquainted, but who, like myself, were searching about for the cabinet of natural curiosities in the museum. As I have found the English rather shy in forming acquaintance, I was determined, though chance threw us together, not to run the risk of being shied, and so kept aloof from them, and alone. One of the ladies—and, between ourselves, rather a handsome one—showed me by her manner that she was aware of the " Great Twalmley!"*

* Campbell used to tell a story of a man who, coming into collision with

After giggling and coquetting a good deal, when she observed one of her friends running in a wrong direction, she called out, loud enough for me to hear, "Come back, come back, he cried in grief!" by which I interpreted that she had read "Lord Ullin," &c. . . . But to the cabinet of natural history. Bless me, what a collection! It is literally Noah's ark stuffed and preserved. Serpents of all size, from the boa constrictor that swallows an ox, to the blind worm; and birds, from the ostrich, nine feet high, to the humming-bird of an inch. All possible shells, and minerals, and quadrupeds, fishes and reptiles. I spent a day in it, from eleven till six, and came away with my mind so exhausted, that I thought I should have gone into a fever; yet, till it was all over, I did not feel that my pulse was raised, or my eyes weakened and dazzled. The Jardin des Plantes is a noble exhibition. At the head of quadrupeds stands the giraffe, killed by Vaillant in Africa, which appears to be sixteen feet high. The vegetable part is no less perfect and amusing.

I skip from one subject to another, perhaps unconnectedly, but you will forgive me for mentioning a thing that occurs to me. In conversing with Schlegel on the subject of Shakspeare, he told me he had discovered a circumstance in his life, which had escaped the notice of all English commentators. Say nothing of this, but I will tell it you when we meet; it will remind you of something regarding Sydenham fair, and make you smile.

I have treated you like a great politician in many of my letters, and have told you all that I remarked of the symptoms of the public mind. Since coming to Paris, I have been less curious about the opinions of individuals;

another, for a place at the fire in a coffee-house, said, "Perhaps you do not know to whom you are speaking?" "No," said the other, "I do not." "Know, then, that I am *the great Twalmley, inventor of the patent box-iron!*"

for, when you meet an enlightened Parisian, you feel it to be a point of good breeding, not to trouble him much on so delicate a subject. But I remark that the name of the "great monster" is pronounced with much more respect here than in the provinces. When you call him Buonaparte, they immediately correct you, and call him Napoleon, or l'Empereur. Sometimes, out of policy, I give way to this, when I have in view to get information from the party; but, when the Napoleonist is not worth keeping terms with, I persevere in bitterly calling him "Buonaparte," or the "Prisoner of Elba." I told you, I believe, that it is disagreeable to meet with those who have been prisoners in England. Those fellows will come up to you, soliciting a conversation, by saying, "Ah, you are English; I speak a littel Anglish." All for the sake of an opportunity of saying something savage of England, where they complain of having been treated barbarously. At first I used to take this in earnest, and tried to soften or remonstrate with them; but when I cannot shake off those speakers of a *littel Anglish*, I now find it the best way to *jaw* them, and laugh heartily, telling them, "Ay, you were sharply looked after—no escaping—no, nothing of that sort. Well, you look hearty, after all your cruel treatment. It does a man good to have known a *littel* adversity, or such like."

The Parisians speak but slightingly of their constitution. Their legislative body appears to be the same that it was under Buonaparte, but I have not yet bought the pamphlet that describes their constitution. I hope to bring it with me to Sydenham. The great topic of conversation is St. Domingo. The French, I hope and trust, will have to abandon it—It will cost them twenty or thirty millions of louis-d'ors, and the lives of half a million of human beings; and thirty millions is, perhaps, one half of all the money at present in the French *dominions*.

With regard to the good Dr. Jenner, how sorry I am that I got from him no direct commission to execute; it would have been to me the utmost gratification. With regard to vaccination, I think it seems to be as perfectly established here as in England. The provincial medical men with whom I have chanced to meet, speak of practising it as commonly as with us. Apropos to medicine—among the rare things to be seen, the medical school is not the least. There are preparations in wax of the human body, in all states of anatomy and disease. The execution could not be more like Nature, unless the anatomist, like Pygmalion, could obtain a boon from heaven—to turn the imitation of flesh into the reality. But as Pygmalion took his beloved statue into keeping, I doubt if the wax would *keep* as well after the miracle as before it. These waxen things, by the way, have saved me some few francs in the way of dinners; for, wherever the soul may lie, my memory, with regard to them, lies all in my stomach; and I have several times dined on a peach and dry bread, in consequence of the tender recollections which I carried away of the École de Médecine.

To-morrow I am to be at Madame de Staël's, where the Duke of Wellington is expected. I was introduced to him at his own house, where he was polite enough; but the man who took me was so stupid as not to have told him the only little circumstance about me that could have entitled me to his notice. Madame de Staël asked him if he had seen me? He said *a Mr.* &c., had been introduced to him, but he thought it was one of the thousands of that name from the same country; he did not know that it was *the* Thomas; but, after which, his Grace took my address in his memorandum-book, adding, he was sorry he had not known me sooner. T. C.

* * * * *

PARIS, *October* 15, 1814.

After the Louvre—I know scarcely anything that is quite transcendant. I have been again to see the Jardin dès Plantes, which I think comes next to it. The concentration of all Nature's works—vegetable, mineral, and animal—into one museum, is indeed a sight worth travelling to see. The Pantheon is a magnificent place—the dome is everything that Greek architecture can do; but still the effect falls far short of the Gothic, on a similar scale. The tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others, are below. Their vaults—the only cleanly things I have seen in Paris—are so neat and tidy, that they present the image of rather a comfortable English pantry, than of anything that can overawe the mind.

The French acting in tragedy I do not like: but until I see Talma again, which will be, I trust, on Wednesday, I shall not decide. Their comic acting is perfection. Fleury, when he plays a French Marquis, is—what *we* so seldom see on our stage — a fop in spirit, but in manners an easy gentleman. He comes in, and rattles to six people, who eagerly wish to speak; they can't get in a word; he speaks, and prattles them all down. He gets drunk—meets an old father, and recounts to him all the follies of his *friend*—the prodigal son of the old fellow—slaps him —laughs at him—but is still the gentleman—even when the words stick in his mouth.

I have been again at Versailles. The intention was to make the basis of the palace a mountain; it is indeed a mountain scaled by magnificent stairs. But the palace itself is not large enough for the basis—and the trees are clipped with horrible formality. The grand and small Trianons consummate all possible ideas of magnificent furniture. The village is shown where poor Marie Antoinette

used to retire and act the play of "La Chasse d'Henri IV.;" and where she played the part of her young beauty —the miller's daughter.

The squares of the Louvre and the Tuileries present an architecture much more perfect than that of Versailles; and to which there is nothing similar in London—nor perhaps in the world. The whole sides of the Seine, indeed, for half a league in length, are magnificent; and at night, when the lights are thrown upon the river, which has but a few scattered boats to add to the picturesque—not to *hide* it, like the craft on our Thames—the moonlight and the reflection of the fires make it the finest city I ever beheld. Notre-Dame rises like our St. Paul's in the centre of Paris. Next to it, and out of the town, the most noticeable ground—I mean as to mere prospect—is Montmartre, with its windmills—the scene of the last battle. It is not easy to look at the plain where the Russians lost so many thousands—advancing in close column, to force the heights of Montmartre—without a lively sensation. It is said they might all have been destroyed there, if the French had been properly headed. Thank God, it was otherwise.

When the Louvre was open, it used to be a pleasant place of rendezvous for the English; independent of the charms of the place itself, where there are many thousands of pictures. The French school, including Claude, Poussin, and Vernet, make, I assure you, no mean appearance. There is a Deluge, by Poussin, which struck me as the true sublime. But I will not trouble you with my infantine connoisseurship. Any little *taste* in painting, I know full well I have not got: but the pleasure of the paintings grew upon me—though still far, far inferior to that of the *statues*. I took leave of the glorious Apollo, not less enchanted than when I met him. I should have knocked

down Dr. Schlegel, had not Madame de Staël been present, when he told me it was inferior to the *Torso!*—vile Fuselesque thing—it is human, the other is divine! But the more I see of the works of Art, and of Dr. Schlegel and his German ideas of the sublime and beautiful—the more I hate the Fuselesque; for Schlegel and Fuseli are both, I see, of the same school. The Pericles, falsely called Phocion, would enchant you. The Flemish school has, to my poor taste, more fine *paint*, than fine painting. But I can now see what Raphael and Titian must be to those who better understand them. I should not, indeed, forget Paul Potter's cows. Oh, the dear brutes! I thought they were not pictures, but poor dumb animals, waiting till the company should disperse—and I was sorry to think they were kept so long in the gallery.

I had a million of things to tell you, and to ask, that were perhaps not worth either asking or telling; but I am sorry to take leave—yet I must—for I have sat two hours without a fire, and with my feet on a brick floor. With the French it is no joke to get up a fire—even in this cold weather. My chamber-woman, I sometimes think, is making a journey to Prometheus's kitchen for it—she stays so long; and then the poor devil lies squat on the floor, and *puffs*, with her black eyes starting out of her head, to make the miserable faggot burn—exclaiming a thousand times, "Mon dieu, mon dieu!" at the badness of the wood.

* * * * T. C.

Of the impressions received by Campbell during his visit to Paris, the preceding letters offer a short but animated picture; and of the same impressions, as they dwelt upon his mind after many long years, the following extracts present a still glowing recollection. Drawing from these hoarded stores of memory, he thus writes in

1832; and the scene he has described, retained its freshness to the very close of life:—

"I was one of the many English who availed themselves of the first short peace to get a sight of the Continent. The Louvre was at that time in possession of its fullest wealth. In the Statuary-hall of that place I had the honour of giving Mrs. Siddons my arm the first time she walked through it, and the first in both our lives that we saw the Apollo Belvidere. From the farthest end of that spacious room, the god seemed to look down like a president on the chosen assembly of sculptured forms; and his glowing marble, unstained by time, appeared to my imagination as if he had stepped freshly from the sun. I had seen casts of the glorious statue with scarcely any admiration; and I must undoubtedly impute that circumstance, in part, to my inexperience in art, and to my taste having till then lain torpid. But still I prize the recollected impressions of that day too dearly to call them fanciful. They seemed to give my mind a new sense of the harmony of Art—a new visual power of enjoying beauty. Nor is it mere fancy that makes the difference between the Apollo himself and his plaster casts. The dead whiteness of the *stucco* copies is glaringly monotonous; whilst the diaphanous surface of the *original* seems to soften the light which it reflects.

"Every particular of that hour is written indelibly on my memory. I remember entering the Louvre with a latent suspicion on my mind, that a good deal of the rapture expressed at the sight of superlative sculptures was exaggerated or affected; but as we passed through the vestibule of the hall, there was a Greek figure, I think that of Pericles, with a chlamys and helmet, which John Kemble desired me to notice; and it instantly struck me with wonder at the gentleman-like grace which Art could

give to a human form, with so simple a vesture. It was not, however, until we reached the grand saloon, that the first sight of the god overawed my incredulity. Every step of approach to his presence added to my sensations; and all recollections of his name in classic poetry swarmed on my mind as spontaneously as the associations that are conjured up by the sweetest music. . .

* * * * * *

"Engrossed as I was with the Apollo, I could not forget the honour of being before him in the company of so august a worshipper, and it certainly increased my enjoyment to see the first interview between the paragon of Art and that of Nature. Mrs. Siddons was evidently much struck, and remained a long time before the statue; but, like a true admirer, she was not loquacious. I remember, she said—'What a great idea it gives us of God to think that he has made a human being capable of fashioning so divine a form!' When we walked round to other sculptures, I observed that almost every eye in the Hall was fixed upon her and followed her: yet I could perceive that she was not known, as I heard the spectators say—'Who is she? Is she not an Englishwoman?' At this time, though in her fifty-ninth year, her looks were so noble, that she made you proud of English beauty—even in the presence of Grecian sculpture."

* * * *

In his retrospective notes, twenty years after this period, he thus reverts to it. "Mrs. Siddons was a great simple being, who was not shrewd in her knowledge of the world, and was not herself well understood, in some particulars, by the majority of the world.—The universal feeling towards her was respectful, but she was thought austere: but with all her apparent haughtiness, there was no person more humble when humility became her. From intense

devotion to her profession she derived a peculiarity of manner—the habit of attaching dramatic tones and emphasis to common-place colloquial subjects, but of which she was not in the least conscious, unless reminded of it. I know not what others felt; but I own that I loved her all the better for this unconscious solemnity of manner. . . She was more than a woman of genius; for the additional benevolence of her heart made her an honour to her sex and to human nature." . . . "In the following passage," he adds, "Joanna Baillie has left a perfect picture of Mrs. Siddons:"—

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall,
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.
Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?
Page. No: far unlike to them. It is a stranger.
Lady. How looks her countenance?
Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.
Lady. Is she young or old?
Page. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair;
For time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed. . . .
So stately, and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But, on a near approach, I found in truth
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.
Lady. What is her garb?
Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it—
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me, clad in the usual weeds
Of high habitual state.
Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy.
It is an apparition thou hast seen.
Friberg. It *is* an apparition he has seen,
Or—it is Jane de Montfort!

JANE DE MONTFORT, *Act II., Scene* 1.

CHAPTER X.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

A SOJOURN of nearly two months in the French capital furnished Campbell with a rich and varied fund of materials for reflection. The daily opportunities he enjoyed of seeing and conversing with the best society enlarged his views, matured his taste, and gave a healthy impetus to that spirit of inquiry which animated all his studies. With Cuvier and the elder Schlegel, he contracted a lasting intimacy: for, although strongly opposed to the German professor on certain questions, a difference in philosophy made no difference in their friendship. At the university of Bonn, where they met six years afterwards, the pleasure derived from their first intercourse in Paris was the subject of mutual congratulation. To Baron Cuvier and his accomplished daughter, Campbell had the pleasure of returning, at his own house in London, the kindness and hospitality they had shown him in Paris. In a circle which comprise so many illustrious names, now embalmed in history, he would have gladly lingered another month: but, his literary furlough having expired, and his finances becoming low, he took a parting glance at the wonders of the Louvre, and then started for Calais.

Alighting from the *coupée* of the "old grotesque diligence that brought him to Dessin's—Sterne's Dessin—he sauntered on towards the pier, where the Dover packet had

just come in, and directed the mate to call for him in the evening." Any regret he might have felt on quitting Paris, and the new world it had thrown open to his inquisitive mind, was softened, if not obliterated, by the proud associations of home. The first glimpse of Britannia's bulwarks —"the flag that braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze"—called forth all his patriotism; and never, perhaps, was the sentiment of his hero Theodric * more present to his mind than when he stepped on board the crowded packet for England.

"Neptune, however, was not to be cajoled by poetry;" and a storm, then brewing in the east, burst upon them soon after leaving the harbour. This caused some confusion on board; and the alarm of the passengers was not diminished by any skill or activity in the captain. The result was a tardy and tempestuous passage, attended in the first instance with loss of life; and latterly with imminent danger to all on board. At last, the packet got safe into Dover; and, soon after his return home, Campbell thus adverts to the perils of the voyage, and his own personal share in it:—

"SYDENHAM, *November* 7, 1814.

"I had been knocked about in the packet, and got such smashing falls on the slippery deck, in the desperate efforts of the passengers to help the poor exhausted seamen, that I am all over green and blue, and still stiff

* . . . A glad enthusiast, she explored the land,
Where Nature, Freedom, Art, smile hand in hand;
Her women fair, her men robust for toil;
Her vigorous souls—high cultured as her soil;
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to Senates, Courts, and Kings;
Her works of Art, resembling Magic's powers;
Her mighty fleets; and Learning's beauteous bowers.—THEODRIC.

and sore, but wonderfully better. . . . Our escape was considerably more narrow than that of the Wellington packet. One unhappy passenger was washed overboard. An ignorant captain—who was neither captain nor seaman—ran us within a few hundred yards of the Shakspeare cliff. A Dutch skipper, a passenger on board, discovered our danger, gave the alarm, and took the command from the stupefied creature who had misguided us. For at least four terrible hours, it was quite a moot point whether we should get off or not. The shrieks of the women, the insane panic of several men, who stripped to swim—and, of course, to be dashed in pieces on the rocks, if they had persisted to do so—the whole scene, with the total darkness and roaring of the waves, that drowned our voices, and literally washed over us, was horrible beyond description. The men, a feeble crew, who had been exhausted by walking through Calais all day, were so overcome, that my own two arms, at one period, accomplished drawing in the main-sail, which otherwise they could not do. I lay down at four in the morning in blankets and salt-water, yet I have recovered wonderfully.

T. C."

From this rather perilous adventure, we pass on to incidents of a homely, and less exciting interest in the Poet's history. To the letters of his numerous, but unknown correspondents, Campbell, in general, was very attentive. His good nature, however, was too often put to the test by "ardent admirers," with whose frequent and urgent requests for his autograph, his advice, or an interview with the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," it was not always expedient to comply. Among the letters that waited his return, was one from a member of this numerous body, which differed so widely from the rest, in its ingenious

attempt to elicit an autograph, that Campbell was amused by its originality, and resolved to answer the petitioner in the terms proposed. The letter ran thus :—

DUNBAR, *Nov.* 7, 1814.

SIR,

Some invisible being whispers in my ear, "Write a letter to the Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'" "I am not acquainted with him, nor have I ever seen him; why, then, should I write?" "Do as you are desired," whispers the voice again. "I cannot do it," I replied, "I have got nothing to say. Were I in possession of a good estate, beautiful and romantic, I would give him an invitation to spend a few months with me, ask him to partake of the sports of the field, and give him an opportunity of composing a poem on the beauties, the comforts, and the hospitality of Kirkwood-hall. But, alas! since that happiness is not mine, I have it not in my power to ask him. However, should I be so fortunate as ever to be in possession of such a place, I will then write and give him a kind invitation; *and I hope that* one day or other such a thing will be—how pleasing the thought! Thus *hope* keeps my spirits from falling; and is this not a pleasure derived from it?" "Delay not a moment," speaks the voice again, "in writing to that admirable author; I command, and you must obey!" Now, sir, you see my writing to you is to fulfil the commands of — I do not know whom; pray can you tell me? Be who it may, I only ease my conscience by doing so. It would add much to my peace and comfort, would you take the trouble to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, and say that you are well. So, farewell! May thy days be full of happiness, thy years many, and thy fame as an author handed down to the end of the world! I am, &c. J —— K ———— D, JR.

The author of this ingenious stratagem was rewarded by the following prompt and courteous reply :—

SYDENHAM, *November* 15, 1814.

SIR,

I received your letter the day before yesterday, in which, though we are personal strangers to each other, you send me your *salve!* and greet me with wishes of health and prosperity. I am surely bound to thank you

for a salutation, which seems the more kind from your being a stranger; and which can only come from disinterested motives. In return to your inquiries, I can only say that I am almost as well, and as happy, as it is possible for frail man to be; and I am not the less happy to think that a remote stranger wishes me to be so. I cannot, indeed, from my knowledge of spirits—gray, black, or white—precisely give you the name and address of the little eccentric one, which prompted you to write to me; but I suppose it might be Robin Goodfellow; or, dropping all allusions to things out of this world, I might say that it was the "frater-feeling," as Burns called it, of the human heart. Whoever you are, and whatever—for you cannot take it as a bad compliment that, as you do not describe yourself, I am addressing you as it were in the dark—whatever you are, receive my best wishes in return for yours; and, though you have no castles any more than myself—except those in the air, yet I am not less obliged to you for giving me a welcome, in imagination, to your villa and domain. Adieu! and believe me, &c. T. C.*

Finding his literary concerns much in arrear at his return home, and confessing that his resolution "to make the pleasures of Paris subservient to study" had not been fully carried out, he now felt the necessity for redoubling his exertions; and, resuming the Specimens and Lectures, worked with so much industry that, in the course of a few weeks, he found a considerable balance in his favour, with some literary vantage-ground for the ensuing spring.

The year concluded with a dinner-party at Mr. Godwin's, to which he was invited in the following terms:—

* These two letters are only introduced as examples of the good-natured familiarity, with which Campbell so often accommodated himself to the harmless whims and eccentricities of his correspondents.

December 29.

MY DEAR SIR,

In the familiar occasion of opening the new year on Saturday next, we expect a few friends whom you will not be displeased to meet, and among these a female stranger, who seems to me the very figure of a sylph walked out from the canvass of a capital master. Will you condescend, on that day, at four o'clock, to partake with us the philosophical fare of a boiled turkey with sylph-sauce?—Faithfully yours, W. GODWIN.

Among the verses of this and the preceding year are a few short pieces—epitaphs—not found in any edition of his poems. The first was suggested by a deplorable calamity in a private family, where Campbell was intimate; and the second by the death of a clerical friend, whom he regarded as a model of a Christian pastor. The sentiment they breathe is so consonant with all the Poet's better feelings, that the reader may not be displeased to see them in their original, though unfinished state:—

I.

In deep submission to the will above,
Yet with no common cause for human tears;
This stone to the lost Partner of his love,
And for his children lost, a mourner rears.

One fatal moment, one o'erwhelming doom,
Tore, threefold, from his heart the ties of earth:
His Mary, Margaret, in their early bloom,
And HER * who gave them life, and taught them worth.

* . . . "We looked to her (Mrs. Shute) as truly elevated, in the scale of beings, for the perfect charity of her heart. The universal feeling of lamentation for her, accords with the benign and simple-minded beauty of her character."—*Extract of a letter from Campbell.*

Farewell, ye broken pillars of my fate!
My life's companion, and my two first-born;
Yet while this silent stone I consecrate,
To conjugal, paternal, love forlorn—

Oh, may each passer-by the lesson learn,
Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain,
Where friendship weeps at virtue's funeral urn—
That, to the pure in heart, *To die is gain*! * T. C.

II.

He pointed out to others, and he trod
Himself, the path to virtue and to God:
The Christian's practice and the preacher's zeal
His life united: many who have lost
Their friend, their pastor, mourn for him; but most
The hearts that knew him nearest, deepest, feel.
And yet lamented spirit! we should ill
The sacred precepts of thy life fulfill,
Could we—thy mother and thy widowed wife—
Consign thy much-loved relics to the dust
Unsolaced by this high and holy trust—
There is another and a better life! † T. C.

A third piece, "The Gravestone," hastily written on a slip of waste paper, is too remarkable to be overlooked:—

III.

Man! shouldst thou fill the proudest throne,
And have mightiest deeds enacted,
Thither, like steel to th' magnet-stone,
Thou goest compelled—attracted!

* These lines are engraved on a monument erected at Monkton Combe, Somerset, to the memory of Mrs. Shute, of Sydenham, and her two daughters, who were drowned at Chepstow, on Sunday, September 20. It is remarkable, that they had attended the Church on that day, and heard a sermon from Philippians, chap. i. verse 21, "For to me to live is Christ, and *to die is gain*."—Note by T. C.

† Inscription for the monument of the Rev. Edward D.

The grave-stone—th' amulet of trouble—
Makes love a phantom seem—
Calls glory but a bubble,
And life itself a dream.

The grave 's a sealéd letter,
That secrets shall reveal
Of a next world—worse or better—
And the gravestone is the seal!

But the *seal* shall not be broken
Nor the *letter's* secrets read,
Till the last trump shall have spoken
To the living and the dead! . . .

The correspondence of this year opens with a lively and characteristic letter to Mr. Alison :—

"SYDENHAM, *January* 14, 1815.

"Cold and weary with the tooth-ache, my dearest Alison, I return from our village chapel to inclose my accustomed certificate to you. "Eheu fugaces, Posthume!" If you have not yet preached a sermon on the shortness of time, you may instance the rapid returns of the Poet Campbell's certificates for his pension, to prove the fleetness of its wings. . . But, alas! my dearest Alison, had I been doomed to hear *you* dissert on that subject, it would have been a comfort to me. But I have been doomed to hear a proser—with an east wind tormenting my rheumatic jaw, and nipping my toes—preach for two hours on the shortness of time; while I need hardly say that his sermon proved anything but his text! . . . . With sincerest affection, yours ever, T. C."

* * * * * *

Thus far we have followed the Poet through various alternations of light and shade—here, bright with fame, and soothed by the consolations of friendship; and there,

struggling with unmerited difficulties. We are now to change the scene, and observe him under the influence of prosperity. Of the many discouragements he had met with in his career, some have been noticed, but more omitted, in these pages; for to have mentioned them as often as they occur in his letters and memoranda, would have been needlessly depressing and monotonous. He bore them with fortitude; but what rendered him less fit to cope with the many trials of life, was a delicate morbid sensibility, which aggravated every difficulty; and, to troubles, in themselves but slight and transitory, imparted a sense of acute mental suffering, that often induced serious bodily illness.

The most important event in his literary life was the grant of a pension, which had enabled him, since 1806, not only to continue, but to increase, the annuity to his mother and sisters. In the discharge of this pious duty, however, he had often to pay at the rate of twenty per cent. for cash; and if the merit of a good deed be weighed by the personal difficulties encountered in its performance, his conduct was highly meritorious. He never excused himself by saying that he had given hostages to the public; that he had heavy responsibilities and difficulties at home; but cheerfully taxed himself with extra labour to discharge these voluntary obligations. He was poor in the good things of the world, and could not give plenteously; but of the little he had, he "did his diligence to give gladly of that little;" and where he gave, "he expected nothing in return." So much self-denying generosity excited among the few friends who were privy to it, feelings of sympathy and admiration; and in another quarter, where it was least expected, it happily awakened an interest which was now to operate with permanent advantage to the Poet and his family. Thus, even in

a worldly sense, the good work received its recompense: "What he had sown he reaped fourfold;" "and gathered for himself a good reward in the day of necessity." These facts will appear in the sequel; but at the date of the previous letter, nothing had yet transpired to enliven his prospects, or relieve his present difficulties, unless perhaps, the hope, which originated with Mr. Roscoe, of trying a course of lectures in the provinces.

The event alluded to, and that which brought to Campbell the earnest of future independence, was the death of his Highland cousin, MacArthur Stewart, of Ascog, which occurred on the 28th of March, in whose will he was left one of the special legatees. The legacy was nominally five hundred pounds to himself, in life-rent, and to his children in fee; but as it was provided in the will that the special legatees should share any unappropriated residue that the testator might leave, the original legacy was thus increased to nearly five thousand.* Although the legatee was designated in the will by his title of "the Author of the Pleasures of Hope," the testator did not even acknowledge that distinction as the ground of his bounty manifested in the will; for it is mentioned by a member of Mr. Stewart's family, that the "old man, when giving instructions for his settlement, observed that little Tommy, the Poet, ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother sixty pounds yearly out of his pension."†

* After paying legacy duty and all other expences, the sum amounted to 4,498*l.* 10*s.*, which is now [1847] in possession of the Poet's son, bringing him an interest of 4½ per cent. For the facts here and afterwards to be mentioned on this subject, I am indebted to communications from Lord Cuninghame, and —— Cormack, Esq., law-agent for the Ascog estates.

† The legacy to the Poet is conceived in the following terms: "To Thomas Campbell, of London, author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' in life-rent, and to his children who may survive him, equally amongst them and their heirs, in

As the relationship between Mr. Stewart of Ascog and the Poet's family has been already noticed in the introductory portion of this work, I need not further advert to it. But it is believed by able lawyers, that if the Poet's elder brother had been aware of the law, which rendered aliens to the Crown of Great Britain incapable of inheriting entailed estates, or of holding land within the United Kingdom, and had made up his title as the nearest heir of *tailzie*, on the death of MacArthur Stewart—or before Mr. Campbell Stewart, his successor, obtained his Act of naturalisation, he might have been the proprietor of the old family estates, which were afterwards sold by the American heir for 78,000*l.*

On receiving this announcement Campbell started for Scotland; and in a letter to his eldest sister, at Harrowgate, thus adverts to the new posture of his affairs:—

EDINBURGH, *April* 15, 1815.

MY DEAR MARY,

. . Thank God for hope being opened! If things turn out well, I shall endeavour to console Elizabeth and Isabella for their loss and ill usage; and all my sisters, I trust, shall be convinced that I have their happiness at heart . . In the meantime, application is making to get the interests of the unprovided part of our family pleaded with the American heir, and rich legatee; but affairs are still so intricate that I should be speaking at random, were I to decide on the specified extent to which I can hope to pledge myself . . Among the trustees I learn that the positive legacy is 500*l.*; but, from the sales yet to be

fee, the sum of five hundred pounds, to be laid out, secured, and administered by my said trustees [The Marquis of Bute, Lord Archibald Hamilton, Sir John Sinclair, Lord Alloway, Lord Gillies, the Rev. John Fleming of Colinton, and Alexander Weir of Boghead,] for their behoof accordingly," &c.

made, it may amount to 5,000*l.* There is to be a meeting on Tuesday, and I shall let you know the result. . . Ever affectionately yours, T. C.

By his old friends in Edinburgh, whom he had not seen for many years, Campbell was received with that warm sympathy in his better fortunes, which made his short visit amongst them a scene of exquisite enjoyment. On his arrival, says Mrs. Fletcher, "he was in great spirits at this turn of Fortune's wheel, and claimed the sympathy of all his old friends on the occasion; meeting him in the street he said—'I feel as blythe as if the devil were dead!'" The phrase was expressive; for the same event which brought him to Edinburgh had removed much of the *evil* with which he had hitherto contended. In the same cheerful mood he writes to a friend in London; but the happiness of the moment is impaired by feverish anxiety respecting his son, whom he had left in a very doubtful state of health.

. .

"EDINBURGH, 21*st April*, 1815.

. . . "I am whirled about, my dear F., from one friend to another, with such velocity, that my *head* has little time for reflection; but my heart is employed in thinking, in lieu of the intellectual faculty. Somebody said of an eloquent writer, that he thought with his heart. You will perhaps find me, however, more tiresome than eloquent, when I tell you of the cordial greetings I have met with in the north. . . .

I met Mrs. Fletcher—she is English—improved in all points by thirteen years' absence: her beauty, eloquence, wit, and warm-heartedness—all heightened by time, that so seldom improves the first of these articles. As my sisters live at some distance from town, her house is my home

when I do not sleep at their house. In her coterie is Mrs. Grant of Laggan, whom I never met before, but who is even more than her writings bespeak.

"I have been much with the Alisons. Mr. A. looks better and fresher than when I left him. His family are grown up. His sons, two grave and sagacious young men, rising in professional eminence, sit beside us, while the venerable priest and I exhibit the contrast of two giggling old fellows. His youngest daughter M., who was five years old when I left her, is grown a fine, handsome woman. She keeps also beside us, on a cushion at the fireside, constantly reminding me of the days of old, when, with alternate romping and quarrelling, we used to be the mutual torment and delight of each other. Alison is an emblem of all human happiness. . .

"Yesterday I spent with the Miss Hills. Their joy and heartfelt kindness is what I feel beyond expression. It is only damped by the indifferent health in which I find them. I dine to-morrow with Mrs. Hay; and she has promised to sing me all her best Scottish songs. Lord Gillies, Lord Alloway, [the executors]—all my lawyer friends, have met me with overcoming cordiality. Pardon all this egotism. . . Let me add, what will be welcome news to you, that though my sisters are in poor health, they speak to me with fair, candid, even delicate moderation on the subject of my intentions towards them, and, with good sense, seem entirely disposed to leave the decision to myself. All this is well. But in my happiness, the fear about my boy hangs like a dead weight upon my mind. Your kindness to inform me if you have seen him will come like a piece of intelligence from a better world. Surely my anxiety is not a foreboding! Thomas—Thomas's image is ever before me—Write me but a line. Yours, ever thankfully,

T. C."

Leaving Edinburgh, he hastened to Kinniel, where he was anxiously expected by Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stewart; and from that delightful retreat he sends the following picture of domestic happiness to a friend in London :—

"KINNIEL.—HOUSE OF DUGALD STEWART,
May 8, 1815.

"News respecting my dear boy's health was absolutely necessary to set my heart at rest. But my letters, it seems, have not been received. I have spent three days with my beloved friends, Dugald Stewart and his family. His wife is most amiable—his daughter full of sense and spirit; and I am as happy as it is possible to be, from home. My time is spent in walking about with these good angels, in reading my lectures to the philosopher, or in most delightful conversations. Stewart's residence is an old chateau of the Dukes of Hamilton, agreeably situate near the sea, opposite the classic Benledi, and surrounded by fine groves that resound with the songs of birds, the cawing of rooks, and the sweeter cooing of wood-pigeons. The whole scene, with the society and conversation of my friends, sinks deep into my heart. You will be glad to hear that the good Dugald approves of —even applauds—my lectures; and says they abound in good poetry as well as in sound philosophy. I am making the character of my worthy host a special study: he is very fond of anecdotes; nothing pleases him so much as listening for hours together to the most minute details of human character. I have been telling him all I could recollect of the prominent characters of the day; and there he sits, with his intelligent eyes fixed upon me, listening in mute attention. Yet, be it remembered, Dugald is no gossip; but as the bee collects its honey from every flower, he extracts matter for reflection and

edification from every variety of human knowledge. His dear wife is still as charming as ever. She addresses me by the endearing name of *son*. . . .".

"I slept in a room haunted by a Lady who, two hundred years ago, was tossed over the battlements by her husband for being naughty! But knowing me to be a most modest and virtuous man, she had not the assurance to come into the chamber, while I occupied it; only, as usual, when the wind assisted her, she made the door open and, I suppose, just looked in to see where the poet of Virtue and Sydenham was reposing. . . ."

"I found this seat of the Philosopher more splendid, perhaps, than seemed to accord with philosophy; but he is easy and prosperous, and lives in a style that somewhat, though very agreeably, surprised me. Here I have spent four days—tranquil and delightful days!

* * * * *

"To-morrow I am to start for Glasgow, where, in the company of my brother and sisters, I am to make a visiting tour among our relations. Mrs. Stewart applauds my resolution of fixing my residence in England; and the Professor advises me to educate my boy for the Church. . . . . " T. C."

Once more in his native city, and surrounded by his family and early friends, he writes:—

"GLASGOW, *May* 10, 1815.

"Taking leave of Kinniel and the dear Stewarts, I set out this morning for Falkirk, and thence by the track-boat to Glasgow. The boat has a cabin elegantly fitted up,—a very fine library, in which I found my own poems, in two volumes, and wrote several pages to our dearest F. And now, behold me arrived at Glasgow, in the midst of new excitements. I have seen my poor brother and his two

children—alas, they resemble my own boy, Alison! Thomas, my namesake, is, in particular, a beautiful boy, and most attractive. Dear little soul, he has something of my Thomas's features, and of Alison's eyes. Three families of my cousins have met on the night of my expected arrival, to celebrate the event! Three grown-up daughters of a full cousin—Mrs. Gray—a favourite of my earliest years, are, like herself, become elegant and sensible women. They were half down the stair of the house, waiting my arrival; while their brother, who had visited me at Sydenham, walked out three miles to meet the track-boat, in which he expected me. . . . A full company of our threefold cousinships spent the evening together, for the warm-welcoming of their London guest. I could not but feel the ties of blood; and you would have sympathised in my happiness, in being thus greeted by kindred whose faces I knew not; yet whose relationship to my dear mother—and of my mother in her best looks—was apparent in their countenances. My favourite cousin—Gray's mother—I shall visit to-morrow; she is in the country. T. C."

Much of the correspondence, after this date, consists of his hopes, fears, and speculations as to the probable results of the campaign, and the future destinies of Europe; but as these were soon brought to a final issue, I reserve the space for extracts of more personal interest. After a happy and prolonged intercourse with his friends in Scotland, and repeated visits to the favourite haunts of his youth, Campbell returned home to Sydenham. A few days after his arrival the fate of Europe was decided by the battle of Waterloo; and of a gallant young friend, who had fallen on that memorable day, he speaks in the following letter to one of the mourners:—

SYDENHAM, *June 27th*, 1815.

I can strongly conceive how much you have suffered from this cause of agitation, which has affected us all. I trust it has not injured your health. I need not tell you the news of Edward, as Mary has sent you every document. It is not easy to describe the transition from his mother's state in the morning, when I left her literally in dumb despair, to the hope of the evening, when we heard of his being alive. I understand that an unfortunate rumour of Major Edward Hodge,* who was killed at Waterloo, and the men of the 7th having failed to support their officers, arose from the horses having been really scared by the flags of the Lancers; but the honour of the regiment is uninjured.—This is glorious news! I have been put into such a fever by public and private sympathies, that I have hardly strength to write to you. * * * has shown even more fortitude than could have been expected; and M. is a true heroine—almost the only sufferer I was ever *not* afraid to approach.

* * * * T. C.

Of the prodigies of British valour performed on this glorious field, Campbell spoke and wrote with enthusiastic admiration; but among the tributary stanzas thus inspired, there is nothing perhaps more characteristic in style and spirit than the following song:—

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Upon the plains of Flanders,
Our fathers long ago—
They fought like Alexanders
Beneath brave Marlborough!

* See notice of this officer in the Poems, and at page 112, in the *Correspondence* of 1809.

And still, in fields of conquest,
Our valour bright has shone
With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
And Moore, and Wellington!

Our plumes have waved in combats
That ne'er shall be forgot;
Where many a mighty squadron
Reel'd backward from our shot:
In charges with the bayonet,
We lead our bold compeers,
But Frenchmen like to stay not
For the British Grenadiers!

Once boldly at Vimiera,*
They hoped to play their parts,
And sung, *fal-lira-lira!*
To cheer their drooping hearts:
But English, Scots, and Paddy Whacks,
We gave three noble cheers,
And the French soon turn'd their backs
To the British Grenadiers!

At St. Sebastiano's
And Badajos's town,
Where, raging like volcanos,
The shot and shells came down;
With courage, never wincing,
We scaled the ramparts high,
And waved the British ensign
In glorious victory!

And what could Bonaparte,
With all his cuirassiers
At Waterloo, in battle do
With British Grenadiers?—
Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
That march unto our ears,
Whose martial roll awakes the soul
Of British Grenadiers! T. C.

* At Vimiera the French ranks advanced *singing*, the British only cheered. —*Note* by T. C.

After taking his full share in the public rejoicings and private sympathies which this most eventful period called forth, Campbell returned once more to his "Selections from the Poets;" and having applied to Mr. Mathias—the reputed author of "The Pursuits of Literature"—for advice in the prosecution of his design, he received the following answer:—

MIDDLE SCOTLAND YARD, WHITEHALL, *July 8th*, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

I am just returned to town from an excursion into the country, and take the earliest opportunity in my power of acknowledging your obliging letter of the 27th of June, and I hope that you will not impute my silence to the least appearance of neglect, but to the impossibility of my writing before, for which I am much concerned. I am happy to hear it is your intention to publish some Specimens of Poetry, ancient and modern; and it will give me much pleasure in seeing all or any of the beautiful passages by Lydgate—which Mr. Gray selected with so much judgment, and which I inserted in the late edition of all his works—admitted into the volumes with which you will shortly favour the literary world. If I should ever have the pleasure of seeing you, I could show you many extracts from Lydgate, which would prove the injustice of those opinions which have been given of the old Poet, by persons who probably had read but a few parts of his works. I am glad that "Sketches of English Poetry" will appear under the care of a gentleman of your taste, as they will be most acceptable to the world. It is a very trifling commendation to say, that I have always admired the fancy, harmony, elegance, and spirit of your various poems, and I can only add—

"Meæ si quid loquor audiendum
Vocis accedat bona pars"—

I will not take up more of your valuable time, than to say that I should be happy to have the pleasure of seeing you, when I return from another proposed excursion I am about to take in a week or ten days, and to assure you that I am,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

THOMAS JAS. MATHIAS.

The month of August was expected to bring over the American heir to take possession of the Ascog estates, and from him it was imagined some farther advantages would

accrue to the Poet and his sisters. Should he arrive in London, Campbell was prepared to bid him welcome, and "to advocate the cause of certain poor but worthy cousins in the North;" and if he landed at Leith or the Broomielaw, he had friends on the outlook who were both able and willing to plead the same interests. His cousin, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Edinburgh, was also enlisted in the cause; "but *his* letter," says the Poet, "which was not only civil but affectionate, I gave to Matilda to lay by; and she, by some accidental neglect, began to use it for curling her hair."—"In this world what a host of trifling things are we not tasked with writing and thinking about as a refuge from those which are too apt to be ever present to our thoughts? I am doing nothing but looking through the British Museum for correct editions of every Poet we print from. No one could count on all the drawbacks; but if I get on at the rate of three sheets a week, I shall think myself clever. Talking of books, I have seen and been exceedingly delighted with your cousin R. M.'s Plain Sermons, and did not lay down the volume until I had finished it. That on the Club of Women is a masterpiece, and in my opinion superior to Massillon. I have now betaken myself to making a great book of scraps and patches for amusement, so that if you have anything, written or printed only on one side, to contribute, pray let me ask you for it." . . . "This day, August 28th, has been shockingly hot; and my garret study is like the inside of a strongly-seasoned pye!* I am, moreover, afflicted with rheumatism. 'The evils that afflict the just, in number many be.' But the twilight is shading into darkness; so with the last light of day, and the best wishes of my heart, I say adieu. T. C."

* For the description of his house and study at Sydenham, see Vol. II. page 25.

Writing to Mr. Richardson, he refers to a genuine Irish-bull story, intended for the use of his friend Miss Edgeworth :—

September 6.

"I lately met with Sneyd Edgeworth, and happened to tell him a story of a letter to a dead woman (I think your quondam landlady), which came from the land of Bulls. Sneyd wrote home the anecdote to his sister, and Miss Edgeworth has sent to me to get, if possible, a copy of the Irish letter, in order to insert it in a new edition of 'The Bulls!'—I shall be much obliged to you to write to me (if you cannot get hold of the original itself) as much of it as you recollect. A copy of the *real* original letter would be invaluable. At all events, I am anxious, and particularly request that you would acknowledge to me, in writing, the fact of such a letter having reached the dead woman in Westminster. I assured Sneyd Edgeworth so seriously (which in truth I could do) that the story was genuine, that I feel bound, in respect to my own character, to acquit myself of the possible suspicion of telling a white lie! I trust, therefore, the ludicrous epistle* was too good to have slipt entirely from your memory. T. C."

* It is addressed, "Hunter No. 5, Floog street, London."

"*June* 3, 1810.

"Madam, I have received a letter from London Dated the 5th of May spakeing of your Death and Desireing me to go to London to adminester to the property as the andwrighting do not agred I take to give you this notice to wright to me to undecave, or er this I will be on the London Road the wrighter deceris me to Derect to James Web at Mr. Daniels No. 54, Lecestoer Squair pray wright by Return of post while I am getting Redy for the Jurney we are all well in our Hulhs and believe me your Senceir Cousin John M'Luir."—*Copy of the letter given me by Mr. Richardson.*—T. C.

As the winter approached, Campbell had a new character to support—that of patronising dramatic talent; and the object of his friendly solicitude was every way deserving of encouragement. The lady was Mrs. Allsop, of whose vocal powers he had already expressed his admiration. In concert with his Sydenham friends, by whom she was much respected and pitied, his efforts to awaken public interest in her favour were at length successful: an engagement was obtained for her at Covent Garden; and here follows an interesting account of the first rehearsal:—

SYDENHAM, *October* 12, 1815.

I went yesterday to the Theatre with Mrs. Allsop, and we had a rehearsal, at which I wish you had been present—although, unless you had sat in one of the side-boxes, I believe it would not have been right for you to have gone. Mrs. W., however, being a privileged matron, went with us, and we were all behind the scenes together. I trod the boards, for mine own part, like a veteran actor, and at times felt almost inspired with the ambition of being a tragedy-king. As the sum and substance of Mrs. A.'s appearance at the rehearsal, it strikes me that she has the *nature* of a good actress, but is yet—as might be well expected—quite unacquainted with the business of the stage; and, I am afraid, is not sufficiently sagacious to see the importance of drilling herself, so as to learn the profession. Only conceive her not having her part by heart! One half she read, and had the other so imperfectly, as evidently not to have learnt it with common application. Her part was Rosalind, in "As You Like It."—But let me calm your fears in the first place, as to the indelicacy of her being obliged to disguise in man's attire. The dress will be a surtout and boots, which will be really as modest in appearance as an ordinary well-dressed woman—and

infinitely more decent than a fashionably undressed one.—She was very nervous.—So behold me in my new great coat, with the little *Rosalind* leaning on my arm, and advancing with timid steps to her *dêbût*. The stick of a prompter supplied Charles Kemble's place, who, I believe, was absent from indisposition. But Rosalind made love to him very sweetly—and the tones of her voice are certainly musical, and very like Mrs. Jordan's. Young, the actor, who is Jacquez, watched her attentively, and said to me, "That is a beautiful, melodious tune,"—meaning her voice in recitation, for she did not sing; I know not why. Young said once or twice, "It is the best *first* rehearsal I ever heard. She reminds me of her mother, Mrs. Jordan, who gave me a pleasure in the drama, that no actor or actress ever produced."—Young was indeed very kind and very cheering. He seems a remarkably gentlemanlike and good being. You would have been grateful to him, I am sure, for the kind way in which he cheered Mrs. Allsop; and, what is of still more consequence, for the handsome offer, which he very diffidently volunteered, of giving her some useful directions about the *business* of the stage. As he lives with his mother, and his character is very good, I hope she will profit by his acquaintance. The style of his remarks, and the quotation of Mrs. Jordan's manner of playing particular passages, were in a style that struck me forcibly with a conviction of his taste. I consider his acquaintance, and—if it can be got—his theatrical tuition of our friend, as inestimable advantages. Her acting, he told me, was a pretty *sketch*, but was deficient in strength of colouring and expression. These I know she can reach; but the little witless soul, I am afraid, is not aware of the labour of study and preparation that is necessary to set off natural powers to advantage—and, above all, necessary to *her*, on account of her *un*beautiful, though not uninteresting

appearance. She wanted her part evidently—not from fear half so much as from want of study. Though fearful, she has not the stiff, embarrassed air of a raw practitioner. In short, she will certainly do, if she takes the trouble to learn how it may be done. One specimen of her mother's acting which Mr. Young gave, was a sad contrast to the want of expression in hers—it was in the 'adieu' which she bids to Orlando. Mrs. Jordan, he said, kissed and waved her hand, and then at Orlando's departure said: "O coz, coz! how many fifty fathom deep I am in love!" with a sweetness of agony which I cannot pretend to imitate to you on paper. The acting-manager, Fawcet, was very much like a drill-serjeant, and spoke so downright about Rosalind's defects, and what she *must* do, that Mrs. W. immediately suggested the wise idea of his being in a conspiracy against her! I told her that Fawcet's truths were plain, and must be digested. The stage presented a woeful set of figures in rehearsal by daylight. There was a man who played the love-sick shepherd enough to make one sick of love. * * * *

I know not what to tell you that has happened to myself, in return for your interesting account of your travels, and the scenery you have seen; for I am like a clock that is standing still—like a dial in the shade—like Sir Eustace Grey, to whom time was one eternal *now*—like Lord Byron, to whom all things are nothing *—or like a smoke-jack, when there is no fire and no *roast*. I understand your descriptions of scenery rather better than I ever understood any portraiture of that kind—but, as you observe, it is not in words to do anything like justice to the prospects of Nature. And now I look back with self-reproach at the remembrance of many sketches of this kind, which I have often sent to you and others. I

* See "The Dream."—*Works*, page 474.

thought, "poor goose," I was showing it off like a camera obscura—at the time; and the picture existed only in the *camera obscura* of my own skull! Nevertheless, travelling is very delightful to the traveller—and the effect of scenery upon our minds is felt, and communicated to others, though not in direct pictures of what we see. The pleasure which it inspires is like the expression of a tune without its words. T. C.

With amusing gravity he now turns from acts of private friendship to speculations on a grand scale; and, in a letter to the same lady, divulges a new scheme for paying off the National Debt.

SYDENHAM, *Half-past Twelve o'Clock, Nov.* 3, 1815.

Your account of the two great productions of nature—the Nuns and the Breakwater—amused me not a little. I piously wish that the heads of all the rogues and zealots who ever conspired against the rights of woman, and the interests of humanity, in promoting nunneries, could have been gathered together and thrown into one mass to make a breakwater! I feel deeply for the amiable people, whose resignation in affliction forms so much more an agreeable feature in Christianity, than the superstitious austerities of Catholicism.

I have been confined these five days by an influenza, which "I and the Princesses Royal, and some other persons of distinction, have all had severely!" In that time my eyes were so dimmed by the cold, that I could not see to read; so I was hard driven, as you may imagine, for means to amuse myself. Thomas's Latin lessons beguiled some part of the day. I then set him to read English to me; but I saw that he, like most of his age, did not think reading aloud a natural amusement;

and, remembering how often I had been myself misused by being obliged to read aloud for the amusement of others, I let him off in compassion, and set myself to building castles for devising means of paying the National Debt. One of my resources was to make salt-water recesses in the Highlands, by shutting up the mouths of the Sea Lochs, so as to lock them in, as by the locks of canals.—You may laugh; but this mode of shutting out and in the sea *is* practicable—to admit the shoals of herrings, and when the Lochs are full to fish them at leisure. If Loch Fyne were thus locked up, it would contain, in the space of one hundred miles, counting it ten broad and ten long, three hundred and six thousand millions of herrings. I have sailed over it for miles, when it was all like one fish to the depth of many fathoms;* and certainly contained a herring at least—if not half-a-dozen—to the cubic foot. I have allowed the average depth to be a hundred yards for a space of ten miles by ten. Now, three hundred and six thousand millions of herrings would make fifteen millions of barrels, which, at a pound a-piece, would be fifteen millions a year. The expence of curing, barrelling, and agency might amount to five millions. That of making break-waters and barriers to inclose the mouth of the Loch, would be one hundred millions, of which the interest would be five millions per year, and the profits five millions clear for defraying the National Debt!

Lady Charlotte Bury is expected immediately at Sydenham. Her return will, no doubt, make a change for the better in our society; but yet it makes me very sorry to

* See account of his residence at Downie, Loch Fyne, vol. 1, page 180-2. The reader will remark that, in fishing on so grand a scale, every herring is to be hooked or netted; the calculator never imagines that a few of the shoal, at least, might possibly escape.—The calculation in the *MS.* is indistinct.

see her change the genial air of the south at this bleak period, and plunge into the temperature of the world's end.

My cousin the heir, now Campbell-Stewart,* of Milton, has arrived from America, and been at Edinburgh. My cousin the clergyman writes to me, that he is very interesting and conciliating in appearance. . . The good priest waited upon him, and mentioned my sisters to him; he gave an apology for not being able to add to the income I allow them, which was minute and detailed, and very *sátisfactory*. . . . He is ill and consumptive, and going to Italy for his recovery, if not for his grave. He has only a daughter, and a brother who has only a daughter. He wrote me a very long and kind letter, and has allowed my married brother the house of Ascog, a very fine one in Bute, for his residence. T. C.

Resuming his efforts in behalf of Mrs. Allsop, whose first appearance on the London boards had now strengthened her claims to public favour, he writes to conciliate the patronage of Lord Holland.

* This Frederick Campbell-Stewart was grandson of the Poet's Uncle, and brother of the Attorney-General for Virginia, mentioned in the introductory chapter. His late arrival in Scotland is thus accounted for: "All the descendants of our uncle, that I have known, have a mortal aversion to travelling by water. Archibald, his eldest son, declared to me that he would rather forfeit his right to the estates than cross the Atlantic; and I have reason to believe that his children inherit some of their parents' constitutional *hydrophobia*. . . I presume it is indispensable that Frederick, the heir, in order to be qualified for the succession, should go to Britain and take the oath of allegiance; and rather than do this, I think it extremely probable that a proposal will be made, upon conditions sufficiently liberal, to suffer the succession to pass to our family—provided an arrangement to this effect is practicable."—*Letter from the Poet's eldest Brother, dated Richmond, Virginia, U. S.*

SYDENHAM, *November 18th*, 1815.

MY LORD,

I had the pleasure of observing your lordship among the encouragers of Mrs. Allsop at her *débût* in Covent Garden. I am interested very much in her success. Mrs. Campbell and myself have long known her as a neighbour, and most respectable private character, in Sydenham; and I was the first to exhort her to try the stage. Harris has offered her terms at Covent Garden, but, in the opinion of all her friends, quite inadequate to the expectations she had a right to form from the public reception. Will your lordship excuse me for asking your opinion, how far you think the proprietors of Drury Lane are likely to be interested in her favour? and if the matter of her being engaged should rest with the proprietors, how far I might rely on your lordship's good opinion of my friend coinciding with my own? I should be extremely obliged to your lordship for the slightest communication on this subject, addressed to me at the post-office, Oxford, where I shall be next week. I have the honour to be, &c.,

T. CAMPBELL.

To this letter he received a very prompt and obliging answer. Lord Holland thought Mrs. Allsop was a great acquisition to the stage; but he had no interest in the management of Drury Lane,—where the line of characters which would best suit Mrs. A. were filled by Miss Kelly,—and thought the managers there would be less anxious to engage her, than her merits might lead her friends to expect.

Campbell then wrote to Lord Byron as follows:—

SYDENHAM, *November 26th*, 1815.

A boon—a boon—my dear Lord Byron; will you grant me the greatest of all kindnesses, by your well-known regard for unprotected talent? Mrs. Allsop, the daughter of Mrs. Jordan, who lived long in Sydenham, well known to Mrs. Campbell and myself as a most respectable and amiable character, has tried the stage chiefly by the advice of her Sydenham friends. She was unfortunately prevented applying to Drury Lane, or was rather rejected on applying, by the discouragement of Mr. Arnold, the then manager. Unfortunately, though it was a fine *début*, she came out at Covent Garden, where, in spite of the crowded houses, she has been treated with rigour..... On this subject the papers have teemed with lies. I can assure your lordship that she has been refused a fair negotiation.

Whatever your lordship may have heard of her theatrical talents, I can only assure you that my own humble opinion of them is such, that if I felt the impulse and abilities to write a good play, and particularly if it contained one character of a gay cast, I should think Mrs. Allsop's acting the most favourable circumstance that could befal the piece. I feel the deepest confidence, as far as my own opinion can give me confidence, that the public has not seen a fiftieth part of the signs of her theatrical genius. By the way, it may not be uninteresting to your lordship to know that her countenance very much reminds one of our friend, the inimitable Anacreon Moore. Comedy will certainly be her forte, of a finer kind, however, than her mother's; and of her singing the public has yet heard nothing, compared to the power and expression of her voice, where she is not under the influence of fear. I do not, my lord, ask or expect you to believe all this, either

on my word, or on what may be said even by those who have been pleased with her *début*, but I conjure and implore your lordship to take such an interest in getting her on the boards of Drury, as may enable your lordship to judge of her in person. I give you my word, I am zealous for her not half so much because she is Mrs. Campbell's friend and my own, as because I feel an irresistible conviction that her *naïve* and Jordan-genius, and the charm of her singing, which Sir Thomas Lawrence pronounced the most exquisite he ever heard (and Sir Thomas Campbell —if your friend the Regent should ever knight him—will depose to the same truth), will one day, if she is not cast away like a neglected pearl, be the delight of the public. I should be ashamed to ask Lord Byron to take an interest in anything that was not sterling, or to countenance any one that had not a claim to encouragement. But great as my opinion is of your lordship's talents, and public importance, such is my idea of this daughter of Mrs. Jordan's, that I really consider myself as recommending a *protégée* worthy of your splendid reputation and noble heart. Forgive me if I am tediously importunate. I should have done myself the honour of waiting on you and Lady Byron, if I had not been confined by a long and obstinate cold. With best respects to her ladyship,

I remain, my dear lord, your obliged and sincere

THOS. CAMPBELL.

So much zealous and warm-hearted advocacy was not thrown away; it secured the co-operation of those to whom his letters were addressed. The result to Mrs. Allsop was a profitable engagement; and to Campbell the pleasing recollection of having served the cause of real but unobtrusive merit.

The immediate effect of his own improved circumstances

was an expanding benevolence towards every human being in difficulty or distress. Active himself, in charity and good works, he had a few cordial friends on whose cheerful co-operation he could always depend; and, on behalf of a miserable outcast, who was now suffering the penalty of his offences, Campbell makes the following appeal:—

TO MRS. FLETCHER, EDINBURGH.

15, Duke Street, Adelphi, *Dec.* 24, 1815.

I have been casting about in my mind to whom I should apply for executing a small commission of humanity, and am almost ashamed of my hesitation, my dear Mrs. Fletcher, when I think upon your name. This commission relates to an outcast of pity—a poor man who wrote to me, some years ago, from the hulks at Woolwich, and who has lately sent me the inclosed communication from Botany Bay. His letters, I remember, struck me with a melancholy and almost horrible interest; for though he certainly had merited punishment, he seemed to writhe under it with such anguish, and his letters had such a piercing tone of despair, that I could not forbear applying to the Secretary of State's office, though I did not succeed, to get his punishment commuted from transportation for life to a limited term. By the way, he does me injustice, when he says in the inclosed that I did not answer his last letter; for I well remember having sent him a long and exhortatory answer. I heard with great joy of late from an officer of the Botany corps, who had known him, that he was a sober and decent character. The officer added that he had known him well. Now, although this Stewart was known in Edinburgh, I fear under too many disadvantages, and the Edinburgh people,

with whom I have spoken of him, speak harshly of him—yet it appears from this letter, and from authority which I trust still more, that he is an amended man. His letter, I think, is well written; his journal I mean to encourage him to send—it will be valuable if he complies with what I have conjured him to do, viz., to give the bare and rigid facts, and to allow not a particle of fiction or imagination to mix with his narrative. But, what is of more importance than his narrative—he is to all appearance, as I said, an amended man. Surely, when amendment is begun, the object of punishment is attained, and punishment should cease; and what a scourge of existence will be the terrible and dead letter of the law, if we let it fall unmitigated by attention to circumstances that commend its victims to consideration and compassion? Poor man! he writes to me in February last, and his letter reached me only a few days ago. A fellow-being at the other side of the globe calls for our compassion, and his cry takes nine months to reach us!

My object in troubling you is to get an exact report of his sentence, and to answer the question—which it does no discredit to the convict to have put—if his aged father be alive? Perhaps, if you have any old newspapers lying about,—it is a charity worth suggesting to your humane mind, to assist in forming the packet which he seems to expect from me, and in which I feel somewhat more difficulty, with regard to newspapers, than I imagined. However, I ought not to trouble you about this. I beg you to remember that it is only conditionally thrown out, provided you happen to have such lumber in your house.

Before now I ought to have been in Edinburgh, renewing my intercourse among my old and dear friends, which

was lately to me like a renovation of my existence. I lament sometimes, when I am in bad spirits, the too much appearance which this broken promise may have of levity, or inconsistency; but be assured that never was prospect more defined and certain, than mine was of having my time at my own disposal this winter for Edinburgh; and never was an intention more cruelly frustrated. It would be tedious, and would oblige me to crowd too many circumstances together, if I were to tell you all the outs and ins of the disappointment. The main cause was shortly this:—The publication of my intended "Specimens" required an aid, which I had long been promised, viz., the loan of a collection of books from the only man who could lend them —Richard Heber, and he disappointed me. I believe now, at the expiration of three years, and after a hundred delays, he will at last, thus late, give me the volumes; but he has kept me in suspense (had I not learnt a little philosophy, it would have been despairing vexation) respecting my publication, which could not come out without his aid. . . No one is admitted to his library; but he will at last, I believe, send me the books, and let my work appear.

Mr. Heber, you probably know, is the fiercest and strongest of all the bibliomaniacs; and has more than twenty thousand works which are *famous* for being *scarcely known*. Strange to say, though he has been to me "more treacherous than Ney to Louis XVIII.," he is really a good-hearted fellow; and is—excepting practical penitence—quite as much hurt, surprised, and indignant at his own conduct, as I am myself.

But to pass to a pleasanter subject—from convicts and traitors—I trust that this will find all your domestic circle happy and well, and Mr. Fletcher's health much better than when I was under your roof. May I beg my kindest,

sincere compliments and remembrance to your son and daughters; and to our common friend Dr. Brown? Writing under the awful precincts of a *frank*, I fear I have scribbled too closely for legibility; but, as the sailors say—you will excuse bad writing. God bless you and yours. Believe me, with best regards to Mr. Fletcher, your respectful and affectionate T. CAMPBELL.

As the reader may feel desirous to know something farther of a man whose case had excited so much interest and sympathy in the mind of Campbell, I annex the following note.*

The only stanzas of this year's production are those "To

* In the end of 1808, a young man, named Andrew Stewart, who had figured for some years before as a poetical contributor to "The Scots Magazine," and inserted there, among other things, a set of Stanzas in honour of "The Last Minstrel," was tried and capitally convicted on a charge of burglary. He addressed, some weeks after his sentence had been pronounced, two letters to Sir Walter Scott, who took so feeling an interest in his unhappy case, that an appeal was made to the Royal Mercy, and sentence of death commuted to that of transportation for life. His letters addressed to Campbell, while suffering the penalty of his offence, have not been found; but, from the active exertions made for a remission of his punishment, as will be seen hereafter, he was liberated.

From his letters to Sir Walter Scott, written while under sentence of death, I borrow the following passage:—"My age is only twenty-three, and to all appearance will be cut off in my prime. I was tried for breaking into the workshop of Peter More, calico glazer, Edinburgh, and received the dreadful sentence to be executed on the 22nd of February next. We have no friends to apply for Royal Mercy. If I had any friend to mention my case to my Lord Justice Clerk, perhaps I might get my sentence mitigated. You will see my poems are of the humourous cast. Alas! it is now the contrary. I have to mention, as a dying man, that it was not the greed of money that made me commit the crime, but the extreme pressure of poverty and want."

"Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Andrew Stewart; printed for the benefit of the Author's Father, and sold by Manners and Miller, and A. Constable and Co.," appeared soon after the convict's departure for Botany Bay. *See Life of Sir Walter Scott*, Vol. II., pp. 239—241.

the Memory of Burns;" with the following "Troubadour-Song," written for the Eighteenth of June :—

THE BATTLE-MORN.

"I have buckled the sword to my side,
I have woke at the sound of the drum;
For the banners of France are descried,
And the day of the battle is come!
Thick as dew-drops bespangling the grass,
Shine our arms o'er the field of renown;
And the sun looks on thousands, alas!
That will never behold him go down.

"Oh, my saint! Oh, my mistress! this morn
On thy name how I rest like a charm!
Every dastard sensation to scorn
In the moment of death and alarm!
For what are those foemen to fear,
Or the death-shot descending to crush,
Like the thought that the cheek of my dear,
For a stain on my honour should blush?

"Fallen chiefs, when the battle is o'er,
Shall to glory their ashes intrust,
While the heart that loves thee to its core,
May be namelessly laid in the dust!
Yet, content to the combat I go,
Let my love in thy memory rest;
Nor my name shall be lost—for I know
That it lives in the shrine of thy breast!"—T. C.

CHAPTER XI.

LECTURES AND SPECIMENS.

AFTER much anxious labour, and some unavoidable delays, it was at length decided that the "Specimens" should be brought out in April; and to that event Campbell looked forward as the day of his "emancipation!" This, however, was retarded by unforeseen occurrences; but, having completed the Essay, the most arduous portion of the work, he found leisure to deliberate and to write upon other subjects, to which his attention had been strongly directed. At the new year he was honoured with a visit from Mrs. Siddons, to whom he had the pleasure of presenting an American friend. The visit was accepted as a happy omen, and his correspondence is thus pleasantly resumed.

"SYDENHAM, *January* 14, 1816.

"Your old friend, the pensioner, my dearest Alison, comes again his quarterly round to you. As the compliments of the season are passing thick, and the tradesmen exceedingly polite in swarming about me with their good wishes, I shall be obliged to you to present also, in due season, my compliments and best wishes to the Exchequer of Scotland! More pleasing visitants than tradesmen, however, have done me the honour of calling upon me—independently of a most interesting day which Mrs. Siddons came down and spent with us—a day in

which we looked often, and with much conversation, at your likeness * by Heming in my parlour. . . And now I cannot help boasting, also, of my hospitality to a *robin*, who slept last night in a geranium close to my writing-table. He passed the night in my study, and in the morning I found him perched over my *folios*, on which he had bestowed some relics of his presence, as if in contempt of human learning. This morning he pecked the butter instead of the bread. Another bird, I suppose his mate, came to the window, fluttered and chirrupped; we opened it, and my guest flew off and joined his partner. . . T. C."

In the following letter to his sister may be traced the *first* indications of a malady, which, although it excited no serious apprehensions at the time—nor until some years afterwards—was nevertheless slowly gaining ground, till at last it clouded every cheering prospect, as regarded his only surviving child. But of this hereafter.

SYDENHAM, *January* 16, 1816.

Since I heard from you last, my dear Mary, the only change that has taken place in our affairs is, that Thomas has been sent to school and has come back. I found a very good school, and I believe, seriously, that his health would have continued very well upon the whole; but as no institutions are perfect, we heard a great many complaints from the boy, of such hardships as boys are generally obliged to suffer. He pined so much, and his mother at every visit to him was so very wretched, and found such dreadful faults with the school, that I would not again undergo the worry of such a scene for any consideration in this world. His mother's fears about his

* The *medallion*, already noticed in this volume.

health laid involuntarily hold of me, though I argued against them. She boded his death so often, that the anticipation became infectious.—I have been, therefore, obliged to set my face once more to the duty of teaching him. This is no sinecure; and though I do not rest yet very well, I force myself up at six every morning, and set about his Greek and Latin by seven.* I give him three good hours every day at Greek, Latin, and writing English, and have other masters come through the day. My own time is occupied also quite sufficiently. My printing goes on; and if the printer does his duty, I shall be out in April. I saw the Traverses† lately, who inquired very kindly after you. They are among the few acquaintances whom I shall study to retain, for I believe them to be well-principled and good-hearted people. Your Sydenham friends are very well, and often desire to be remembered to you. * * * has at last been successful in getting her *protégée*, Mrs. Allsop, on the stage, who gets twelve guineas a week. She has made a most noble exertion in getting her out of all her difficulties, and once more before the public. . . . .

T. C.

Of a short but delightful visit to Hampstead, where some of his earliest and dearest friends were now residing, a very interesting record is preserved in the following letter. The Misses Hill, as the reader has seen, were part of the Edinburgh "flower-knot," so often mentioned in

* In another letter, his opinion of the system is thus strongly expressed:—"I am employed some hours a day hammering Greek and Latin into my boy's head. *I know it is all nonsense;* but I cannot act up to my theory, which would be, *boldly to leave Greek and Latin, and instruct him in other things.* Except figures, however, he learns nothing else." *April* 6.

† Old and steady friends, as well as relations of the Poet, whom Mr. T., the head of the City firm, survived but a few weeks.

the Poet's early letters, and nearly related, by marriage, to Mr. Richardson, who had a private residence near the Heath. The intellectual resources, thus brought within a small compass, were neither few nor inferior; and when it is remembered that this circle was often brightened by the conversation of Mrs. Joanna Baillie and her sister, the charm is complete. The letter, though rather long, possesses a romance-like interest in its traits, that seem to recal the stirring times of the Covenanters, with those of a later and darker period—the reign of Terror!

SYDENHAM, *March* 4, 1816.

I was on Friday and Saturday at Hampstead, with my good friends the Hills, and found them better than usual in their health, and in high spirits, on one account—namely, at the prospect of seeing a favourite brother, who has been many years in India, and now proposes to come home and live with them. He writes to them to desire that they will consider how precious they are to him—that he has no happiness to look to, in coming home, but only the pleasure of spending the rest of his life in their society; and says, if their health require it, they must go to the South of Europe, for some months, and recruit themselves. For this purpose he sent home money this winter to defray their journey to Italy, where he had imagined they would go. They have not however gone, nor mean to go. This good brother, also, sent home a sum of money to an old uncle, a most eccentric character, who is too independent to accept of assistance from any one, and who, anticipating the Indian brother's intention, gave the money to the Miss Hills. They, again, divided it into presents for their little nieces and family, independent of the six orphans, whom these good women maintain from their own little income of some five or six hundred a year.

These are fine traits of human nature. I found my excellent friends, as usual, teaching their family of nieces, with whom they rise every morning at seven, and continue all day their schoolmistresses. Their joy to see me was as kind as ever. I spent a most delightful day and a half with them, as I found their affectionate hearts depressed by only one anxiety. It was on having received a letter from a venerable clergyman of France, Rabaut—the brother of the Historian of France. Rabaut de St. Etienne, who is seventy years of age, is driven into exile, and deprived of his living, by the unhappy bigotry that reigns at present against the Protestants in France. When the Miss Hills were abroad, at the short peace of Amiens, they met, in the South of France, this clergyman Rabaut, who seems, by his letters, to have formed a heart-felt friendship for them; a proof of it was his writing, with his wife, a letter to them on receiving his order of banishment, though he had only two days allowed to arrange his affairs for departure. He tells shortly, and with a saint-like calmness, the story of his calamity. In the Convention, he was one of the friends of Louis XVI., who held secret interviews with Louis's Counsellor, respecting the line of conduct to be pursued by them, that might have the best chance of saving the monarch. Louis knew the fury of the mountain faction, and wished, as the best chance of safety, to fly from their atrocity, by an appeal to the people. By an understanding with his Counsellor Deseze, it was therefore agreed that Rabaut and the other moderator should vote for the appeal to the people. The Robespierrians, with their usual inconsistency, first declared that the votes for this appeal were really votes for his being guilty, which was false, and then sent those who had so voted to the guillotine, for having tried to save Louis, which was true. Rabaut and his brother, Rabaut de St. Etienne, the elegant historian,

were long proscribed and pursued by the blood-hounds. A lady in Paris, with intrepid humanity, conveyed intelligence to them, that if they would come to her house, she had a secret concealment made for plate, which should be their asylum; and assured them that it was known only to one man, the workman who had made it. They came and lived long in that closet, and in an adjoining room which was kept secret for them. There Rabaut de St. Etienne composed some of his finest writings. One day the poor workman was taken up, and threatened with death to himself and his whole family, if he did not reveal any concealment that he had ever made for the purpose of secreting plate. The poor man was terrified into acknowledgment of the only one he knew, namely, at the house of this lady. He came to her with the domiciliary visitants of Government, and said, "I know that you would rather give up all your plate than suffer me and mine to be put to death." He thought that she had only plate secreted. "What hast thou done!" said the lady. "The two Rabauts are hid there!"—The man looked round; there was no time to warn the victims. The officers of police were behind him. The poor workman fell down in a faint, and was long before he could be recovered. Rabaut de St. Etienne was taken out, and immediately executed* for having tried to save the Tyrant Louis. His brother was shut up in a high room of a prison, that had a view of only a small portion of the Seine. His poor wife, who now writes to my friends, used to tell them, that during her husband's confinement, expecting every day his execution, she had no communication with him, but by going at a particular hour of the day to the river, and there showing him, at a

* And what adds to the tragical interest of the story is, that his wife, resolved not to outlive her husband, perished, like another Portia, by her own hand.

great distance, herself and their infant child, from a boat which she hired to stop in view of the prison. The day before Rabaut was to have been guillotined, the death of Robespierre and his fellow miscreants opened the prison doors to him.

At the restoration of the Bourbons, Rabaut preached a loyal and eloquent sermon on the occasion. He has since been well affected to them; but this bigot, the Duc d'Angoulême, has inflamed the passions of all Catholic France; and it is literally true that the Protestants are persecuted with impunity. This infamous and impolitic principle—if it deserves the name of principle—this raking up the whole memory of the Revolution—has included the venerable Rabaut, at seventy years of age, among the exiled—for what? For a vote which was expressly punished by the Jacobins as the crime of Religion—a vote which, it is on historical record, the unfortunate Louis considered himself as the best for his cause, which his friends on the Convention could give. I really was displeased at one time with my friends the Whigs for premature suspicion of the Bourbons, and for judging of them severely, without allowance for the trying circumstances in which they were placed. But I lament to find, from such proofs as this, and the tremendous facts adduced by Sir Samuel Romilly, that whatever Louis XVIII. may be, the rest are bigots and fools. Rabaut's father and grandfather had been Protestant clergymen; and this old gentleman used to show the Miss Hills a spot near his house, inclosed by precipices, and having only access by a difficult pathway, where his grandfather's congregation used to meet, when it was a crime for them to be found assembled in their heretical worship. Sentinels were placed to watch the approach of gens d'armes; the women had horses saddled to escape at a moment's warning; the

pulpit was a high niche among the crags. There they used to assemble in tempestuous nights, when the men of blood were couched within their dens. The Miss Hills told these anecdotes to poor James Grahame, and it was from them that he made up his description on the Sabbath of the Scottish Preachings, in times of persecution. Pray look at the passage :—

> "Then dauntlessly,
> The scattered few would meet in some deep dell,
> By rocks o'ercanopied, to hear the voice—
> Their faithful pastor's voice: he, by the gleam
> Of sheeted lightning, oped the sacred book,
> And words of comfort spoke," &c.* T. C.

Of the cordial friendship which subsisted between Sir Walter Scott and Campbell, several instances have been already noticed, and many more might be added; but nothing could place the fact in a more amiable light than the following letter, in which Scott divulges a plan for improving the means, and recovering the personal society, of his friend.

ABBOTSFORD, NEAR MELROSE, *April* 12, 1816.

MY DEAR TOM,

You will argue, from seeing my unhallowed hand, that I have something to say in the way of business; for I think both you and I have something else to do than to plague ourselves (I always mean the *writer*—for the

* Campbell was fond of repeating these lines in after life: and in a work, edited by him in 1837, quotes them at full length, as applying to the Waldensian pastors in times of persecution. These conversations with the pastor, RABAUT, were not reported to the Author of "The Sabbath," it is believed, until *after* the poem was published; but in the history of Covenanting times, as every reader is aware, such incidents were as frequent in Scotland, as among the Protestants of Dauphinée.

receiver will, I trust, be no ways discontented in either case) with writing letters on mere literature. But I have heard, and with great glee, that it is likely that you may be in Edinburgh next winter, and with a view of lecturing, which cannot fail to answer well. But this has put a further plan in my head, which I mentioned to no one until I should see whether it will meet your own wishes and ideas; and it is a very selfish plan on my part, since it would lead to settling you in Edinburgh for life. My idea is this. There are two classes in our University, either of which, filled by you, would be at least 400*l.* or 500*l.*, yearly; but which, possessed by the present incumbents, are wretched sinecures, in which there are no lectures—or if any lectures, no students—I mean the classes of Rhetoric and History. The gentleman who teaches the first is a minister of Edinburgh, and might be ashamed to accept of a coadjutor. But I think that the History class, being held by a gentleman who has retired for some years into the north country, and does not even pretend to lecture, (a mere stipend, often of a petty salary of 100*l.*, being annexed to the office,) he would, for shame's sake, be glad to accept a colleague. And, were I certain you would be willing to hold a situation so respectable in itself, and which your talents and deserved reputation would render a source of very great emolument, I think I could put the matter in such a light to the patrons of the University, as would induce them to call on the present incumbent, either to accept you as his colleague, or come to discharge his duty in person, which he would not do for the salary. The alternative would be, that he should accept the salary which he draws at present (in which respect he would be neither better nor worse), relinquishing to you all the advantage of the class besides, which I assure you would be a very handsome thing. I have mentioned this to no

one, and I request you will not mention it to any one (I mean in Scotland), until your own mind is made up about it. My reason is, first, that there would be some delicacy in setting the matter in motion; and besides that, the said incumbent is a gentleman whom I wish well to in many respects; and, though I censure, I do not derogate from my regard, in desiring the class he holds in my Alma Mater should be filled by such a colleague as you. Yet the story, in passing through two mouths, might be represented as a plan on *my* part, to oust an old friend, of whom I may certainly say, like the dog in the child's tale, "The kid never did me nae ill." If this should answer your views, write instantly, that is, in the course of a week or two. If not, wipe it out like the work of the learned Lipsius, composed the first hour he was born, and say no more about it. Our magistrates, who are patrons of the University, are at present rather well disposed towards literature; (witness their giving me my freedom, with a huge silver tankard that would have done honour to Justice Shallow,) and the Provost is really a great man, and a man of taste and reading; so I have strong hope our point, so advantageous to the University, may be carried. If not, the failure is *mine*, not yours. You will understand me to be sufficiently selfish in this matter, since few things could give me more pleasure than to secure your good company through what part of life's journey may remain to me. In saying, speak to *nobody*, I do not include our valuable friend John Richardson, or any other sober or well-judging friend of yours. Only it would be painful to me if our proposal should get abroad, being an imaginary notion of my own, unless you really thought it would suit you. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Campbell, and am ever, dear Campbell, yours most truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

The result of this communication has not been ascertained. Campbell, however, had now turned his thoughts to lecturing in some of the provincial cities; and the offers were too encouraging to be lost sight of. But it will probably occur to those who knew him, that, had he become identified with the University of Edinburgh, as his illustrious friend proposed, the colour of his fate would have been altered—new energies would have been called forth; and, in the use and application of his fine classical knowledge, some of those bright ideas might have been embodied in poetry, which were seldom afterwards drawn forth but in conversation. But to return to the narrative:—

His American cousin, the new laird of Ascog, had arrived in Sydenham; and, writing to his sister, July 18, Campbell reverts to the progress of her "nephew" under his own special tutorship:—"I believe," he says, "you are right respecting the utility of Thomas's correspondence; at present, as he has begun Greek and French, he is really occupied fully, but I intend soon to drill him a little in correspondence, and by degrees to bring him into epistolary habits. Our relation, Frederick-Campbell-Stewart, of Ascog, has been for some seven weeks in the village, about three-quarters of a mile from us. I think he is a dying man, although his French physician assured him that, by persevering in the use of Iceland moss, and following the regimen he prescribed to him, he should get better. He left France for Mrs. Stewart's accouchement. She was delivered about ten days ago of a fine boy.

"This young man, before leaving America, made an agreement with an uncle, who thought that the present heir, being an alien, could not succeed, by which he gave up a fourth to the uncle, and another fourth to his own brother. Thus he succeeds to only 1500*l.* a-year, and that is burthened with so many expenses of succession,

and debts on the estate, that he says it will be many years before his income is clear. . . He is an amiable man, but our idea of his taking an interest in our family proves a chimera! I have equal doubts of his ability and disposition; for, though he is mild in temper, I cannot but perceive that he is *not* a prodigal. . . .

"I come now, my dear Mary, to a subject which it is painfully delicate for me to express, but which I feel it a duty to myself not to pass in silence. It is my inability at this moment to fulfil the intention I had of remitting you a token of my remembrance, and which I had laid aside for you, in distributing my expenditure for the year. But it is swept away from me; and I am left with only the painful consciousness of a sincere intention. A sum of money advanced by * * on my account, ten years ago, to my mother, has been claimed; the interest ran it up to 92*l.*, but I have come to a compromise to pay 60*l.* You may guess what a slap this is in my finances. . . . I have written three or four occasional poems since winter, some of which you may have probably seen in the papers. I hope in the course of a year to have as many as to form a volume. T. C."

Among the "occasional poems" to which he alludes, is one to a lady,* never published—"On being presented with a Sprig of Alexandrian Laurel:"—

"This classic laurel! at the sight
What teeming thoughts suggested rise!
The patriot's and the poet's right,
The meed of semi-deities!—
Men who to death have tyrants hurled,
Or bards who may have swayed at will
And soothed that little troubled world—
The human heart, with sweeter skill.

* Miss Eleanor Wigram, now Mrs. Unwin Heathcote.

Ah! lady, little it beseems
My brow to wear these sacred leaves!
Yet—like a treasure found in dreams—
Thy gift most pleasantly deceives.
And where is poet on the earth
Whose self-love could the meed withstand,
Even though it far outstripp'd his worth,
Given by so beautiful a hand?" &c.—T. C.

The popularity of Campbell's Lectures had, to a certain amount, anticipated that of his Specimens. The consequence was, that the publication of the latter, which was to have taken place in April, was indefinitely postponed.* The "remarks and selections" with which he had enriched the Lectures, it was alleged, belonged exclusively to the Specimens, and consequently to the publisher, who had agreed to pay handsomely for the work. The result was a momentary hesitation, on the part of Mr. Murray, to risk the publication; and the following very candid letter from Campbell, in answer to his objections, shows the grounds upon which he founded his hopes of success.

SYDENHAM, *July* 17, 1816.

DEAR SIR,

. . . . You may have objections to the plan of publishing my remarks and selections, on which it is not proper for me to enter. But such objections as relate to myself and the work, I think I can remove. My friends strongly represent to me that, so far from the publication of the remarks damping the public curiosity towards the Lectures, the postponing of their appearance is more likely

* *April* 6.—He writes: "It has been announced that Mr. Murray wishes my 'Remarks on English Poetry' to form part of my 'Lectures on Ancient and Modern Poetry,' which he has purchased; and, therefore, the subordinate work [Specimens] will be deferred till the whole *Lectures* appear."—T. C.

to be the damper. They say that my appearance at the Institution is still favourably remembered, but may be far gone from people's memories before the larger work can be got ready. The next query is, Can you have any unwillingness to print the Selections and Remarks from a fear of their not being worth publication? If this were really the case, it would be high time for us both to think more seriously how we embark in a more extensive work of this kind, if (after all the time and pains I have bestowed on it, and after all the encouragement respecting it, which I have received from my most judicious friends) the work on English Literature be of dubious value in the eyes of my publisher. I have myself a very different idea of the value of the Selections, and should expect them, if they were my own, to be a lucrative copyright. It is difficult for me to speak of my own compositions; I can only say that my friends have approved of them, and that, if they are mistaken, it is not fit that I should set my face to three volumes of Lectures on similar subjects. I mention it as a bare possibility (for I feel that my character should debar the *probability*) that my offer to release you, at your option, from the bargain of the Lectures,* may be misunderstood as a wish to unfix a thing settled, and to deprive you of the eventual advantage of them when finished. Once for all, let me convey, that I shall make any deduction from the price of the future Lectures, that can be demanded by reason or liberality, for whatever matter is taken out of the Remarks into the Lectures—if the Remarks are published before the Lectures:—that I only speak of releasing you in order to your convenience; and that I am willing to

* It would appear from this that Mr. Murray had purchased the MS. Lectures; but of the fact, I have no positive evidence in the letters before me.—See *Note*, page 354.

make any arrangement to secure the Lectures being yours, as soon as finished, on terms which shall meet your own approbation. It is not possible for me to be fairer. I should have been most unwilling, indeed, to have suggested any new arrangement, if, upon full and close inspection, the materials of the Lectures did not appear such as my finances will require many years to bring together.* In the mean time, I conceive it to be neither your interest nor mine, that the gleanings of past years should be wasted. I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

T. CAMPBELL.

To this letter, Mr. Murray returned the following answer—couched in such generous and friendly terms, that Campbell returned to the work with renewed energy, and never left it until the three volumes were before the public.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Davison has had some Government work, which has engrossed him too much of late. He now promises to put all his force upon the "Specimens," and to make up for his recent delays. I take this opportunity of assuring you how much I feel obliged by the labour which you are now bestowing upon the "Lives," which have become very interesting, and cannot fail of doing you honour. I will send you Hayley's Cowper, it affords materials for a very long and a peculiarly interesting life—in which you can weave innumerable passages of great beauty, from his letters, and all the touching part of the life written by himself. I assure you, I think, when you have given scope to yourself, that your prose is not to be surpassed.

I expect very very *great* things in your life of Burns. Don't be afraid of room.

In haste, I am, dear Sir,
Most truly yours,

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ. JOHN MURRAY.

* * * *

* John Kemble had placed his whole dramatic library at his disposal—and this, with Mr. Heber's rare collection, had afforded Campbell every possible facility for perfecting the work.

To the following letter from a member of the British Government in Canada, a man of classical taste and refinement, Campbell attached a particular value; not only for the sentiments it expresses towards himself, but for the personal regard he entertained for the writer—while the subject alone recommends it to every reader of "Gertrude."

30, CRAVEN STREET, *July* 23, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,

When I had last the pleasure of seeing you at Sydenham, you very politely consented to honour me by accepting from me an Indian pipe, or calumet of peace, which I had in my possession, and which is precisely the thing meant to be described in a note to the beautiful poem of "Gertrude." I now take the liberty of sending it. It is made of the red stone found on the shores of Lake Huron, and is one of several presented to Colonel M'Douall, the British commandant at Michilimakinac, by the chief warriors of the Sioux, and other western and south-western tribes, on their introduction to him, when they came to assist in defending that fort and island against the threatened attack of the Americans, in the summer of 1814.

You may recollect, that after the loss of our squadron on Lake Erie, under your gallant countryman—the unfortunate and ill-used Captain Barclay—the enemy, uncontrolled on the upper lakes (Erie and Huron), embarked an army for the reduction of Michilimakinac. Colonel M'Douall then commanded it, and he had but a small part of a Fencible Regiment, and a few men of a veteran battalion—barely sufficient to man the works of the fort—but he had bands of native warriors encamped in the island. The enemy, after hovering round with their fleet some days, at last made a descent. The Indians alone met them before they had proceeded to the fort, and, though far inferior in number, completely routed them, and killed their commanding officer. They were forced to re-embark, and we kept Michilimakinac, till, by the terms of the treaty of Ghent, we were compelled to surrender it, *contrary to our faith* repeatedly and solemnly pledged to the poor Indians we had induced to embark in our cause; and by thus giving up the favourite point of rendezvous for their friendly traders, we have abandoned them to the mercy of a people, who acknowledge no ties of honesty or humanity in their treatment of these poor wretches. My brother happened to be at Michilimakinac that summer, and his friend Colonel M'Douall, among other Indian curiosities, gave

him this pipe—one of the finest specimens of the real calumet.* I brought it with me to England, to gratify the curiosity of acquaintances, or to serve as a token of remembrance for a friend. What unexpected things happen to us in our progress through life! such as we not only could never have anticipated, but which are so far out of the line of probabilities, that we can scarcely believe, though we *know* them to be true! Little did I imagine that I should have the pleasure of presenting this calumet to the first poet who has honoured America by making it the scene of a poem! My acquaintance with books is not so extensive but that I may be incorrect here, in speaking of *first* in its common, ordinal signification—in the other sense of the word, I am sure I am right. I feel how insignificant must be tribute of praise of a mere native Canadian, to poems which have met with universal admiration in this land of refined and highly cultivated taste; but I must not be prevented, by false delicacy, from doing justice to my own country, in assuring you that the author of "Gertrude" and of "The Pleasures of Hope" holds *there* the first place in the rank of living poets! It cannot be otherwise; for whatever particular beauties of description and striking delineations of character are to be found in the "Lady of the Lake," or the "Corsair," it is evident, from their peculiar structure, that it requires a peculiar taste to admire them as poems—while "The Pleasures of Hope," on the contrary, must receive unqualified praise so long as the verses of Pope and Goldsmith continue to be read with pleasure. Its poetical beauties must be always relished—undisguised as they are by a versification faulty from carelessness, or absurd from studied affectation.

I also take the liberty of sending with the pipe, what, when you have seen it, you will be better able than myself to call by its proper name. It is a concretion formed of the water precipitated down the falls of Niagara, and was picked up at the foot of the falls, where the water strikes after its descent, and forms a tremendous vortex. It has no beauties to recommend what of itself is worthless—but, in your own words, "'Tis

* He said—and strained unto his heart the boy:
Far differently, the mute Oneyda took
His *Calumet of peace*, and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze, unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched, but never shook:
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods: a man without a tear.

GERTRUDE, P. I., Stanza xxiii.

distance lends enchantment to the view;" and you will regard it with a poet's eye. Happy shall I be if, among the strange events that come round, it be reserved for me to accompany you, on some future, though not far distant day, to this greatest natural curiosity of America, and perhaps of its kind in the world. Be assured, my dear sir, that you would there find that feeling very general, which makes me prize so highly the honour of your acquaintance; and that wherever the female voice adopts the English language to its powers of melody, the author of "Erin go bragh" must be looked on with delight, and will ever be welcomed with rapture. It is a homage we pay to ourselves; and if any vanity can be pardoned, it is surely that which I shall discover when, on my return to Canada, while a brother, a sister, or a friend, in reading the lines on the unhappy fate of Poland, and the oppressions in India, shall lay down the book, as I have often done—too full of admiration at what they have read to carry, for some moments, their attention farther—I can exclaim, during the interesting pause, "I knew Campbell!"

Anxious to fulfil my promise of making you acquainted with Norton,* I could not find him, till I saw him in the Court of Common Pleas, attending as a witness—an unlucky blow to his savage fame—reducing him almost to the degrading level of mere civilised life. I asked him to dine with me on Monday, and hope to be honoured with your and Mr. Adams' company to meet him. J. B. R.

* * * *

The remainder of the year was spent in extending his lectures, in a laborious revision of the "Specimens,"† and contributing short articles to a leading periodical. The fastidious delicacy of Campbell's taste is proverbial; the fear of a misprint would have caused him a sleepless night, and sent him to the printer's early in the morning—were it only to alter a letter, or substitute these for those.

To return to his correspondents. The following letter, from the same friend whom Campbell had introduced to

* The happy result of this introduction was the *explanation* already mentioned in reference to the chieftain "Brandt," and now included in the notes to "Gertrude of Wyoming."

† Of the printed sheets of this work, three volumes have been shewn to me, every page of which bears more or less testimony to the editor's taste and vigilance in the two-fold office of poet and critic.

his "Northern brethren," gives him the following account of his reception :—

"*May* 17, 1817.

"I returned a few days ago from my tour, and must not omit to offer you my acknowledgments for the real pleasure—the very great gratification—I received in consequence of the introduction you favoured me with to Mr. Scott and Mr. Jeffrey. With the latter, I spent a day at his pleasant residence of Craig Crook. Mr. Scott was not in Edinburgh; but when I visited Melrose Abbey, I found myself in the neighbourhood of *him*, who had given such interest to its venerable ruins. He was spending a week or two at his seat at Abbotsford, in the most quiet retirement, upon which his kind hospitality, which he seemed sincerely happy to extend to a friend of Campbell's, encouraged me to intrude for a night, and part of two days. Exquisitely sensible as I am of the treat you had procured for me, I take some credit to myself that I had the grace to resist his invitation to prolong my visit—that I was conscientious enough in the midst of my feast, to consider that the enjoyment was not mutual; and that, in the language of our profession, there was wanting, on my part, the consideration—the *quid pro quo*. Mr. Scott and Mr. Jeffrey particularly desired me to take back to you their most cordial assurances. The weather was astonishingly favourable, and enabled me to accomplish more than I had dared to anticipate. In my next, and probably last visit to Sydenham, I shall have the pleasure of thanking you personally for having afforded me the gratification, on which I set a particular value.

J. B. R."

The early friendship subsisting between Washington Irving and Campbell has been already noticed; and this year it was strengthened by much personal intercourse. Early in the summer, while meditating an excursion across the Tweed, Mr. Irving paid a visit to the Poet at Sydenham, and, at parting, Campbell gave him a letter to the "Great Unknown." His reception at Abbotsford has been long familiar to the public in his printed "Recollections of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey;" but the interest of the following passage will lose nothing by repetition :—

"The conversation," says Mr. Irving, "turned upon Campbell's poem of 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' as illustrative of the poetic materials fur-

nished by American scenery. Scott spoke of it in that liberal style, in which I always found him to speak of the writings of his contemporaries. He cited several passages of it with great delight. 'What a pity it is,' said he, 'that Campbell does not write more and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies; and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. He don't know, or won't trust, his own strength. Even when he has done a thing well, he has often misgivings about it. He left out several fine passages * of Lochiel, but I got him to restore some of them.' Here Scott repeated several passages in a magnificent style. 'What a grand idea is that,' said he, 'about prophetic boding, or, in common parlance, second-sight—

"Coming events cast their shadows before!"

It is a noble thought,† and nobly expressed. And there's that glorious little poem, too, of "Hohenlinden;" after he had written it, he did not seem to think much of it, "d——d drum and trumpet lines." I got him to recite it to me; and I believe that the delight I felt and expressed, had an effect in inducing him to print it. The fact is,' added he, 'Campbell is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.'" ‡

The truth of this observation is but too well confirmed by the numerous fragments discovered among his papers.

In the choice and character of his early friends, Campbell was singularly happy. Of those with whom he had associated in the intellectual circles of Edinburgh, the majority had now risen, or were fast rising, into that degree of

* In a copy of *Lochiel*, given to Miss A——, the following appears in Campbell's handwriting:—

"Lines omitted, strangely, though approved by the Man of Taste:—

Wizard.—I tell thee, yon death-loving raven shall hold
His feast on the field, ere the quarry be cold;
And the pall of his wing o'er Culloden shall wave,
Exulting to cover the blood of the brave."—T. C.

† With respect to the originality of this thought, see the conjecture hazarded, vol. I., 1802-3.

‡ Quoted from the Paris edition of *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey*, 1835.

eminence which renders the death of an individual a loss to the community. Thus far James Grahame was, perhaps, the only member whose loss had occasioned universal regret; the next on the fatal list was Francis Horner, whose short-lived but well-employed talents require no eulogy in this place; but, as one of Campbell's warm-hearted friends, his name is entitled to a brief and grateful notice. Having fallen into bad health, he was advised to try the influence of a milder climate, and spent the winter at Pisa; but the experiment sadly failed. He died in the prime of life, and in the full vigour of intellect; and in the English cemetery at Leghorn, close to that of Smollett, is the tomb of the amiable and eloquent Francis Horner. To Campbell this event was a source of real sorrow. In a letter to his sister, he says:—"I have got on with a poem to the memory of Horner, which relieves my mind from a task which I feared would be irksome. It seemed a formidable difficulty to get the imagination afloat on the subject of a great moral hero, who, with all his thorough excellence, had his chief reputation founded on his war against the Bank Restrictions, and his pre-eminence in the Bullion Committee. Nevertheless, the *heart* and *intellect* of Horner have afforded me better inspiration than I looked for. I have finished about seventy lines.—T. C."

Of the seventy lines here mentioned, fourteen only have been found—they are these:—

Ye who have wept, and felt, and summed the whole
Of Virtue's loss in Horner's parted soul,
I speak to you; though words can ill pourtray
The extinguished light, the blessing swept away,
The soul high-graced to plead—high-skilled to plan,
For human welfare gone, and lost to man!
This weight of truth subdues my power of song,
And gives a faltering voice to feelings strong!

But I should ill acquit the debt I feel
To private friendship and to public zeal,
Were my heart's tribute not with theirs to blend,
Who loved, most intimate, their country's friend!
Or if the Muse, to whom his living breath
Gave pride and comfort, mourned him not in death! . . . .
T. C.

In the "pride and comfort" so delicately alluded to, the Poet bears grateful testimony to the active part taken by Mr. Horner in smoothing the way for him on his first settlement in London. This co-operation has been already noticed in his correspondence with Mr. Richardson;* but it is pleasing to observe that, in Campbell's mind, the remembrance of a kindness, in word or deed, was as warm as it was lasting. Although but a fragment of the Monody has been recovered, there is good reason to believe that it was finished. It was read at Holland House, as he has told us, though "not approved;"† and from his often adverting to it in his subsequent correspondence, he appears conscious of having done justice to the memory of his friend.

One of the most agreeable reminiscences of this spring was the commencement of his acquaintance with "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," which is thus recorded:—

"The first time I met Crabbe was at Holland House, where he, Tom Moore, and myself, lounged the better part of a day about the Park and Library; and I can answer for *one* of the party, at least, being very much pleased with it. Our conversation was about novelists. Your father ‡

* See Quarto Edition of Poems, Vol. I. 1802-3-4.

† "None but the Holland family have seen the sketch of the Monody. At Lady H.'s earnest desire I showed it to her; and will you believe it? the *illiberality* of your Liberal party is such, that I saw I had given a little umbrage at Holland House, by one line in praise of Canning's eloquence, who, so nobly, for an antagonist, passed an *eulogy* on Horner. But that line *shall* stand!—T. C."

‡ This letter is addressed to his son, the Editor of his Works.

was a strong Fieldingite, and I as sturdy a Smollettite. His mildness in literary argument struck me with surprise in so stern a painter of nature; and I could not but contrast the unassumingness of his manners with the originality of his powers. In what may be called the ready-money small-talk of conversation, his facility might not, perhaps, seem equal to the known calibre of his talents; but in the progress of conversation I recollect remarking that there was a vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you, by keeping its watch so quietly. Though an oldish man when I saw him, he was a '*laudator temporis acti*,' but a decided lover of later times. The part of the morning which I spent with him and Tom Moore was to me, at least, of memorable agreeableness. T. C."

The following letter is addressed to the venerable Poet himself:—

"SYDENHAM, *July*, 1817.

"I sent an apology to Lady H. for not being able to dine at Holland House to-day; and that very moment I felt that I owed also an apology to you for not testifying, by my acceptance of the invitation, the high value which I attached to an opportunity of meeting you. It was, indeed, an indispensable engagement that kept me; otherwise it would have been a humiliating self-reflection to have neglected such an occasion of being in the company of Crabbe. You thought *me* an old man;* but, in addressing *you*, my dear sir, I feel myself younger than even the difference of our years might seem to justify. I have a very youthful feeling of respect; nay, if you will pardon me for the liberty of saying so—I have something of a filial upward-looking affection for your matured genius and patriarchal reputation. This reverence for your classic name would have been equally strong in my mind, if I had not been so fortunate as to form an acquaint-

* Calculating from the time [1798] when Campbell published his "Pleasures of Hope."

ance with you, which your kind manners have made a proud era in the little history of my life. That time, and that spot—in the library of Holland House—I shall never forget, when you shook me a second time by the hand. It must be one of the most enviable privileges of your senior and superior merit to confer pleasure on such men as myself, by recognising them as younger brothers of your vocation. One token of your kindness was a promise to give me a day of your society. I would not be importunate on this head; but I cannot help reminding you of it, and assuring you that Mrs. Campbell has a very proper sympathy with me, in the enthusiasm which I feel to have the honour of your presence under my own roof. Our excellent friend, Mr. Rogers, I trust, will accompany you if you will have the goodness to fix the day. T. C."

The day was accordingly fixed; but in the mean time—his attention being drawn to another subject—Campbell tells his sister that, "in the midst of his printed sheets of prose he was preparing some verses for the festival in honour of John Kemble." The day was at hand; and the verses—which, he had been told, would come with peculiar grace from one who, during fifteen years, had enjoyed the friendship of "the Siddons" and Kembles—were ready for the occasion. A note from the secretary of the committee was addressed to Campbell in these words:—

"*June* 24. I am desired by the gentlemen of the committee to return you their sincere thanks for the permission you have so kindly given them, of printing your beautiful Ode; but they concur in the opinion that it ought not to be distributed at the dinner. It is hardly necessary, I presume, to inform you that your health will be proposed; but, for fear it should not have occurred to you that our gratitude would eagerly seize the only opportunity it may probably ever have, of paying you this feeble tribute of respect and admiration, I take the liberty of mentioning our intention that you may not be unprepared for it. C. K."

On the 27th of June the festival was duly celebrated at Freemason's Hall; and never, perhaps, was any testimony of public favour more emphatically expressed. In rendering homage to John P. Kemble, all political bias was forgotten. Cordial unanimity influenced the assembly; and if the representatives of native genius ever met to do honour to an individual, it was on this memorable occasion. To enter into the particulars of the festival more fully than its connection with the Poet's history may warrant, will not, perhaps, be expected; but an extract from the poem itself cannot fail to gratify the reader.

"Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought the heroic age
Revived to Fancy's view!
Like fields refreshed with dewy light,
When the sun smiles its last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
The memory of the past:
And memory conjures feelings up,
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we raise the festal cup,
To KEMBLE—fare thee well! . . ."
"And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne;
And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man
In lovelier woman's cause." &c.—POEMS, p. 124.

On the 4th of July, as previously arranged, Campbell had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Crabbe at Sydenham;

and the honoured guests who assisted at the *Convivium Poeticum* were Mr. Rogers and Mr. Moore. Who else were present I have not learnt; but to convert common fare into an Attic feast more guests were not required. From the memoranda, in Campbell's own hand, relating to that day, I make a few extracts:—

"One day—and how can it fail to be memorable to me, when Moore has commemorated it?—Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore, came down to Sydenham, pretty early in the forenoon, and stopped to dine with me. We talked of founding a Poets' Club, and set about electing the members, not by ballot, but *vivâ voce*. The scheme failed—I scarcely know how; but this I know, that a week or two afterwards I met with Mr. Perry, of the 'Morning Chronicle,' who asked me how our Poets' Club was going on. I said 'I don't know. We have some difficulty in giving it a name; we thought of calling ourselves *The Bees*.' 'Ah,' said Perry, 'that's a little different from the common report; for they say you are to be called *The Wasps!*' I was so stung with this waspish report, that I thought no more of the Poets' Club.* T. C."

Returning to the pleasant subject, he thus writes to his sister:—

"*July* 15. How I wish you had been with me on Wednesday last! Crabbe, the venerable old bard, Moore, and Rogers, dined with me! We had a most pleasant day. The sky had lowered and rained till they came, and *then* the sun shone out. 'You see,' I said to my guests, 'that Apollo

* Letter addressed to the Rev. G. Crabbe [son of the Poet]. Works, ed. 1834.

is aware of our meeting!' . . . . Crabbe is absolutely delightful—simple as a child, but shrewd, and often good-naturedly reminding you of the best parts of his poetry. He took his wine cheerfully—far from excess; but his heart really seemed to expand; and he was full of anecdote and social feeling. . . . . We have formed a Poets' Club, in which I hope Scott, Byron, and Miss Baillie will join us, as invited. Crabbe is to be president, and myself secretary. We are to have a meeting at Mr. Rogers's, on Monday, to settle the further election of members. Crabbe, at this time, is about sixty-five, with a very expressive countenance and benignant manner. T. C."

Again:—"*July* 17. I could have wished you all to have been about me, a few days ago. I had a quorum of the Poets at Sydenham, and among them the venerable Crabbe. You would like him, I am sure, as I do. He is simple and original."—These extracts may show how much Campbell's mind was engrossed by this delightful topic: he reverts to it again and again. "How could he forget" what "Moore has commemorated?"—We cannot take leave of the subject without a quotation from the lines referred to*:—

"How freshly doth my mind recal,
'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
One that, most buoyantly of all,
Floats in the wake of memory! . . . . ."
"He,† too, was of our feast that day,
And all were guests of *One* whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land:

* Verses to the poet Crabbe's Inkstand. Moore's Works, p. 462. In a note to these verses, it is mentioned that the party was limited to the *four* poets.

† Rogers.

In whose sea-odes—as in those shells
Where Ocean's voice of majesty
Seems still to sound—immortal dwells
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.
Such was our host . . . ."

Besides the Ode for the "Kemble Festival," Campbell tells his sister that he had composed several other pieces; but of these one only has been given to the public, namely, "Lines to a Lady, on her sending me a Seal with the Campbell Crest." "I sent them," he says, "to K. M., on her marriage with a nephew of Mr. Windham's; but the Monody on Horner has not proceeded beyond some eighty lines, and is not nearly finished. I have had other little literary jobs *, which have taken up my time, and I am printing still; for, entirely owing to the printer's slowness, I have got over the publishing time; but the printer and I shall have certainly parted in September, and then Mr. Murray may publish whenever he pleases." In another letter he says: "The quotations are from books that cannot be sent to press. I have no amanuensis; and the copying and correcting, after all the other trouble I have had, is still a burthen upon me. I assure you," he adds, with marked emphasis, "none but literary men can conceive what a slave's life it is to get out a book, let it be good, bad, or indifferent."†

* * * * * *

In November the nation's hope was suddenly blasted by the death of the Princess Charlotte; and, in the general distress which followed, it was suggested to Campbell that some tribute of sympathy from his pen would be very

* Various articles for the Encyclopædia—*Drama, Demosthenes, Dryden.*

† Extract from a letter to his old schoolfellow, Mr. Ralph Stevenson.

acceptable and soothing to the public.* The sudden check given by this calamity to a numerous theatrical corps was severely felt; and the committee being very anxious to re-open their house, as soon as the funeral solemnities were over, Campbell agreed to prepare a Monody for the occasion, and received the following letter:—

"*November* 13, 1817.

"I sincerely thank you for the kindness and readiness with which you have honoured my note. The whole intention is secret: and, save at head-quarters, is no where known out of our committee-room. The object is this: that, our establishment having felt the loss of employment very severely, and in order to relieve them without sacrificing our own feelings, or those of the public—which are in unison with our own—we should devote the rest of the week, after the funeral, to their benefit, with the performance of sacred music. And, having privately consulted the public authorities, it has been not only approved, but applauded; and the intention will be promoted as an object of relief becoming the public aid. But it is not known that there will be a *Monody;* that the theatre will be in mourning, especially the Royal Boxes; and that, amongst other pieces of music, we shall have a selection of those in 'Saul,' and, in particular, the 'Dead March,' by special intimation. I do not think the dress of the Theatre will be known before it opens, as it will be done in the evening—or rather night of the Funeral; and every precaution is taken to make the preparations unobserved. You may believe I have great anxiety to behold the intentions of the committee well executed; but my mind is perfectly liberated about the *Monody*, since I have received the favour of your note. The funeral is fixed for Thursday next; but, my good sir, I pray as early a communication as possible; for although we may put it into the hands of an Angelica to deliver, we must still be anxious about Angelica's memory. P. M."

* "We are all very gloomy, and really disposed to be so, at the theatre; and when we are open it will be, in unison with the public feeling, for the benefit of the great number of performers now asking for relief. Why should I tell you this in particular? Because I wish to have the talents of your friend Mr. Campbell—which I know will come from the heart, to vibrate with the sorrows of our own, on the *double* loss the public have sustained. . . Pray, pray lose no time, and no interest you can use with Mr. Campbell to favour us; and when it shall be delivered, come and hear it."—*Extract of a letter from the Manager to a friend of Campbell's.*

The result of these preparations more than realised the expectation of the audience, relieved the distress of the performers, and reflected new honour on the Poet, whose heart was in the subject. The lines, though composed at so short a notice, bore the stamp of calm deliberation, and were recited by Mrs. Bartley with great taste and feeling. In a few days they appeared "in every newspaper of the kingdom;" but before they were printed, copies were sent by the author to the Prince Regent and Prince Leopold. "The Prince," he tells Mr. Gray, "like a true gentleman, sent me a very polite and kind acknowledgment on receipt of the Lines. From Carlton House I had no news; but I dare say they were not presented to our worthy Regent." Some additional particulars occur in his correspondence. In his usual unaffected way, when speaking of himself, or his poems, he writes to his sister:—

"*Nov.* 20.—As I know you take an interest in whatever I write, I send you a copy of verses on the death of our poor Princess. I hardly think them worth mentioning for their *poetry;* but they sincerely express what a whole kingdom has felt. T. C."

To these extracts from his letters, a few lines from the poem itself may form an appropriate conclusion; and the apostrophe is eminently beautiful.*

* "Daughter of England! for a nation's sighs,
A nation's heart, went with thine obsequies!
Oft—oft shall time revert a look of grief
On thine existence—beautiful and brief!
Fair spirit! send thy blessing from above,
On realms where thou art canonized by Love!
Give to a father's—husband's bleeding mind,
The peace that angels lend to human kind:
To us, who in thy loved remembrance feel
A sorrowing, but a soul-ennobling zeal—

To return from occasional poetry to his public lectures on the Poets: On December 18, he received a letter from Mr. Roscoe, informing him that the new Institution in Liverpool had just been opened with a lecture on the progress of literature and science. It was arranged that Dr. Traill, one of the committee, should commence the new year with a course on Natural History twice a week; and all were of opinion that a series of lectures by Campbell would be very popular.

Having expressed a wish, on account of his still delicate lungs, to know something of the dimensions of the lecture-room, and the number of the audience he should have to address, he was informed that the "room was very pleasant, easy for the voice, and contained about 500 seats." This was all satisfactory; the invitation was accepted; but his health "being unequal to the undertaking," the terms and period for commencing were left open.

"Trifling as it would be," he writes, January 2, "to hunt after such a mark of popularity as that of being selected for public readings, it is a very agreeable token when it comes. It is a side-symptom which in poets—the warmest of all warm-blooded animals by nature—it would be very absurd if they did not feel as a compliment. You will ask me, what I have been doing? This has been a tremendous winter to me. It is not moping nor imagining suspension of powers, from the *vis inertiæ*, but literally from being knocked up by bodily pain. It is

A loyalty that touches all the best
And loftiest principles of England's breast!
Still may thy name speak comfort from the tomb—
Still in the Muses' breath thy memory bloom!
They shall describe thy life—thy form pourtray;
But all the love, that mourns thee swept away,
'Tis not in language or expressive arts
To paint.—Ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts!"

singular to say that it arises from the suspension of the cold-bath. I had owed much to the use of it; but from an internal complaint I was obliged to suspend it, and use the tepid; and hence, my physician says, the unbracing effect of the latter has brought on a sensibility to cold, which the other kept off."

Then, adverting to a very general topic* at the time, he inquires—"Was there ever such folly as to risk the reading of such matter before a crowd, by a man with a legal wig, in order to make the waggery of the parody more striking by the contrast of solemnity? My friend stood next to a serious man, an elderly clergyman, whose risibility could not be suppressed—though he told him that he condemned the licentiousness of the parody as much as man could do. The whole Court—all but the crown lawyers—was in a roar. I am a cool politician, but I hate scripture parodies. T. C."

Another communication from Mr. Roscoe brought the agreeable intelligence that everything was arranged for the lectures; that the committee would at once insure him a hundred guineas for the course he had mentioned, free of all expenses; the amount was to be raised from the tickets of non-proprietors, and, in case it exceeded that sum, the whole was to be appropriated to the lecturer. "From the very general desire of hearing you," adds Mr. Roscoe, "I have every reason to believe that your receipts will considerably exceed the sum guaranteed." To this offer Campbell made some objections; as the sum was insufficient to reimburse him for the expenses he must necessarily incur by leaving his other engagements, travelling, &c. He was then informed, by the same kind friend, that the committee

* The trial of Hone.—Letter to William Gray, Esq.

"would guarantee that his receipts should not be less than one hundred and thirty guineas, and as much more as the subscriptions might produce." "However unwilling," he adds, "to hold out promises not likely to be realised, I shall be much disappointed if your receipts do not greatly exceed that amount. Independently of the esteem and admiration which are due to you, wherever our language is known, you have connections here, which cannot fail to be eminently serviceable to you, and friends, who will be anxious to render your stay among them as pleasant as they can."

Nothing further remained to be done except to fix the time, which was left entirely to his own decision; for "the committee," it was added, "would consider themselves inexcusable, if they interfered in the slightest degree with his objects in London."—I have noticed these arrangements more minutely, perhaps, than they may appear to deserve; but it is due to the memory of his excellent friend, Mr. Roscoe, to show with what delicacy and good feeling everything was made subservient to the honour and advantage of the Poet.

Campbell had now the prospect of renewing his acquaintance with Liverpool in a manner that was quite in harmony with his own taste, and the wishes of his friends. The month of May was to have found him at his post, but numerous obstacles, both of a public and private nature, were thrown in the way; and it was not until the end of October that he made his appearance in Liverpool. His reception was as gratifying as either Campbell or his friends could desire; it more than realised the prediction of Mr. Roscoe—both as to the number of the audience and the amount of subscriptions. The course embraced the same subjects—but with an improved arrangement—as that delivered in the Royal Institution of London. From these lectures, however, public attention was suddenly and painfully diverted,

first by the lamented death of Sir Samuel Romilly, member for Westminster; the political agitation that followed; and lastly, by the demise of Queen Charlotte.

For the following reminiscence of the course, I am indebted to a correspondent.

"Mr. Campbell's lectures at Liverpool were listened to with a delight and enthusiasm, well remembered by those who had the gratification of hearing them. When the first two lectures of the course had been delivered, the series was suspended during the pause of universal sympathy." . . . "When the course was resumed, Mr. Campbell was invited to repeat the lectures previously given. Their fame had, in the meantime, spread; and all were eager to listen to them. His prose was declared to be more *poetic* than his poetry; his glowing imagination gave a double charm to those passages from the poets, which he cited as illustrations. The effect and animation of his eye, his figure, his voice in reciting these passages, are still vividly remembered. The lecture-room was crowded by the *élite* of the neighbourhood of Liverpool; and, on one occasion, a friend of Mr. Campbell's having conducted to a seat opposite his chair, a lady of distinguished beauty,* and of the most classical regularity of features, the Poet was so struck by the faultless and statue-like face before him, that he could scarcely continue his attention to his lecture."†

The reader may remember the enthusiasm with which Campbell had visited the antique statues in the Louvre. The effect was still fresh in his mind, and when he resumed his lectures on the Poetry of Greece, his prose was enriched by frequent allusions to her sculptures. An instance of

* See notice of this lady in the ensuing letter.

† "One hundred and fifty guineas were guaranteed to Mr. Campbell by the committee of the Royal Institution for this course of Twelve Lectures; the subscriptions increased this sum to upwards of three hundred and forty pounds, and he received a hundred more for repeating the course in Birmingham, on his way to London. Yet, notwithstanding this success, when he was afterwards pressed to deliver a course of Lectures[1] on History, at Liverpool, he could not be induced to comply with the request."—*Note by the same correspondent.*

[1] Some general remarks on the matter and style of these lectures will be found in another portion of the work.

this occurred in his lecture on the Plays of Euripides, where, the character of Apollo being introduced, he took occasion to speak of the Apollo Belvidere. The effect upon his audience was electric. "He described," says a critic, "the impressions made upon his own mind, on the first sight of that inimitable statue in the Louvre, a few years since. We have before witnessed many attempts in speaking, and writing, to convey an idea of this species of creation, but in poetical conception, and felicitous expression, we never saw, or heard, anything comparable to the description of Mr. Campbell. Nor did we ever see an equal effect produced on a large audience by any eloquent passage, in which the language of imagination, rather than of passion, was the principal agent."

At the close of the last lecture, he took occasion to pay a well-merited compliment to his friend Mr. Roscoe, under whose auspices the Royal Institution of Liverpool had sprung into vigorous existence. So well-timed, and withal so delicately and forcibly expressed, the audience caught his enthusiasm, and, rising in a body, responded to the compliment with shouts of acclamation.

Some additional information respecting this very prosperous tour is found in his letters. Very soon after his arrival in Liverpool, his son was taken ill; and this, as usual, became an absorbing topic of correspondence; but at last he writes:—"Dr. Traill* has saved my child by the great promptitude with which he met and turned back the fever in the course of a day, by means of affusion. I have found in Dr. T., a young physician, the most amiable and solid of human beings. He is a great favourite in Liverpool, and, next to Roscoe, promises to keep his reputation as a public character; not, perhaps, with brilliant genius,

* Now Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh.

but with sound abilities. His general information and character are well worth the respect which they find here.

"You would be surprised at the reading and conversation of the daughters of the better families in Liverpool. I assure you, the greatest beauty of the place—a prodigy of beauty, indeed, of the purest Grecian model—struck me very much by the extent of her knowledge of books, and by the lady-like self-possession, and modest confidence, with which she expressed herself in talking on the subject of my lectures."

He bears warm testimony to the hospitality of his Liverpool friends; and, with the fruits of an abundant literary harvest, returned with his family to Birmingham, where the fame of his lectures had insured him a cordial welcome.

"BIRMINGHAM, *February* 8.—I begin lecturing this evening at seven, but am not to be detained beyond the 12th of March. My Birmingham friends are to take four lectures in one of the weeks, and three in each of the others."

Here, however, his son was again taken ill, and his anxiety renewed:—

"*February* 11.—It has pleased fate that Thomas should take the measles in this place; but we have a civil family, the constant attendance of Dr. De Lys, and an experienced nurse for my boy." . . "I have visited the most respectable people in the place. I have seen the process of making iron, and the best of the steam-engines. One, of a sixty-four horse power, particularly struck me. Its main wheel, fifteen feet in diameter, performs 200 revolutions in a minute, and would roll round the globe in ten days. The schoolmaster at Stourbridge demonstrated its powers to me, and said he had written an account of it. The same gentleman told me that one of his pupils, now

grown up, still bears the name of *Erin go bragh*, from his juvenile talent for reciting my *Exile*, at school. Talking of Erin, I have had the honour of Miss Edgeworth's presence among my audience. After the lecture, I was introduced to her, and she captivated me very much, by the unassuming simplicity of her manner: but it was tantalising to see so little of her, for she set off for London next day.

"Before I left Stourbridge, one of the clerks of the work shook me by the hand, and, bowing most respectfully, but evidently much embarrassed, gave me thanks for the pleasure my works had afforded him. It was droll enough to hear the very name of *poetry* mentioned among the terrific objects of art that surrounded us. I returned with my cicerone B., secretary of the Institution, and probably one of the greatest geniuses alive. At the age of eighteen, he painted the copy of a picture by Rubens, at Warwick Castle,* which an artist here told me he could not, at first sight, distinguish from the original. His friends, however, thinking he had better be a physician than a painter, sent him to Edinburgh; he made discoveries in chemistry, and was one of the Presidents of the Medical Society. His face has a vast deal of genius."

"*February* 14.—I have been at James Watt's; his son has promised me a cast of a glorious bust of his father by Chantrey, and a profile of Gregory.† When I sat down at Mr. Watt's fireside, I was thinking deeply of Gregory; and when his cousin came in, who bears such a resemblance to him, I felt a momentary and awful conception that it was really Gregory! Watt himself is now 83, but

* See Account of Warwick Castle, and its paintings.

† See the character of this gifted youth, as recorded by the Poet, Vol. I., p. 119, *et seq.*

so full of anecdote, that I spent one of the most amusing days I have ever had with a man of science, and a stranger to my own pursuits."

"*February* 18.—I am not now likely to see much private society: for a neglected cold has turned out *bronchitis;* and, until I can draw my breath with ease, I do not mean to risk even the excitement of conversation. Dr. De Lys,* whose acquaintance is of more use to me now than any other, is a rising young physician of the place. His history is very curious:—His father was a French nobleman, who was compelled to fly at the Revolution, and leaving his wife and daughter behind him, came to London, bringing with him his only son, then a little boy. His wife, who, it was thought, could save some of the family property, and had besides some of her own, remained with their daughter, but staid too long. She was seized for the sake of her property, by the Jacobins, with such promptitude, that her daughter knew nothing of her fate, till she saw her on the cart going to the guillotine! The poor girl went to bed and died, within the same day, of a broken heart. Old De Lys, when cut off from all supplies from France, came, for his health, to Leamington, and lodged with a washerwoman. The woman spoke of her lodgers to some ladies in the place, who, at that time, had such strong anti-Gallican prejudices, that they told her it was a scandal to keep French lodgers! and threatened, if she did, to withhold their washing from her. The poor woman burst into tears, and said:—'I am sure if you saw the good old gentleman, and his innocent little boy, you would not mind whether they were French or English.' The ladies were struck with contrition by her expression, and went to visit De Lys. The little boy made a conquest of

* Died at Birmingham, some years since, universally regretted.—*Correspondent.*

them: they helped to educate him; he was sent to Glasgow, and found still further friends and patrons in the family of dear James Grahame. Young De Lys is now a rising physician; and one of the ladies who spoke to the washerwoman, keeps his house, and sits at his table."

"*February* 26.—I preach, as Wesley says in his Diary, to lively and lovely congregations.—Lecturing, I perceive, is likely to be my *métier;* and practice, of course, makes one improve in that, as in everything else. But after the lecture of last Friday, I was obliged, on coming home, to have a large blister applied to my chest, to alleviate the difficulty of respiration.* If I had leisure to recruit myself, I should start at Glasgow with new hopes of popularity as a lecturer; and a few summer months, I feel confident, will quite rebuild me. At present, I literally have *not* a voice to exert without imminent hazard. If I give twelve lectures, my townsmen, I hope, will accept of three in a week—but I hope to have sixteen."

"*February* 27.—I pay a visit to-morrow to old Mr. Watt, with whom I shall dine, and expect he will fix on some day when I may visit his works at Soho, the best worth seeing of all the establishments of the kind about Birmingham." . . . "In reverting to this chest complaint, I must beg you not to be uneasy, for, with tolerable care, Dr. De L. informs me, it may be soon subdued. I have hitherto suffered more from blisters than from the malady itself.

"When I look back on my adventures for two months past, I should be most ungrateful if I did not feel sensible

* The frequent necessity of repeating this remedy, while delivering public lectures, may account for his subsequently declining the very tempting invitations from Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other places, which immediately followed him from Liverpool. But, in the meantime, he had consented to lecture in his native city, and was in correspondence with Mr. Gray on the subject.

of being very kindly treated by almost every human being with whom I have met. I have been fortunate, even in the very lodging where I have taken up my abode. My landlord is a toy-gilder—a splendid profession, certainly—and his family are so decent, interesting, and respectable, that they might bring a wholesome lesson to any reflecting mind, by showing what happiness and value of character may be found, independent of wealth and station, through mere *good conduct.* I sometimes sit down with the tradesman in his parlour, and enjoy the sight of the most perfect happiness, to all appearance, that domestic society can yield. His wife, as the maid-servant told Mrs. C., has never been known to be out of humour for eleven years. He sits and reads to her; at present he is reading my 'Poets.'* Their children would make you laugh with happiness: seven of them, like steps of stairs, with the highest degree of John Bull beauty that England affords. He has one little daughter, eight years old, that I could almost steal from him. . . . The Birmingham ladies, I think, dress better than they did the first evening I lectured to them. I observe more silk stockings among the men, and fewer morning caps among the ladies. My landlord, who has some acquaintance with *belles lettres,* told me very honestly, after a thousand apologies for his honesty, that the young women of B. would not understand my lectures. But these were only my first and second discourses: for, the moment I got them among the comic Greek and Latin poets, they understood me so well as to laugh, at least, very heartily in the right place."

* During this literary tour, Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets" was at last published; and he "had the satisfaction to hear that it was everywhere well received." He had also "remitted two hundred pounds, clear;" and after appropriating a sum for the liquidation of all demands, found himself in the novel position of a man who had money to lay out at interest.

"*March* 13.—I concluded my lectures last night, and, the people say, to *their* satisfaction. . . I have met L—d, the quondam partner of L—b in poetry. He is an innocent creature, but imagines everybody dead! He came to my first lecture, and told his wife that *if* there were such a thing as *real* life, and *if* he and I, and all about us, were not mere phantoms, my lectures were just the sort of thing he should wish to attend; but he thinks all this show of life is mere illusion."

"*March* 16.—I had an express invitation from a literary Society at Glasgow, requesting me, in the name of a great body of people, to repeat my lectures there. My friends in Edinburgh have been so pressing to the same effect, that if my chest complaint were perfectly well conducted I should, without hesitation, avail myself of their offer. But I know well what would happen from the hospitality of Glasgow or Edinburgh. Here I can scarcely refuse invitations to dinner, which always expose me to catching cold; and in the north I should enjoy the hospitality, to the prejudice of my health. For though I now abstain, habitually, from even the ordinary indulgence in eating, and taking wine, yet the excitement of speaking always hurts me. Here I have scarcely gone out at all, except to poor Gregory Watt's father—*the* James Watt. . . . . All this I shall avoid by getting to the south, where I can live as I please. . . . Though I have shunned visiting at Birmingham, I should be ungrateful to forget the great kindness which every respectable person, I may say, in the town and neighbourhood has paid me. The president of the Institution, a most respectable, learned, and worthy clergyman, delivered a lecture the Monday after I finished, in praise of the last lecturer on poetry, who was, luckily, in a back bench, and not obliged to be seen listening to his own eulogy! T. C."

Thus concluded a very agreeable, and, as regarded remuneration, a very satisfactory tour.

On his return to Sydenham, Campbell felt himself entitled to a little repose. The "Specimens," now fairly before the public, were to be followed by his Lectures; but the final arrangement of these for the press was not urgently required; and, for a short month, he enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate*—"study and ease, together mixed." The terms of praise, in which his new work was generally noticed, consoled him for the time and study expended in its compilation, and seemed to predict, at least, an equally favourable hearing for its successor. The work, however, was not faultless—and no man was more sensible of its imperfections than himself; and although he had exercised the greatest impartiality in the prefatory critiques, his remarks were occasionally felt, and resented, by those to whom they applied. Among these was the venerable editor of Pope's Works,* whose gentle remonstrance to Campbell not only precluded resentment, but conciliated respect and friendship:—

"I have thought myself called upon," he writes, "to vindicate some observations of mine on the character of Pope, in answer to your critical remarks on those observations in the 1st vol. of your Specimens. I think you have hastily laid yourself open to some animadversions; but I trust you will find nothing said that might seem to imply any feelings but those of the highest respect for your acknowledged political and literary character. Your friend Moore is in this neighbourhood, and also Crabbe and Crewe. It would give me great pleasure if I should ever have an opportunity of seeing you here; and believe me that, though our aspects are somewhat warlike in *print*, at *home* I remain most sincerely and faithfully, and with many thanks for the great pleasure I have derived from your works,

"Your most obedient servant,

"*Bremhill, April 18th*, 1819. W. L. Bowles."

* This charge, it may be here added, which Mr. Bowles had only repeated, and which Campbell resented as an insult to the private character of Pope, has been substantiated by the Marchmont Papers. See "*Specimens of the British Poets*," *Art.* Pope. 8vo. ed.; also, the *Vindication*.

During the early part of the summer his retirement at Sydenham was agreeably enlivened by visits from numerous friends; and among others, from Lord and Lady Selkirk, Lord Byron, and Mr. Rogers. Among the poetical products of the season were "Lines to the Rainbow," which differ materially from those subsequently published.*

The arrangement which he had entered into with his friends in Glasgow, was to have been now carried into effect; and although he had no valid objections to offer on the score of health, yet other difficulties, of a nature no less formidable, stood in the way; and, after a correspondence of some weeks, the plan was reluctantly abandoned. The reasons are forcibly stated in a letter to Mr. Gray, from which I will quote the following passage:—"My boy is now at a very critical time. He is finishing all the education he is to receive before going into a profession, and is in the hands of a teacher with whom, for the first time in his life, he is making rapid improvement. No one knows what distress I have had with his backwardness, when obliged to be his tutor. But, by the greatest good fortune, Dr. Glennie, our neighbour, kindly took him on reasonable terms, as a day-scholar; and the pains which he takes with him are such as exceed all that I have ever seen bestowed by a master on a pupil. I would not, for all that years of lecturing would produce, take Thomas from his hands. . . . . I am convinced that a year with Dr. G. will make, to *me*, the inestimable difference of seeing him an accomplished, or a deficiently-educated man. Oh, my anxiety about this is what no one but a *father* can conceive! The beam of expectation that has dawned upon me within these few months, that my boy will yet be an ornament to us, creates an era in my existence!"

* * * * * *

* See *Appendix*.

"Upon a superficial view of the case, it might seem quite as well to have him in Glasgow. But no. . . . . Leaving Mrs. C. here is totally impossible. She is watching her invalid sister,* and would on no earthly consideration go to Scotland at present. To take my boy from school would break up his education. It is indeed a sacrifice to give up Edinburgh and Glasgow, where I had to refresh old friendships and enjoy travelling with so much benefit to my circumstances; but as things are, I cannot do it. T. C."

Thus terminated the negotiations, but higher honours awaited him; for, although prevented from visiting his native city as a lecturer on Poetry, his friends had the pleasure of receiving him, only a few years later, as Lord-Rector of their university. From this time forward, he appears to have declined invitations to lecture in the country; but the subject was ever afterwards one of the deepest interest, and, among the last occupations of his life, was a series of annotations on these lectures, made with the view, as he told me, of bringing them eventually before the public in a greatly improved form.

In the course of the autumn, his attention being directed to an article in the "Biographical Dictionary," where, in giving the history of his poetical life, the writer had assigned reasons for his being *pensioned*, which were at variance with the fact, Campbell contradicted the statement; and, as his spirited and characteristic letter to the editor places the subject in its true light, I quote the following passage :—

"Sir,—It is stated in your article that I received a pension under the British Government, during the administration of Mr. Fox, for having

* This "beautiful sister" was now suffering under temporary mental disorder at Sydenham; a calamity to which Campbell most feelingly alludes in this, and other letters.—See *Correspondence of* 1825.

written in support of his measures. This is not a correct statement of the fact: I am no *political* writer, and received the above grant at the recommendation of Mr. Fox, and other ministers in the same cabinet, purely, and exclusively, as an act of *literary* patronage. In stating this, I have no intention to declare myself neutral, with regard to political feelings, still less to disavow that zeal and reverence for Mr. Fox's principles, which are felt by so great a proportion of Englishmen. Neither do I mean to insinuate an uncharitable or unqualified maxim, that it is impossible for a political writer, who may have supported a party in the State, to receive a pension from Government without dishonour. Only, it is certain, that such writers are justly regarded with more jealousy than those who receive similar favours simply, and without relation to politics, as men of letters. I have, at all events, a right to correct an error in my own biography. I now repeat to you what I will substantiate, if proof be required, that it was *not* political, but *poetical* writings, which gained me the good will of those statesmen who recommended me to my Sovereign. My poems, containing neither party satire, party praise, nor individual adulation, had the good fortune to please Mr. Fox, and my noble friend Lord Holland. If, in their kindness towards me, they made a wrong choice, as to literary merit, their intentions, at least, were wholly disinterested. They gained no political, or party purpose; they obliged no relation, nor friend's relation; and only benefited a man whom they were pleased to consider a poet. Of Lord Holland, and Mr. Fox, it is scarcely necessary for me to say, that among all high-minded statesmen, there could be none more likely to befriend a literary man, without expecting political drudgery in return, or the slightest sacrifice of his personal independence. I am, &c.

T. CAMPBELL."

CHAPTER XII.

GERMANY REVISITED.

THE new year was ushered in with prospects of increasing usefulness, congenial labours, another poem, a speculation on court favour, with reflections on passing events.

"*Jan.* 13.—I feel some comfort in telling you the general state of my affairs. I have a new poem on the anvil—or at least, in the fire, if not red-hot enough for the anvil. I have also several small ones lying by; but not having enough for a volume, I delay publishing them until I can come out in force. I am to lecture again at the Royal Institution next spring. Mr. * * * thinks, as both my fellow-lecturers have been knighted, it is not impossible that, in the course of time, I may be knighted * also! Yet, alas! what shall I do if I cannot afford to keep a footman? For what is a knight without his squire? . . . . There is also a probability that I may lecture at the London Institution, thus belecturing the town like a Colossus, with one foot in Moorfields, and another in Albemarle Street; but the latter point is not yet fixed.

"I have been much agitated on the Whig side of opinion by the merciless aspect of public affairs. What is the danger of Radicalism to what has been extorted from our

* Some time previous to this, it was reported that Campbell was shortly to take his place in parliament; and in answer to an old schoolfellow, he writes:—"How could the rumour of my being sent to St. Stephen's be got up? I never wished—never breathed a wish to belong to it." Some years later, however he thought better of it.

fears? The subject, however, is wide, and I must honestly confess I have not been without my fears, though sometimes, on reflection, half ashamed of them. My hopes still rest on the indestructible spring of public opinion. On this subject, I cannot help saying I feel a sort of Scottish pride in Kinloch of K.; I don't like the cause, but I admire the dauntless simplicity of his zeal, and feel for his martyrdom . . . T. C."

An ardent desire to revisit Germany, often indulged, and as hopelessly abandoned, was at length to be realised. With improved circumstances, and important literary objects in view, everything promised an agreeable and profitable tour. He proposed to take his family with him; to proceed to the Rhine; pass some time at Bonn or Heidelberg; consult the public libraries; make extracts from such works as related to the subject of his lectures;* and renew his acquaintance with Schlegel. Thence, with the same objects in view, he projected a tour to Vienna, and, on his return to Prussia, meant to confide the education of his son to one of the professors at Bonn. Of the plan thus briefly sketched, he happily accomplished the main object; he

* This very comprehensive subject had long engrossed his attention. As early as April, 1816, we find him writing to Mr. Stevenson in these words:—"Though I have a considerable part of the materials ready for my lectures, they will form a large work of two volumes quarto, that will still employ me for some time. They will comprehend an entire view of Greek, Roman, French, Spanish, Italian, and German literature. Having this in contemplation, I had really prepared to set off to the Continent with my family, chiefly for the sake of collecting the books necessary for the subject of Modern Literature, which are not to be brought together from English libraries. But I was prevented by *insufficiency of ways and means.*

"My labour at modern languages in *this* undertaking has been Herculean. Of Italian classics, I finished last month (March) a collection amounting to *two hundred and fifty volumes.* Your sweat of brow at making *tea-pots*, my dear Potter, is nothing to this.—T. C."

collected a large and various fund of information on general literature, the systems of education, and the discipline pursued in the great schools of Germany; and, in conversation with the Professors of Bonn, conceived the first idea of the London University.

Preparations were accordingly made for the tour, which was to commence in May; and in a letter to Mr. Richardson, his German project is thus divulged:—

"10, *Seymour Street West, March* 27, 1820.

"I am letting my house furnished, for a year, during which I mean to remove both Matilda and Thomas to Germany. I have thought of Bonn, for my friend Schlegel is there, a resident professor; but his attraction is counterbalanced by the inclination for Heidelberg, where the idea of the 'great tun' presents a sort of charm to the fancy! Seriously, however, I *am* going to Deutschland for a year, and have every prospect of getting my house off my hands, in a way that will keep my mind easy about rent and taxes . . . . I have much on my thoughts about bills paying off, lists of furniture, and a place for depositing my books in my absence; but we must meet before we expatriate; and I *must* make a point of seeing our great, good friend* before he returns north—

Arbeit brennt die Sterne feucht,
Freundschaft macht die Bürde leicht;
Mit dem Freunde, hand im hand,
Bauet Man ein wüster land. T. C."

In the mean time, the circle of his Edinburgh friends was again narrowed by the death of one of its distinguished members; and in the following letter to Mrs. Fletcher his respect and sympathy are thus expressed:—

* Sir Walter Scott, whom he was to have met at Mr. Richardson's.

"LONDON, *April*, 22, 1820.

"The sensation occasioned by Dr. Brown's death, though not so popularly felt in England, perhaps, as in the country where he was best known, is nevertheless felt by a great number who can understand, more or less, the peculiar value of his mind and heart. It must be a deep blow to every one who possessed his friendship and intimate society; and incalculably sore to those relations who could appreciate him, and who now feel the ties of nature rent by his loss. The event is, altogether, a public calamity. He was one of the finest and best productions of nature; and besides the purest affections, had an understanding of a mysterious and—what it sometimes appeared to me—an almost miraculous subtlety. I always honoured him, and showed, I trust, through life that I did so.

"When I received your note I was very ill.* It would pass your comprehension, or that of any person, who has not the exact constitution and infirmities that I have, to know the caution that is indispensable to keep my attacks from gaining ground. My life will be useless without health, and my health is of fearful value, at least to my eventual widow and poor sisters. T. C."

"*May* 11.—I am lecturing at present at the Royal Institution, and shall be in Germany, I trust, in a month. I have received a summons to sign a paper as a trustee for the widow and children of the late Dr. I. of our city, who died at Sicily. He was my old acquaintance and friend; and it *is* possible that I may have promised to be his widow's trustee, but I have no recollection of signing an engagement to that effect, and until yesterday no mention was ever made that I was involved in such a responsibility.

* Similar apprehensions as to health enter into most of his letters of this period.

I waited upon Mrs. I., but she could only refer me to Mr. Lindsay. I frankly told her that as I am going abroad, and not versed in such a business, I should not willingly commence a trusteeship, unless I have happened to pledge myself to it. There is a money business of some amount depending on the form of my name being affixed to it, so that it will be a great favour to all parties, if you will obtain information from Mr. Lindsay as soon as you can."

On the 20th of May all arrangements were completed for the journey; and on the 24th an important document was signed, the substance of which is as follows:

"This day an agreement was made and entered into between Mr. Campbell and Mr. Colburn, the publisher, by which the Poet undertakes to edit the 'New Monthly Magazine' for the term of three years, commencing with the first day of January next, and to furnish twelve articles, six in prose and six in verse; the prose to contain the whole value and substance of the Lectures on Poetry, now delivering at the Royal Institution; the copyright to revert to the author, in like manner with all his own contributions published in the said Magazine. Mr. Colburn agrees to pay Mr. Campbell five hundred pounds per annum, and to provide a sub-editor; to pay for all necessary contributions a fair and liberal price, with the exception of the twelve articles mentioned, for which the editor desires no remuneration, unless, from the great increase in the sale of the work, Mr. Colburn should feel it incumbent upon him to make any. All questions, differences, or disputes, connected with the editorship, to be referred to the decision of two persons, to be mutually fixed upon, with power to choose a third as umpire."

As soon as this agreement was "signed, sealed, and delivered," Campbell embarked with his family for Holland. The letters, written during the tour to his friends* in England, present a spirited and nearly unbroken series, which I proceed to lay before the reader, with as little commentary as possible. The first of the series announces his arrival in Rotterdam:—

* I have again to acknowledge my obligations to the Poet's friends for the kindness with which, in this, as in many former instances, they have yielded to my solicitation.

"ROTTERDAM, *May* 28, 1820.

"We cleared out of the Pool on Sunday morning. I had been so much fatigued during the day that I was fast asleep by that time. In twenty-two hours we reached Helvoetsluys, with a brisk gale which was cheerful at first, but at last rocked the ship so as to make us all very sick. The master, by exaggerating the chances of our being detained a day or two before we could reach Rotterdam, persuaded us to go ashore. We set off, therefore, in company with three other passengers, to cross the island and reach this place by land. One of our fellow-travellers was a Dutch merchant, another a German, and a third a Polish Jew, who had graduated at Edinburgh; knew Jeffrey, Gregory, and others; flattered M., praised the Scotch ladies, and in fact attached himself to our party by sheer impudence. The Dutchman was very patriotic, and wished us to admire the scenery and character of Holland; but unhappily it rained; the roads were half-wheel deep, and the fields looked like the earth, two days after the Deluge. The whole island, as you may imagine Dutch scenery to be, is quite flat, but rich in verdure, as bright as that of England, and intersected by long colonnades of limes and willows, drawn up in lines as straight and long as an immense army at a review, or in order of battle. Our carriage was the exact shape and image of the Lord Mayor's; but the harnessing was only of *ropes*. During eight hours' dragging to get us to Rotterdam, I had all along admired the cleanness of every human habitation we passed, or entered into; but when we got in sight of Rotterdam, I was truly delighted. The approach to it is by the Maese, which is broader than the Thames at Westminster, and so deep as to admit ships of the line close up to the quay, which forms the street fronting the river. The

houses are elegant, and the streets beautifully clean. The river branches into canals that run into the main streets in all directions. T. C."

* * * * *

"NIMEGUEN, *June* 4.

"I wrote to you from Rotterdam. I was much captivated with the view of that city from the broad waters of the Maese. . . . I visited the great church containing the tombs of the famous admirals, Van Tromp and De Ruyter, both of whom, as you know, gained victories over the fleets of England. We proceeded on Wednesday last through Delft, the Hague, and Leyden, to Haerlem—famous for its *organ*, and for being the birth-place of Coster, the inventor of printing, whose statue is in the principal square. Next morning, when I was sallying out, the waiter of the hotel came in great haste to tell me he must conduct me *au premier-livre!* which I thought meant something about the *police*. I followed him to a house where they showed me the *first book* ever printed; and which is old enough to satisfy the wildest bibliomaniac in the Roxburgh Club.

"I then visited the cathedral, and heard the organ played by Summach, a great performer, and even composer, who makes many hundreds a-year by playing to strangers for a guinea an hour—but the hour was worth the guinea, and many guineas. It was listening to the full *poetry* of music. The instrument has sixty-eight stops, and between four and five thousand pipes. The first piece was the Battle of Prague. . . I have no words to tell you how it took the heart and passions into the field! The trumpets sounded as over a vast plain, where you saw brigade after brigade extended, with flying colours. The drums beat; you heard the trampling of cavalry—the tread of infantry—the charging-step—the roar of artillery

—the shouts of victory — and the Te Deum! It was transporting!

"Then came a second piece—the Shepherdess in the Storm—that told a complete story—airs that imitated the warbling of birds, and the gurgling of waters; with now and then a sweet pastoral pipe that made you imagine some lively spot of scenery, where you could fancy the sun shining delightfully on rocks and waters, glades and trees. After a pause, the music grows mournful, as if the sky began to lower, and thunder is heard at a distance. The human voice, which the organ imitates to deception, begins to grow more and more plaintive; the thunder increases, and such is the power of this organ, that it seems to shake the cathedral, and in fact could not be distinguished from actual peals. Strains of an awful character succeed, with the human voice, at intervals, pleading with Heaven to appease the storm! At last it subsides, and you conceive the shepherdess rescued, and thanking God for her deliverance! . . .

"From Haerlem we proceeded to Amsterdam—flat grassy meadows on either side of a canal that often stretches for miles as straight as a dart, the view now and then crossed by regimental rows of poplars, willows, or limes—branches running off from the main canal—and windmills and spires marking the distance. Till you come to Guelderland, scarce a sand-hill rises above the universal level; but this uniformity of meadows, with lazy cattle, is sometimes relieved by villas coming close to the water's edge, and dropping their shrubbery over the canal. Often, at a distance, you see country-seats moated with water; and this, I was told, is done to drain the little land that can be made into pleasure-ground—otherwise it would be marshy. In the gardening of those country seats everything is clipt and square; but now and then you see

English pleasure-grounds imitated on a dwarfish scale. Altogether, however, there is too much foliage and water about their houses. This is the face of the country. The only animal that surprises you with liveliness is the horse of the *Trackschuyt*, that trots at the rate of four miles an hour! Every other creature seems half asleep. The cows feed with not a tenth part of the spirit of English cows. The storks sail lazily round your head, with snakes in their beaks, and are seen feeding their young in large nests, on the tops of the cottages, where the peasant reckons their arrival a blessing. The common tradition was, that the storks would not live in Holland under a crowned head; but the King of the Netherlands has been crowned; and the storks, like true Hollanders, take time to consider about removal.

"The face of the people is as unromantic as that of their country. The beggars receive your alms, and almost ask it, with indifference. At the Hague, a landlord overcharged me, and I called him a rascal to his face; at Amsterdam another treated me like a lord, and demanded no more than I should have paid at an alehouse in England. I thanked him for his treatment; yet the face of both hosts were perfectly the same—all apathy and impassiveness! I must say, however, that where the Dutch face has expression, that little expression is good. Many of their women are pretty; and I have not seen one woman that I could suppose either a cruel mistress, or a quarrelsome wife. Their cleanliness is above all praise. Their houses are so painted and cleansed that poverty has absolutely no horrors in Holland. On the roads, you see peasants in the dress of the last century. The common people of both sexes wear wooden shoes: the women have ornaments of gold, or gilded metal, hanging like sheep's horns from the sides of their heads, and fastened with plates about their brows, under their caps.

"At Amsterdam the pictures of Paul Potter struck me with equal astonishment to what I had felt in the Louvre.* His imitation of animals will bear the examination of a microscope, and even looks more life-like when so examined. On the road to Nimeguen I visited a settlement of Moravians, which was very interesting. On our way hither last night, we witnessed the devastation occasioned by the breaking of the dykes in Holland, when entire villages were destroyed. The trees, in one direction, had been dashed down for miles, by the force of the ice. . The scene looked like the relics of the flood. To-morrow I shall proceed to Cologne. T. C."

"BONN, ON THE RHINE, *June* 9.

". . I have been a day in Bonn, and I have discovered Schlegel to my great joy; so that I shall not, for the present, proceed to Heidelberg. The difficulty of finding lodgings, and a separate boarding-house for my son, turns out to be greater than I had imagined. Forty professors, and five hundred and fifty students, make lodgings scarce and comparatively dear. . . I find Welcher, the librarian of the University, a very civil and attentive acquaintance. Schlegel was very happy to see me, and is very obliging; but his trick of *lecturing*, in conversation, appears to have increased with his appointment. He is ludicrously fond of showing off his English to me—accounting for his fluency and exactness in speaking it by his having learnt it at thirteen. This English, at the same time, is, in point of idiom and pronunciation, what a respectable English parrot would be ashamed of.—I have not got a separate apartment, so that I cannot begin to study; and until I have found a boarding-house for Thomas, and good lodgings, I shall not be settled. T. C."

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* See *ante*, visit to Paris, September, 1814.

"BONN, *June* 19.

"I thought by this time that I should have been able to have sent you an amusing account of the banks of the Rhine, but it has rained incessantly since I came to Bonn. I have not looked at a bright sky, or enjoyed a prospect of the scenery, for ten minutes together . . . The landscape is certainly magnificent. The moment it clears up, the Seven Mountains appear in great magnificence; and the vineyards and plains, along the course of the river, refresh the eye with luxuriant verdure. Two ruinous castles on the heights at a distance, and divided by the Rhine, give a most romantic effect to the scene. These are the Drachenfels and the Godesberg; but the wretched state of the atmosphere makes it impossible to have any continued enjoyment of the scene; and with all its fine outline, it appears little better than a dull, dark engraving.

"Bonn itself has no object of interest but its University —a fine pile of building, almost worthy of Oxford, and once the palace of the Electoral Princes. The library is a suite of three halls, at least three hundred feet in length. I have daily access to it for several hours, and now write to you from one of its niches, where I can study with perfect tranquillity. Schlegel means to be very kind, and is so attentive as to call upon me every day; but he talks without listening even to questions, and upon subjects on which he has not information to make him edifying. He thinks he understands English politics, and pesters me with his crude speculations about our impending national *bankruptcy*, and the misery of our lower orders! Yesterday, he asked me if I thought our peasantry happier than the serfs of the feudal system? and I asked him, to-day, what was the price of labour in Germany? in order to institute a comparison between the situations of the poor in both

countries; but my German philosopher was too great a man to know anything about the price of labour, and frankly confessed his ignorance . . . At times, when he dwells on a subject of which he is really master, he is quite his own original and animating self; but when he has nothing to say he proses away like the clack of a mill when there is no corn to grind. In short, I had no notion that a great man could ever grow so wearisome. It is a pity when learned men forget that one half of the value of a conversation depends on reciprocity. One could take down a book from a shelf, ten times more wise or witty than almost any man's conversation. Bacon is wiser, Swift more humorous, than any person one is likely to meet with; but they cannot chime in with the exact frame of thoughts in which we may happen to take them down from our shelves. Therein lies the luxury of conversation; and when a living speaker does not yield us that luxury, he becomes only a book standing on two legs."

"20*th*.—I have been very fortunate in forming an acquaintance with the Greek professor, a man of simple, agreeable manners, and of very respectable erudition. He has published several tracts on the Greek poets, and, what is very pleasant to me, has notions of them congenial with my own. For instance, it is the fashionable opinion in Germany, inculcated by their famous Wolff, that the Iliad was the work of many authors. I made to him a declaration of my creed on the subject; he told me his own was the same, though, when he avowed it at the University of Halle, he was quite stared at as an anti-Wolffian heretic! I have set anew to the study of Hebrew, and he has lent me some valuable tracts on the poetry of the Bible;* a

* Campbell's Lecture on the Poetry of the Hebrews, perhaps the very best of the series, was re-written, and greatly enriched, after his return from Germany.

subject which the Germans, for these twenty years past, have studied much more than their own literati."

"22*nd* and 23*rd*.—Dr. Meyer, the Professor of Physics, is married to an Englishwoman; and both, as you may guess, are valuable acquaintances. The Professor of English, Mr. Strahl, assists me in German, in return for my correcting his pronunciation of our language; he reads to me out of a book entitled 'Beauties of British Literature,' containing pieces by Walter Scott, Byron, and the entire works of a gentleman of whom you may have sometimes heard. This is not the only German edition of his rhymes; another has appeared at Leipsic . . . The appearance of the students is certainly not so gentlemanlike as that of the Oxonians, yet it is singularly picturesque. For some years past, a rage for reviving ancient costume has arisen, connected with a patriotic spirit in favour of the union and independence of Germany. The old German dress is therefore the favourite one—a simple tunic or capote buttoned before, with the collar of the shirt spread at the neck, a velvet cap, wide trousers, moustachios, and sometimes a beard, make their figures look like live pictures of the fifteenth century. Many of them carry about long pipes like fishing-rods . . . Occasionally you see fine forms and faces, and the effect of their costume is very fine."

"24*th*.—Last night I was at a ball given by the students, where the dresses were, in many instances, quite fit for the stage. I was in general struck by the height and beauty of the men, but equally astonished to remark the ill-favoured appearance and small stature of the women. There was but one passable beauty among fifty. The only fine woman in the place was a Jewess, and, singular enough to say, my landlord's niece. Schlegel swears she is a Jessica! Well—seeing a very elegant young woman waltzing with the handsomest young man in the room—I

could hardly believe my own eyes that it was the girl who, in the morning, had made my bed; yet her partner was a youth of good family, and two princes were waltzing beside her. The truth is, the Jews are treated with entire liberality in Bonn; and there is, from causes which I cannot pretend to trace, something like a republican equality among the Bourgeoisie. The Viceroy of the University asked me how I liked a dance that was set up by the name of 'Écossaise,' a most woeful imitation of Scotch dancing and music! I told him I was glad to hear it was Scotch, for I should not have discovered it either by the air or the steps."

"30*th*.—I am fortunate in my lodgings. For a pound a week I have two very large, good bed-rooms and a sitting-room; lofty, beautifully papered; the ceiling painted; china vases in the recesses; paintings in gilded frames all round the walls; and a sofa covered with such new and beautiful silk, that I cannot find in my heart to sit down upon it. For half-a-crown a day, I have dinner for Matilda and myself, consisting of soup, cutlets, ham, fowls, &c.; and a bottle of Rhenish for a shilling. Thomas is boarded with Professor Kapp, at five pounds a month, including all teachers. He sees us very seldom, and is kept tightly to his studies; while I prosecute my own in the library, and step in at pleasure to the lectures of the Professors. Schlegel, I must say, is very eloquent; though I cannot yet perfectly follow German as I hear it spoken. His students seem in raptures with him; in fact, he should never be out of the pulpit."

"*July* 7.—The weather having just become propitious, I made an excursion across the Rhine with Dr. Meyer and his wife, an agreeable English woman. We visited the burial-ground of the Jews—a forlorn and melancholy spot—emblem of the race who are to sleep under its turf. It is in the heart of a thick wood, where there is just

glimmering light enough to make the Hebrew inscriptions perceptible on the tomb-stones. As we recrossed the river, nine o'clock struck on the Minster bell—almost as deep and grand a sound as that of St. Paul's, and from a venerable pile, part of which is as old as the ninth century. Immediately on leaving the sepulchral wood, we came out to a fine sunset view of the Rhine. The surface of the water was gradually changing, from a rich amber to a fiery red; and the light, long boats that glided past partook of its hues. I looked back to the east, where the Seven Hills were cold and colourless; but the west was all beauty and radiance; and I could not help comparing the scene to the state of my own heart, for its warmth lay towards England.

"All we have heard of the beauty of this vicinity, falls short of the reality. I went with Schlegel to see the ruins of Godesberg; the day was uncommonly mild and favourable. The hill, which we ascended, is so steep above the village, that we looked down upon the roofs of its houses, as if we had been in one of Barker's panoramas.* . . .

"As far as Cologne, the roof of whose Cathedral is distinctly seen twenty-four miles off, the eye travels over vineyards, gardens, and corn-fields, interspersed with villages and spires; and with here and there a tower of some monastery or castle. . . The scene enchanted me, and made Schlegel repeat some of the poetry of Schiller. . .

"On Tuesday I joined a party with Dr. Meyer to visit the Seven Mountains. As we approached them, we were entertained with fine Gothic stories about all the castles and chapels that were visible from them. I could

* The descriptions of the scenery, which follow, though very beautiful and graphic, are now so generally known, that I cannot venture to give them to nearly the extent in which I find them in the letters; but in continuing the extracts, I shall endeavour to omit nothing essential or characteristic.

repeat many of them; but I am afraid you would not *believe* them, as they savour very much of the marvellous." "... As we ascended the Drachenfels, we heard the sound of a drum, instruments, and singing; and were told that it was a fête, celebrated by the common people at the monument erected there, at the triumphant peace of 1814. ... The occasion, and the scene of such a festival, were animating; there is something that irresistibly touches one, in the innocent revelry of the poor. ... We met the celebraters of this festivity descending, arm-in-arm, young and old, men and women, and all joining in a song.

"From the Drachenfels we proceeded to the Lowenberg, the highest of the Seven Mountains. Our path upwards was a long, deep, narrow glen—as romantic as any I ever saw in Scotland, and all covered with birch and beech. A river, as clear as glass, that came gurgling down over rocks and pebbles, hid itself forty feet beneath us, in the foliage; but its sound was still audible; and, here and there, it reappeared to sight, and formed beautiful pools. Here we stopped to eat the dinner we had brought with us, a few hundred yards below the summit, where there was only a smoky cabin, and a peasant's ragged family. But it was a spot which Virgil or Milton might have stopped to inhabit, and write their finest poetry! On the left are Paradisaical views of the Rhine. At the very point where it is most lively in appearance, and most interesting in historical relics, you look down upon the Nonnenwerth and the Castle of Roland." ... "As we descended to the farm-house, I thought how happy I should have been to have there built myself a house, and settled for life! Among the cottage children was a pretty little girl, named Gertrude, to whom I thought a little present of money due for her name's sake. ... I must not forget to tell you of another

beautiful German girl, whom our party all admired, at the foot of the Lowenberg, as we returned in the evening. Mrs. Meyer was in raptures, and spoke to her. She stood by the fountain, like its own genius; and her bright blue eyes and proud reserve made us all in love with her."

"*July* 12*th*.—After paying considerable attention to their statistics, I consider the Prussian Government as practically mild and judicious; and I do not believe that the people are in the least danger of being seditious, as we hear most absurdly rumoured in England. Their labourers have bread to eat, and are well paid and employed; I wish our own country could say the same! The people have been particularly satisfied since the Government allowed them to pursue the right of trial by jury, first introduced by the French. Here, till of late, there were no open courts of justice; every process, civil or criminal, was conducted in writing. Now our blessed institutions have reached them,—though they came through the medium of enemies. The good Lawyers of Berlin were at first alarmed at the innovation; but now, as there is a Court of Appeal at Berlin from the Rhenish province, where trial by jury exists; and as that court must have open pleadings, those who at first opposed the institution, now admire it; and in time, it is thought, it will be the means of introducing it over all Prussia. T. C."

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"BANKS OF THE RHINE, *July* 14.

"On leaving Bonn, the worthy Professor Arndt gave a party to the friends I had formed, to meet and take leave of me. It was most gratifying to me to hear from them all so many expressions of regret at my departure; and they have laid me under an absolute promise to spend a few days amongst them, on our way back to England.

I looked round on some seven or eight enlightened and cordial human beings, of whose existence I had not even known a few weeks back; but from whom I now parted as from so many brothers. I found my Greek friend, Welcher, more and more agreeable every day that I met him; and there were several more, whose knowledge and manners made their conversation perpetually welcome. I had conceived a sort of prejudice against Arndt, before I knew him. I heard his abilities as a poet, and his value as a patriot, highly spoken of. All strangers go to hear his lectures. He is considered the greatest ornament of the University, excepting Schlegel; and when Germany rose against the French, his writings, his war-songs, and his personal influence were supposed to be of the value of an entire army to the cause of his country. I had an ill-founded idea that he was a hard, stern character; and when Welcher introduced me to him, I made him a bow, ceremonious enough for Schlegel himself. He was dressed in a peasant's frock, having just come from working in his garden . . . I had that morning been reading his songs, which reminded me of Burns; I thought, also, that his countenance, and fiery, dark eyes, resembled the heaven-taught ploughman's physiognomy. He stared a moment, as if surprised at my bow, and then rebuked me by coming up with a smile and taking and shaking me by both hands. He is about fifty-five, and resembles what Burns would have been, if he had led a temperate life to these years. This was our first meeting. You may be sure I made him no more formal *bows*, and have spent many pleasant hours under his roof. His conversation is as original as you could wish, or imagine a poet's to be. At times, perhaps, there is a little German theorism in it, but I never could find in my heart to contradict him, for he converses with the very essence of bonhommie . . . . I know not what

revolutionary materials there may be in these States, for they are scattered dominions; but here, I take upon me to say, there are none but what the government itself may wilfully create. T. C."

15*th*.—"There are many laudable things in the actual practice of the Prussian government. It has abolished, for instance, the abominable practice of flogging in the military discipline: it is liberal in supporting schemes for public education: and it has shown gratitude and justice in giving situations to individuals who had distinguished themselves in the insurrectionary war for the deliverance of Germany. But has the Prussian monarch forgot his promise* of a Constitution to the Kingdom? As to those literary men and professors, who interfere in politics, I know nothing of what they are at other universities, but at Bonn I *know* what they deliver as doctrines to their students. I have heard their lectures; I have mixed in their political conversations; and I would ensure his Prussian majesty against all treason from that quarter, for a premium of one farthing."

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"*July* 15*th*.—After a pleasant evening with my friend the Professor, I was in very good temper to enjoy the scenery next morning. It was a blaze of the freshest light. . . . The hills rose, on the right, with rocks that looked as if they had been sculptured by nature for picturesque effect. Trees, corn-fields, slopes with pines among the rocks, the skiffs reflected in the water, the whole shapely amphitheatre, glowing in luxuriant light, made the heart absolutely sing with joy!

"I bade adieu to the Rolandseck, repeating the old song, 'Chantons Roland, la fleur de la Chevalerie!'† and

* This question, as the reader is aware, has been most satisfactorily answered by the recent act of Prussian legislature.

† The result of his visit to this classic spot was his own "Roland the Brave," composed during the day, and afterwards set to music by Mrs. Arkwright.

blessed the scene, pronouncing it the most beautiful I had ever beheld! . . . But it is tiresome to describe landscapes; the feeling of pleasure, which one derives from them, is intermixed with a thousand associations which are incommunicable in words. . . The whole scenery of Coblentz is delicious and striking."

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"DARMSTADT, *July* 28.

"I reached Frankfort on Monday 17th, and remained ten days. I left Matilda and Thomas in the care of a respectable pair who keep a private hotel or boarding-house; the lady is an Englishwoman. It is singular that I should have accidentally fallen in with those very people whom I had met at Ratisbon twenty years ago. I reached this place yesterday; it is a very pretty town; and the Duke, as you may have heard, is giving his people a nice little Constitution, like that of England. From this I intend to proceed directly to Vienna."

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"I have received by the government packet a letter from the Attorney-General of Botany Bay, setting my mind quite at rest about the poor convict Stewart,* who plied me so hard with letters soliciting my interest for his release from slavery. It seems he is now quite free, and doing well—except when he gets drunk. The Governor wrote to the Attorney-General of the colony, describing his situation minutely, and begging to assure me that he is better off there than he would be in England."

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Of Campbell's very short but studious sojourn at

* See the history of this case—Letter to Mrs. Fletcher, page 306.

Frankfort, I have been favoured with the following particulars, by one of his oldest friends and admirers :—

"I met with some faint and shadowy reminiscences of Campbell at Frankfort, where I resided in 1821. These were afforded by Father Ingram, a Scotch Carthusian monk, who, with divers of his compatriots, had been driven by Napoleon out of their once rich and stately monastery at Würtzburg. Mr. Ingram gave lessons in German, when opportunity offered; and on such occasions, he boasted, with great complacency, that he had officiated as daily German preceptor to the far-famed Thomas Campbell. According to his account, the Poet was out of sight the most attentive, zealous, and intelligent pupil he had ever met with; having, moreover, a strange plan of trying to overcome the difficulties of the German language 'by dint of Greek;' and finding out points of correspondence betwixt the two. However, he owned that, after all, Campbell had by no means penetrated into the 'mysterious depths' of the language; as, in the professor's opinion, he might have done, had he remained longer at Frankfort. 'In truth,' said Mr. Ingram, 'he turned at last rather fidgetty, and wanted a change of scene. But, luckily, he staid long enough to become a perfect convert to the truth of the Rodenstein Ghosts! It happened that these *poltergeister* made a tremendous *sortie* during his sojourn here; and the distance from hence to the Odenwald being so short, he regretted excessively not having been at the proper time on the spot, to judge by the evidence of his own senses. However, I got him a copy of the *Protocol*, which, as usual on such occasions, was issued at Darmstadt; and then he asked, whether I *really* thought that all the names attached were signatures of "living men and true,"—men who were supposed to carry rational heads on their shoulders? Now, I felt rather nettled that a Scotch poet, a believer, too, in the second sight, should be so sceptical; and I offered to join him next morning in a *calèche*, and that we should make our way to the Odenwald, with the protocol in hand, and have a *communing* with the witnesses. And I brought him to Mr. Vaarentrapp's, to get a copy of the book, containing all the bygone protocols about Rodenstein. So, at last, the Poet declared that he would be satisfied, without going thither, as there was no withstanding such reiterated and solemn testimonials.'

This worthy monk did really believe in ghosts, as firmly as he believed the mysteries of animal magnetism, and other wonders; and the Poet, whether convinced or not I cannot say, was, of course, far too good-natured to contradict him." * * * * *

His journey to Vienna is thus continued:—

"RATISBON, *Tuesday, August* 2, 1820.

"On Saturday morning I set out from Darmstadt, and reached this, yesterday evening, after three days and two nights' travelling, during which I was not in bed, and slept very little in the carriage. . . . The only place with which I was struck, though I had seen it before, was Nuremberg. I entered it at dead of night; but there was moonlight enough to give its old Gothic streets a solemn effect. At the last stage I had, for a wonder, an agreeable postilion—tho' you may laugh at the expression—who could answer my questions and abstain from smoking, and played very prettily on his little trumpet, or post-bugle.

"Though much exhausted, my spirits rallied at sight of the Danube—first visible from the high road, about four miles from Ratisbon. At that moment, as you may guess, I felt a flood of associations rushing upon my mind, that seemed as wide as the river I was contemplating. The sensation was less melancholy than I expected: I felt myself tranquil, and even cheerful; though the scene reminded me how much of life was gone by, and how much there was to regret in the retrospect! But the evening was fine, the prospect grand; and, as I stood up in the carriage, I could reckon twenty places fraught with lively interest to my memory. There were the heights, to which the Austrians retreated in 1800: there was the spire of the church, from which I had watched their movements: there was the wood, from which the last shot was fired before the armistice. Alas! that campaign was but a trifle; ten years afterwards, thirty thousand fell in the great battle with Napoleon, before Ratisbon. This morning, since five o'clock, I have been looking at the scene of action.

"My first visit was to the Scotch College,*—a dismal

* See his Letters from Ratisbon, Vol. I., pp. 280 to 308.

visit! Of all the monastery, there are only two survivors out of a dozen, whom I knew. I first inquired for the worthy prelate, who had shown a fatherly kindness to me, when I was here. He died, they told me, last April, between eighty and ninety years of age—I scarcely imagined that the news of an old man's death could have touched me so much; but I could not help weeping heartily, when I recalled his benevolent looks and venerable figure, and found myself in the same Hall where I had often sat and conversed with him—admiring, what seemed so strange to me, the most liberal and tolerant religious sentiments from a Roman Catholic Abbot.* Poor old Arbuthnot! it was impossible not to love him. All Bavaria, they told me, lamented his death. He was, when I knew him, the most commanding human figure I ever beheld. His head was then quite white; but his complexion was fresh, and his features were regular and handsome. In manners, he had a perpetual suavity and benevolence. I think I still see him in the Cathedral, with the golden cross on his fine chest, and hear his full, deep voice chanting the service.

"The present prelate is one of the monks I had known; he received me with the little English, or rather Scotch, which he can still speak. He was as glad to see me, as a man could be in his situation; for he is dying of schirrhous liver. I found the Brothers at supper; I inquired for Father Maurus? Dead. Father Albert? Dead. Father this? Father that?—but was only answered by a mute bow of the head. . . In the midst of this the evening bell began to toll; the monks took off their cowls; and, crossing themselves, continued in prayer for many minutes, during which I had time for serious reflections! . . T. C."

* See the character, as described by the Poet, Vol. I., p. 288.

"*August 7th.*—When I wrote you last, I expected immediately to have embarked in the Danube for Vienna; but on examining my trunk, found that I had left my Lectures at Frankfort! Luckily they are come to me at the end of a week. Matilda and Thomas are quite well at Frankfort; our boy is under the care of a clergyman, with whom he is a day-scholar.

"During the week I have been here, I have gone occasionally and taken my supper with the poor monks, who are very liberal of their beer; and it is by no means contemptible. I was present last evening, when they received two Irish monks on their way to Italy. The Irishmen requited their hospitality by getting drunk, and behaving in a manner that scandalised my sober countrymen. . . I have had my solitude, however, relieved by a total stranger—the Secretary of Prince * * *, who calls upon me daily, and shows me every civility in his power. He is a well-informed man, was tutor to the Princess, who is a *bas-bleu*. He showed me through her library, and that of the Prince, who is another Lord Spencer, in his taste for fine books and black letter . . . Alas! all our schemes of happiness in this world are but mockeries of the imagination. . . . T. C."

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"VIENNA, *August* 11, 1820.

"I have been talking Latin so long, that I have hardly sufficient English left to tell you of my arrival in Vienna. On Tuesday I embarked at Ratisbon, hard packed with six other passengers; a Jew, a very plain lady, a Hessian tutor and his pupil, with whom he was travelling, and two enormous monks, with blue coats down to their heels, and silver buckles adapted to the Patagonian size of their shoes. . . But mark how little we should

trust to appearances; the youth, though extremely beautiful, turned out stupid and uninteresting; the Jew, on the other hand, won my affections, and became a valuable friend, by calculating florins and *kreuzers* for me. The Hessian had no fault but loquacity; he found that the monks and I could converse only in Latin; and, rejoicing in an occasion to exert his Latinity, applied fifty words where one would have sufficed. The monks, whose guttural pronunciation, broad buckles, and uncouth air, had at first inspired me with terror, turned out conversible and amusing men. . . A thousand little incidents that discover the temper in travelling, showed them to be essentially polite. Our suppers were, really, as sociable as that of the Canterbury Pilgrims. By day, we fed on the stores we had laid in at Ratisbon; but at night we slept on shore. . . We ate our cold meat on wooden platters, which they jocularly call the Boat's *porcelain*. The plain lady, whoever she was, proved a sensible woman, and a charming musician—so thoroughly musical, that she was not to be deterred from singing to herself by the consciousness of being in strange company. She was called sister to one of the monks. When observed, she would stop, and then go on again at our request, in 'many a winding route, of linked sweetness, long drawn out.' Her singing was peculiarly delightful where the scenery through which we passed was calculated to inspire romantic sensations." *

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"Most of what I now saw of the Danube was new to me. I used to repose on the roof of the cabin, enjoying, with the sensation of gliding along, an ever-moving picture

* "As to Horner's Monody," he adds in this letter, "If only a *few lines* are to be found, what is the use of transcribing it? I do not wish a copy, unless the *whole* Monody can be found." On this point the reader is referred to page 328 of this volume.

—monasteries and castles on the tops of mountains—glens, that intersect the shores with tributary waters rushing into the Danube—woods, stretching up to an enormous height, with oceans of foliage of all colours, from the lightest poplar to the darkest pine; and between these, again, and the water's edge, sloping pastures and vineyards, with romantic cottages in the midst of them. . . . It is impossible, indeed, to look at what Nature has made out of rocks, water, and verdure, without confessing that she is a very beautiful artist. . . There is no longer any danger in passing the whirlpools of the Danube—the Wirbel and Strudel—though the roar of the waters is considerable; and the boatmen are obliged to make a strong effort, and employ a skilful pilot. An ancient castle, called the Devil's Tower, stands on one of the rocks; and as the whole character of the scene is wild and frightful, it is not deficient in superstitious legends.*

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"At last, at five o'clock in the evening, we caught sight of the spire of St. Stephen's, and, by degrees, the other buildings of Vienna. Safe on shore, I put up at the first good hotel I could find, which is the sign of the "White Cow." This puts me in mind of an Irish friend who offered to bet that there were seven signs of bulls in Dublin—the black bull, the red bull, the golden bull, and so forth: he counted six; but, being at a loss for another, he remembered the White Cow. 'Oh, but that is a *bull!*' 'Very well,' said he, 'does not that make seven bulls in all?'—With this very instructive anecdote I must conclude for to-night."

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* Here the MS. presents some specimens of these legends, viz. Bishop Bruno, Dürrenstein, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Blondel, which, since Campbell made this descent, have been rendered familiar in various tours and periodicals.—See "The Danube Illustrated," 1844.

"*August* 13*th*.— . . . Yesterday the heat was so intense, that I could go no farther than St. Stephen's, where I forgot all my worldly sorrows in listening to its beautiful organ. . . . All Saturday was employed in searching for lodgings; and, as the noise of the streets is dreadful, the difficulty was to find any place within a tolerable distance of the library. . . . In spite of all I had heard of the cheapness of lodgings here, all the quiet and decent places were very dear. . . . After I had climbed a thousand stairs, and undergone all possible horrors, from listening to the chopping of wood, that sounds incessantly in Vienna, and the crashing of wheels, I resorted in the last stage to the suburbs. But there also I was for hours inquiring in vain. At length, just as I was returning home to the 'White Cow' in despair, I found most excellent, and, for their appearance, most reasonable apartments at four pounds a month, but furnished in such a manner that if the Ambassador called upon me, I should not wish better to receive him in. All the furniture is mounted with gilding, mirrors, cupids in bronze, girandoles, or *jeering* dolls, as the man called them, suspended from the roof. But, as pride always comes before a fall, I have no doubt I shall be humbled for all this prosperity! Each of my rooms is twenty feet square, and my bed-room looks over gardens. Was ever poet so lodged? For this good fortune I am indebted to the assiduity of a Polish gentleman of the name of Casimir, who has shown me all possible attention."

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"This morning I went once more to range the city; but the heat was so suffocating that, after climbing to the top of St. Stephen's—and it is higher than St. Paul's—I had only fortitude to visit the Armouries. The view from the cathedral is very magnificent; and makes, I think, excepting Edinburgh, the finest panorama I have ever seen.

In one direction, about six miles off, you see the village of Aspern, and island of Lobau, where Buonaparte retreated and built his bridge to attack the Austrians. The whole battle must have been distinctly visible with glasses from this tower. The enormous bell, made of cannon taken from the Turks in the siege, when Sobieski defeated them, sounded whilst we were in the steeple. Its tongue is nearly a ton weight."

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"14*th*.—Poor Casimir! I ought to learn fortitude from seeing such a being always cheerful and contented. I am yet in the strength of life—he is fifty-seven. He has been five times wounded in battle, and showed me his scars, which are severe. His life has been one tissue of hardships; and he has now a family to support, by running about with strangers for a couple of shillings, and at the rate of twenty miles a day. Often out of employment—pushed about by insolent waiters, at the hotels where he serves—yet this poor fellow never appealed to my pity; and showed me his wounds only to convince me that he had been a brave soldier. He told me a singular circumstance of his being once shot by a French vidette, with a candle instead of a bullet; and this wound, he said, was the worst of all he had received." . . . "Well, I have this evening entered my lodgings, parted with my Pole, and have nothing for my companion but a Hungarian Grammar. I shall not study the language; but I have been told that it contains some original and characteristic poetry.*. . . T. C."

The Poet's arrival in the Austrian capital was publicly announced, the friends of genius were invited to bid him welcome, and an elegant translation of his "Mariners,"

* See specimen of Hungarian war songs, Vol. I. Altona, 1800—1.

with a very complimentary notice of his Poems and Lectures, appeared in one of the leading journals. The grand object, it was added, with which he had come to Vienna, was to collect materials for a voluminous work on German Literature.*

The following letter presents a brief, but interesting summary of his residence and impressions :—

" VIENNA, *September* 29, 1820.

". . . I have been as much alarmed as you could be at the reports of the soldiery having taken an interest in Her Majesty. It is curious to see how extremes meet. Here, the courtier will not speak out on the subject; for the Cabinet of V. never quarrels, unless there is something to be got by quarrelling; but its opinion is known to be utterly hostile to the trial. One of them said to me, 'It is too bad in your K. to publish the actions of a woman so highly born. We all know that Maria Theresa —that the Empress Catharine—that Maria Antoinette—that, &c. &c. But nobody until now ever dared to drag down royal personages to be disgraced in the face of the whole world.' This is the general—though rather the muttered than spoken—opinion of all the grandees here: so you see that the Courts of Germany and St. Giles' exactly accord in their sentiments! You hate the English Radicals—so do I. But there is a system here that

* " Herr THOMAS CAMPBELL (geboren zu Glasgow, 1778), Professor, &c. &c., lustwandelt jetzt in den fruchtbaren Gefilden der deutschen Literatur, und befindet sich gegenwärtig in Wien's Mauern. Er ist jetzt beschäftigt, Materialen zu *einem grossen Werke allgemein-literarischen Inhalts*, zu sammeln. Wir glauben," &c. &c. Here follows a literal and spirited translation of the " Mariners," beginning :

" Ihr Kriegessegler Englands !
Die ihr die heim'schen Seen bewacht," &c. [Page 1025.]

carries radicalism to the opposite extreme. There is a ministry that tries, upon principle, to eradicate every germ of liberal opinion—that naturally, and in spite of a despotic government, springs up under the increasing light of human intelligence.

"I was introduced to the Prime-Minister, and might have gone to his evening parties: but I have read the books and journals published under his sanction; I know the system on which he acts, and have so profound a contempt and abhorrence for that system, that I wish to see nothing of him, or of his satellites. Of course, however, I adhere to the old prudent idea, which I adopted on my arrival in Germany—never to trouble any one with my political opinions. A stranger has no right to intermeddle with the worst government that he may meet with, whilst he is protected by that government. But I cannot help making my own observations in silence. The police is good in Austria; but then their government is nothing but *police*. It has no policy, nor principle, that an Englishman can view without disgust. The press is not only under a censor, but it is prostituted to inculcate servile principles. . . . Gentz* and Frederick Schlegel, and a knot of literary men, are enlisted, with splendid abilities, but venal, unblushing impudence, to inculcate the exact principles that reigned in the Spanish Inquisition. They preach on the advantages of Feudal servitude, and the happiness of the Middle Ages, when the Church had not yet lost its power. It was lately proposed, in earnest, to forbid the use of the Classics in schools and colleges, as they taught revolutionary doctrines! All these efforts, however, to

* In the "Life of Sir James Mackintosh," is some interesting correspondence between this talented writer and Sir James. In speaking of his political adversaries, it was usual with Campbell to express himself strongly—more strongly, at times, than he felt upon reflection.

put back the human mind, is so far from serving the intended purpose, that it is sowing the seeds of disgust and disaffection among a people who are naturally peaceable, and passive, almost to imbecility.

"I dined lately in company with a Professor of the College of Gratz, in Styria, whose labours, in a long historical work, which he was about to publish, were thrown to the ground, and his literary and private fortune ruined, because he introduced a sentiment on government translated from our historian Robertson. A liberal man, Von Hammer,—for there are some even here—said to the Minister and to Gentz, who is his oracle, 'Expunge, if you please, the offensive sentence; but pray let the poor man publish his book.' 'No,' said Gentz; 'I don't see any necessity for his publishing at all.'

* * * * *

"I have found a kind friend in the Countess R. All Vienna speaks not only well, but reverentially of her. She is majestic, like Mrs. Siddons, but very natural and gentle, an excellent scholar—for she helped me out with a quotation from Cicero, yet perfectly unassuming, almost to timidity. Her house is the rendezvous of the best society in Vienna; and she made me promise to come every evening. When I arrive, I find her seated in full glory at the upper end of the room, where the place beside her is reserved for me. . . . Here you meet a number of the Polish nobility, of whom the women are extremely beautiful. The men are more like Englishmen than any foreigners I have seen. It is curious to find myself at home amongst them, and receiving invitations to call upon them, should I ever be at Warsaw!*

* This daily intercourse with the Poles revived all his youthful ardour in their cause, and, after a few years, led to his founding the Polish Association, in London.

"During a day I spent at the Countess's house, she took me to the height called the 'Fountain of the Thorn,' where we had a most magnificent view of the course of the Danube, from the walls of Vienna to the mountains of Hungary. Our party partook of a collation on the side of a beautiful hill, where we looked over woods on the fine prospect, and sat surrounded by beds of mignonette, which was fragrant enough to regale even my dull senses. . . . I have written a few lines to the Countess on the subject, which I will show you when we meet.

"I have found an excellent friend—for so I may truly call him—in Von Hammer, a member of the Aulic Council, and of celebrity as an Oriental scholar. He has translated my 'Lines on a Scene in Argyllshire': another literary man has translated 'Ye Mariners'; and both have appeared in the Vienna papers. 'The Exile of Erin' has been ten years translated; and, would you believe it? 'The Pleasures of Hope' was translated into Danish three years ago, and the translator is to sup with me to-night. It has been a great loss to me that the Archduke John has been absent: he is Von H.'s particular friend, and, I have reason to believe, a friend to liberal principles." . . . "I have seen the Comedies and Tragedies of Vienna. I know not which are the more tiresome. They have good actors; but, in my ear, the discord of the language defies all power of graceful recitation. . . . I have been at our Ambassador's since I wrote. At a very large party, I was the only Englishman presented, formally, to the Foreign Ambassadors, and to every person of distinction in the room—except the Duke of C., who, however, came up to me himself, and said he knew that I lived at Sydenham, and that it was a very pleasant society. I fancy H.R.H. must have heard this through Mr. A. He looked very princely, and was very pleasant. There is a laugh here, at present,

against an illustrious personage, who, it is said, asked Napoleon's wife, if she resided constantly at Vienna? and if she was not married to the Archduke Louis, who is her uncle! . . . I expect to leave Vienna in a few days.

T. C."

The following are the lines addressed to the Polish Countess R——ski :—

"Though I honour you at heart,
More than these poor lines can tell;
Yet I cannot bear to part
With a common, cold 'farewell!'
We are strangers, far remote
In descent, and speech, and clime;
Yet, when first we met, I thought
We were friends of ancient time!

Oh, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that morn,
When we climbed the Danube's height
To the Fountain of the Thorn!*
And beheld his waves, and islands
All glittering in the sun—
And Vienna's gorgeous towers,
To the Mountains of the Hun!

There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around;
And where'er it turned, the eye
Looked on rich, historic ground!
O'er Aspern's field of glory,
Noon's purple haze was cast;
And the hills† of Turkish story
Teemed with visions of the past!

But it was not mute creation,
Nor the land's historic pride,
That inspir'd my heart's emotion
On that lovely mountain's side:

* A mountain overlooking the island scenery of the Danube, near Vienna, to which the Poet was conducted by his noble friend.

† The battle-ground where the Turks were defeated by John Sobieski.

But that *you* had deign'd to guide me,
And, benignant and serene,
R——ski* stood beside me,
Like the Genius of the scene!
T. C., *September*, 1820."

* * * *

Taking leave of Vienna, and the great library in which he had spent most of his time, Campbell retraced his steps through Bavaria to Ulm; and on the 1st of November found himself once more in the society of his friends at Bonn. Further particulars of his homeward journey occur in the following letters:—

"FRANKFORT, *October* 12, 1820.

"I came from Vienna as far as Ratisbon, in company with Captain Batty, of the Guards—brother of the lady who sketched the Italian scenes, which F. so much admires. . . I had determined to pass the last month of our stay in Germany at Frankfort; but the letter I sent to Matilda did not reach her; and on my arrival, we could find no lodgings to suit us. She is anxious to get over a part of the journey towards Calais, and to be *nearer* England; and to be nearer England is also a delicious thought to me. . . To-morrow I hope to be again on the Rhine, and the next evening to see once more my lovely island of the Nonnenwerder.†"

* A romantic history of this amiable and accomplished lady is given in a letter from Campbell to Mrs. Fletcher, of Edinburgh, in November of this year, page 390.

† " . . . But why so rash has she ta'en the veil
In yon *Nonnenwerder's* cloisters pale?
For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung—
'Twas her own dear warrior's horn!

"BONN, *November* 2, 1820.

"I write to you in high spirits, elated by finding myself nearer England. I staid three days at Frankfort, and descended the Rhine where the Nonnenwerder, the Rolandseck, and the Seven Mountains showed themselves in their best looks, smiling under autumnal sunshine. Their tints were varied; they had not the full, rich, blazing verdure, which they wore in summer; but their mellow, pensive beauty looked very touching. It was like that of some fine face one has admired in youth, and cannot cease loving when past its prime. I only touched at Bonn, thinking it but due to my worthy friends to bid them good bye; but when I talked of setting off next day, they laughed in my face, and said it was 'impossible!' and that, if persuasion failed, they must employ force."

"I have been very happy, as you may suppose, in renewing my acquaintance with the 'literaries' of the place. They showed me a new instance of attention, by inviting me to a public dinner, given to the officers of the regiment stationed here, and setting me on the right hand of the Rector, next to the Colonel-Commandant, Count D. We had a splendid repast. The whole body of the University, and many of the students in their old picturesque costume, were present. Some of the toasts argued a very good understanding between the literary and military men. The Colonel, a man universally esteemed for his patriotism, told me very frankly that Prussia was too enlightened to be an arbitrary government; and that

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"Woe—woe! each heart shall bleed—shall break!
She would have hung upon his neck,
Had he come but yester even!
And he had clasped those peerless charms,
That shall never, never fill his arms—
Or meet him but in heaven!"—*The Brave Roland.*

I should live to hear of its becoming a free and legitimately reformed country. . . . It was very amiable to see the Catholic and Protestant Professors, with their respective Doctors of Theology, meeting together with every mark of cordiality.

"My joy at the prospect of returning home is very great; but it is damped by the fear of returning with some of the objects of my journey but imperfectly fulfilled. For my purpose, Leipsic should have been my head-quarters; it is there, alone, that one can pick up all sorts of books. . . I am anxious to leave Thomas* at Bonn; but there is great difficulty in finding a boarding-house, and he is too young to be trusted in lodgings.

"The public news from England are so disagreeable, that I scarcely like to allude to them. Here we have nothing publicly important, except that the diamonds of the Three Kings of Cologne, valued at 30,000*l.*, were stolen one fine dark night, and all the Catholic world has been terrified at the sacrilege. How long would so many diamonds remain in a church in England, guarded only by religious awe, and a few iron bolts? Now the old women of Cologne go to look at the poor Kings in their niches, bereft of all their finery, and weep, with no consolation, but that the thieves will be roasted in the other world!—We shall set out from this about the 21st, so as to reach London before the month expires, allowing a day or two for bad weather at Calais. T. C."

* It was ultimately arranged that he should live with Dr. Meyer, where he would have all the advantages of private tuition and public instruction.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN FROM GERMANY.

DURING the last week spent at Bonn, Campbell had the pain of witnessing the suspension, on political charges, of two of the professors who had vied with each other in showing him kindness; and this probably hastened his departure. Placing his son, then in his sixteenth year, under the care of Dr. Meyer, he exchanged a hasty farewell with his friends, and started for England. Of his journey homewards, he has left no particulars; but the following letter to Mrs. Fletcher will in some measure supply the deficiency :—

"LONDON, *November* 24, 1820.

"From month to month, my dear Mrs. Fletcher, I most culpably broke my intention of sending you an account of my peregrinations in which I had the vanity to think that you might be interested. As if to punish that sin of omission, I now find myself almost disabled from writing. On the 19th, Mrs. C. and I were overturned in the Dover coach; she happily escaped without injury; but my shoulder was so much bruised, that I was confined for days in the first inn to which I could be conveyed. We came to town yesterday; but, without intending a play upon the word, I can give you but a *lame* account of my

adventures, yet I saw much that interested and delighted me.* . . . . .

"One of my friends at Bonn is married to an excellent woman, the niece of Dr. Fothergill. At her house I met an English lady whose resemblance to you, it seems, is celebrated: her name is Collinson; she was only passing on her way to Switzerland. I always felt I had much affection for you, but then most particularly when Mrs. C. brought you in so lively a manner to my recollection, and as it were before my eyes. Schlegel was of our society, the only evening I spent in Mrs. C.'s company. I was not a little proud of my country-woman, and still more proud when I reflected that her better likeness had been *my* friend these twenty years. This, said I, is not an *old* friend with a new face, but a *new* friend with an old one. * * * * *

"After an enchanting journey on the shores of the Rhine, I left Mrs. Campbell and my son to the care of a friendly family at Frankfort, and made a tour as far as Vienna. I was there disappointed in finding all the people to whom I carried introductions either out of town or leaving it; and I remained three weeks with no other society than that of a Jewish poet,† with whom I was reading Hebrew. This Hebrew bard, by the way, has translated my poems into German, and is publishing them at Vienna. At last Lord Stuart, our Ambassador, came to town; and at his house I had occasional society: but my good fortune was not complete till I got an invitation from the Countess R——ski, whose house is the very focus of literary society. She is a highly accomplished and learned woman—majestic

* What follows in the MS. is a recapitulation of the tour already described in the preceding letters.

† Herr Cohen, who translated "The Mariners" in one of the Literary Journals of Vienna.

and beautiful in her person, and one of the sweetest and most estimable characters that ever adorned society. Her history is very singular: Her father, a Polish nobleman, perished on the scaffold, under the tyranny of Robespierre. She was thrown an orphan on the streets of Paris. A poor shoemaker took her into his house. One day as she was playing at the door, the Russian Ambassador was struck with the child's beauty, and asked her name. She was but eight years old, but distinctly told him her story. He took her home in his carriage, and recommended her to the Court of St. Petersburg, which immediately provided for her, and on her coming of age gave her a handsome portion. Unhappily she was married very young to a madman, who lives estranged from her, in a very profligate manner in the East. . . But in Vienna, where female character is not spared, she lives not only respected but revered. I can never forget the friendship of this excellent woman. . . .

"On my return to Bonn, I resided nearly another month among my dear friends of the University. Their pleasant manner of life—their brotherly affection for each other—their social parties, had afforded me constant pleasure; when, all at once, the general happiness was overcast by a decree from the King of Prussia, suspending Arndt and Welcher from their professorships. By this time I fear poor Arndt may be in a dungeon. His crime is having reminded the king of his promise to give the people a Constitution. He is a man all made of heart and truth; eloquent and energetic as a man, and simple as a child. When the Germans rose against the French, his personal influence was rated at the value of an army, and Buonaparte set a price upon his head. Welcher is an eminent Greek scholar; as a politician, the most moderate and candid I ever heard; and as a man, the most amiable,

I called upon him the day the suspension arrived, when he told me, with tears in his eyes—'I give you my solemn word of honour, that I have not uttered or written one seditious word; and this persecution equals any thing in the records of the Inquisition.' T. C."

With Campbell's return to England commenced the duties of editorship; for, although not called upon for actual service until the new year, he had to make all the arrangements necessary for a fresh start with the periodical; and his responsibilities were in proportion to the high expectations which the public announcement of his name as editor had excited. His first object was to select an efficient staff; and with this view he wrote to many of his old friends, explaining the nature of his undertaking, the terms of remuneration, and soliciting their support. In this way the list of contributors was soon filled up to his satisfaction. A few, however, and these of very high standing in the literature of the day, were not so easily brought over; and among the letters of those who answered his application for "monthly articles," by query, friendly counsel, or delicate evasion, were the following:—

"Fostan, *Dec.* 13, 1820.

"What line of conduct do you mean to hold on the subject of *religion?* I beg you to be quite explicit on this point. One subject it is in your power to treat with great advantage—I mean that of Germany—upon which there is much ignorance and much curiosity. Make the proceedings of Portugal, Spain, and South America, short and separate articles in each number—digesting the important information into your own narrative. Remember, also, that a *Mag.* is not supported by papers evincing *wit* and *genius;* but by the height of the tide at London Bridge—by the price of oats, and by any sudden elevation or depression in the price of boiling-peas. If your *Mag.* succeeds, it will do so as much by the diligence and discretion you will impress upon your nature, as by the talents with which you are born. As for me, I am rusticated—indolent—cut off from the society of clever men—and engaged in the E. R. But

answer my question, and I will take time to consider the matter. . . . Will any political changes take place soon in Germany? Can you promise us any decapitation of High-Dutch Princes? What will happen *here?* Any thing more than fresh restrictions and fresh taxes? . . .

Yours, S. S."

"SEVRES, [no date].

"In any capacity, editorial or otherwise, I should have great pleasure and pride in placing my name beside yours in any undertaking whatever. But the few hours that the world leaves me are barely sufficient for myself, without admitting of any works of supererogation for others. . . . The truth is, I have, of late, given myself up to pleasure and dwelt carelessly. So that, though there is nothing I should like better than the light skirmishing which you propose, *i. e.*, in your company, it is, for the present, at least, completely out of the question. . . .

T. M."

Notwithstanding these discouragements, the editor entered upon his task with alacrity, and made a strong muster for February. The papers for that month showed very clearly the influence of a new directing power; and so far the promise given to the public was redeemed. In Mr. Cyrus Redding, Campbell found an able and zealous coadjutor; and from the day it started, until the editorship passed into other hands, the New Monthly kept the field against all competitors. Still anxious, however, to increase his force, and insure the publisher against all risk, we find him constantly reminding his friends that he had "an arduous undertaking in hand," and "calculated on their steady support." Addressing himself to one who had both the power and the disposition to serve the cause, he writes—"If you or your brother should have any desultory pieces lying by you, or should be disposed to employ a leisure hour in bestowing an essay upon me, I take the liberty of *twenty years'* friendship to solicit such a favour. When I speak of the liberality of my publisher, don't imagine that I can wickedly fancy anything so base of you as that, if

love will not bring your aid, *lucre* will. No, my dear friend, it is to put you in possession of a fact which you may state with discretion to any literary man of talent who might seem to you likely to become my correspondent in the Journal."

During the spring months, we find him exclusively devoted to the interests of his Journal, the pages of which were now the record of his literary life. To be able to reside within the immediate sphere of his new duties, he exchanged his house at Sydenham for private lodgings in Margaret-street, until a permanent residence could be found. There he received and consulted with his friends; cultivated acquaintance with literary men of all parties; answered correspondents; perused contributions; wrote new and revised old papers; and, in short, identified his own reputation and interests with those of the Magazine. Thus, a new principle of vitality was infused into its pages; and, adverting to the success of his Journal, an illustrious brother poet, then abroad, tells him:—"I have had an occasional glimpse of your *Mag.*, and enjoyed, as I always do, every movement of your Muse, whether in prose or verse—'*quicquid agit, quocunque vestigia vertit.*' I hope Colburn knows, as he ought, the value of these monthly drafts on immortality."

The editorial correspondence of this period is too much tinctured, perhaps, with political sentiment and opinion to interest the general reader; but the following extracts, from his more private letters, are sufficiently characteristic:

"62, MARGARET STREET, *July* 15, 1821.

"My second part of the Lecture* for this month goes in against the grain: few people understand the *first;*

* See New Monthly Magazine for June and July, 1820.

so I am trying to make the second more explicable. . . My zealous Foscolo fights all about for me: he said to me publicly yesterday—"I never read a sentence of your Lecture which does not appear to me true, and from which I cannot deduce some other *truth*."

"H. called on me to-day. We talked of Vienna. I mentioned T., whom, in my travels in Hungary, I delivered from an enchanted castle of the Turks. But oh, sad human nature, to what art thou fallen in my esteem! H., whom I always like, because she is warm-hearted to me, is a person I cannot laugh at; but T. used to shake with laughter, though naturally serious, whenever we mentioned H.; yet I fully believe they write to one another as two beloved friends! . . . Oh, you people of fashion! What a false brood you are! How thankful ought we to be when we can count on the affection of those whom we really know! The remembrance of such friends supports us against a trial more than all separation from the world—a separation from themselves! . . ."

"I have a letter from Thomas—not very comfortable. He talks of his wish to go to sea; and I am apt to believe that when a young man talks "of liking to go to *sea*," he must feel himself disposed to do no great good on land.

T. C."

Campbell was now obliged, by the duties of his editorship, to have a fixed residence in town; and, with manifest regret, took a final leave of Sydenham. In this step he acted, not from choice but necessity; and few who knew him before, and after this period, will hesitate to view that change* as

* Deprecating this change, in lines worthy of the subject, a brother poet thus addressed him, on "his purposing to take up his permanent residence in London:"—

"Dear Poet of Hope! who hast charmed us so long
With a gush of home-music, sweet, solemn, and strong;

a misfortune. He never returned to the quiet of village life; but Sydenham, as he has often said, was "the greenest spot in memory's waste." It was the sanctuary to which he fled, and in which he found certain relief, under all the afflictions of his checkered course. When exhausted by mental labour, and the excitement of town life, or worried, as he says, with the irritating and perplexing cares of an editor, a holiday with his old friends at Sydenham always restored him to comparative health and spirits.

In the following extracts some insight is afforded into his daily habits, studies, and associates.

"62, MARGARET STREET, *August* 26, 1821.

"I have just sent off my Fourth Lecture to the press, and sit down to enjoy myself in the cool of the evening, after my labours. I have been almost stifled with the heat, but must *not* go to the sea-side—both from motives of economy, and a desire to get on with my Fifth Lecture. I have a goodly stock of articles for my next Number. I am promised an interesting one, by Foscolo,

---

Now, smooth as the wave, when 'tis chained and at rest,
And hues of the sky lie like flowers on its breast,—
Now sweeping in glory and might on its way,
And now struggling from silence and darkness to day;
Oh, leave not the haunts so propitious to song,
For the city's wild strife and the jar of the throng! .. . .
Though the visions have fled that gave light to thy spring,
And thy heart and thy harp both are wanting a string;
Like the leaves on the tree, that no tempest may kill,
There are feelings unwithered that cling to thee still! . . .
.. The Poet 's a star that shines brightest apart;
Let him revel at will in the world of the heart;
But the moment he strives 'mid the crush of the throng,
Like a bird, too much handled, he loses his song;
And the fools who once worshipped his light from afar,
Are the first to proclaim him no longer a star!"

ALARIC A. WATTS.

on the subject of Naples. General Pepé* is to supply him with documents; and I think it a debt due to history, and to the brave men who have been forsaken by their countrymen in this attempt, to give a plain statement of the facts. . . I have seen a good deal of Pepé, and been greatly interested by many circumstances regarding himself and the Parliament of Naples, from which he brings authentic documents. Foscolo is all fire on the subject!—Pepé is an agreeable man, and improves on acquaintance. His situation in London is forlorn as to friends—not circumstances, for he has an easy income; but he is very cautious of mixing with indiscreet Whig society; and he has but few acquaintances on the safe side. I have exhorted him to keep clear of public dinners; and he perfectly coincides in my view of his delicate position. Still he is very cheerful and gentlemanlike, and the handsomest man, I think, I ever saw. . . . He calls on me, with great simplicity, for advice about little matters; and to-morrow I have to overlook his bills. While the business of Naples was going on, how little did I expect to be rendering this service, in a few months, to the poor General! . . . Had he succeeded, how different had been his history! But success with me is not a standard of esteem. I shall honour the brave man for his intentions."

"I met my friend Watt of Birmingham—brother of Gregory. He told me that a plan had been laid for getting the king on board a steam-vessel on his voyage to Ireland. They watched him, and succeeded; and, would you believe it? that little incident has raised the credit of this kind of vessels. T. C."

"*Oct.* 8.—I do assure you, a London life has taken nothing away from the rustic sincerity of my regard for

* See the "Memoirs" of this distinguished soldier, lately published.

Sydenham and your family, which has bound me to it with cords stronger than iron. . . It is nothing but the consciousness of bowing to irresistible fate, that makes me able to endure a life, where I do not habitually see my friends. Unable, as I am, to go into parties, or even to call on people, for fear of being mal-opportunely called upon by them again, I am actually solitary. . . But I live in memory, I hope, in the house, which, to me, is but another name for the house of friendship. . . Mr. Murray has offered to pay for a bust of me at the cost of 150 guineas, if Chantrey will do it. This, I think, is liberal. Thomas goes to school to-morrow, to Mr. Stock's Academy at Poplar, and will cost me 120*l.* per annum, for board and tuition. T. C."

In explanation of this passage, it is proper to notice that his son, who had spent the winter at Bonn, returned home early in the spring; when, other means having failed for continuing his education, he was taken to Amiens and placed under the care of an experienced teacher. There he continued three months; but, disliking both the place and the people, as he informs me, he became disgusted, and started for the coast without a passport. By the great kindness of some French ladies, whom he met in the *diligence*, he arrived safe at Boulogne; but there he was confined three days. Having at last obtained leave to embark for England, he described his case to one of the seamen on board, who generously advanced him 5*s.* 6*d.* to pay his fare. As soon as he landed at Dover, he sold his watch, repaid his friend, started by the coach, and was at his father's house next day.*

* At the moment of his arrival, he tells me, Anthony Mac Cann—the Exile of Erin—and his friend Dardis, were in the room. Anthony proposed to celebrate his return by killing the fatted calf, and endeavoured to turn the whole

During the remainder of the year, the calm of domestic life appears to have been ruffled by continual anxieties,—particularly by increasing solicitude regarding his son, whose unexpected return, and inclination for a seafaring life, had dissipated all his parental hopes. In the mean time, as mentioned in the preceding letter, the youth was sent to school at Poplar; but this measure, though very judicious at the time, was only the beginning of new troubles and anxieties, for which there was no remedy.

* * * * * *

The ensuing portion of Campbell's life, taken in a literary point of view, is that of an editor devoting his time and energies to the service of the public—supporting the credit already acquired by new and more vigorous efforts, and still projecting fresher plans, and higher objects in the cause of literature. The field he had undertaken to cultivate, had already given him certain proofs of fertility; and every new mark of success was a new stimulus to industry. He found himself at the head of a literary brotherhood, every member of which was either known and respected for his abilities, or eager to distinguish himself under so popular a leader; and seldom has so much diversity of power, with so much unity of purpose, been directed to the pages of a monthly journal. His Lectures on Classic Poetry, though greatly abridged while passing through the press, appeared to have gained, rather than lost, by the process of condensation; and, compared with the original manuscripts, they discover many traces of the taste and success with which he had prosecuted his researches in Germany. His essays, criticisms, and short poems, scattered through the monthly numbers, embrace almost every variety of subject; and, though not

affair into a joke; upon which Dardis quaintly observed, that Tony spoke like a true Irishman—whose thoughts came always out of his head crooked, like a stick in a basin of water. The Poet himself was deeply affected.

uniformly profound or sparkling, they bear, in general, the stamp of his genius, and, in a few happy instances, discover both the weight and brilliancy of the true ore.

His social intercourse at this time, as appears from the letters before me, was limited to a circle of literary friends, few and well chosen, whom he delighted to see at his frugal dinner-table, or in the quiet of his own study. In this circle was comprised much of the talent, literary and political, then residing in London, with frequent visitors from the country, and a number of distinguished foreigners. Among the latter were General Pepé* and his friend Colonel Macerone, who had served, and suffered together in the same cause. Campbell, indeed, was the uncompromising friend of every exile, every foreigner in distress; and this strong feeling of sympathy for the oppressed, never abated until, in after years, he founded the Polish Association—one of the proudest monuments of British philanthropy. But of this hereafter.

I am now to touch upon a subject which forms, unhappily, a prominent feature in the correspondence of this year, and for which the reader is, in some measure, prepared. I allude to the case of his eldest, and only surviving son. It is a delicate topic; but after the misstatements that have gone forth to the world, in which the motives and conduct of Campbell have been misrepresented, if not maligned, it becomes the duty of his biographer to place the facts of the case in a clear and incontestable light. This, it is hoped, may be done very briefly, and without any infringement of that delicacy which he is bound to observe towards the living.

* ". . . Le Colonel Macerone est enchanté de votre amabilité, comme le sont tous ceux qui ont l'avantage de vous connaître; et je vous prie de me croire un de vos admirateurs que vous estiment le plus."—*General Pepé to Campbell.*

Whoever has perused the foregoing memorials, cannot have failed to remark the uniform paternal fondness with which Campbell speaks and writes of his children; entering into all their little amusements, watching every indication of talent, repeating their half-formed thoughts, predicting their future eminence, and silently indulging the hope of seeing his own reputation eclipsed by theirs: then, his frantic grief at the death of his younger boy, his pathetic exclamations, his inward struggle to moderate that grief, the months that elapsed before he recovered sufficient composure to resume his duties; and lastly, the increased affection with which he directed all his thoughts to the survivor—devoting every leisure hour to his education, grudging no sacrifice, sparing no expence, that he might one day have the happiness, as he expresses it, of seeing his "son an accomplished man." This hope was apparently well founded; the pains bestowed on his education were brightened by a fair promise of reward; for, in the expanding intellect of his son, so often mentioned in his letters, Campbell thought he had discovered those moral elements that required only time and culture to render him an "ornament of society." In the midst of these pleasing anticipations, however, symptoms of a malady, to which we need not particularly allude, began to dispel the hopes, so long and fondly cherished. At the age of fourteen, either from hereditary taint*, or the effects of an accident at school, his son was pronounced incapable of prosecuting his studies. The disorder first discovered itself in capricious fits of temper; then in acts of violence —softening down, however, to what is called eccentricity; but sufficient, in any of its forms, to occasion most serious

* This is clearly stated in one of Campbell's letters, and has been partially noticed in these pages.

alarm to his parents. It was long before Campbell was brought to consider these symptoms in any other light than as the mere effects of temper, or physical derangement, which only required the aid of science to correct the diseased action; and, with this view, several plans were adopted, and persevered in, before he had courage to resort to ulterior measures. At length, the case became so clearly marked, as to leave no doubt of its nature and tendency; and the only alternative remaining, was to submit the case to professional investigation. And this brings us to the date of the following letters.

The family anxieties, casually alluded to in the notice of the past year, had rather increased than diminished during the spring; and, although not called upon to enter minutely into the subject, the following extracts from his letters will show too clearly that the hopes he had so long cherished as a parent were already crushed; and that Campbell was maintaining a desperate but ineffectual struggle with his feelings.

SYDENHAM, *September* 15, 1822.

". . . I have got Dr. Warburton's opinion; it stunned me—and required deep consideration on the steps which ought to be taken. I was in a deep study on this painful subject when I met Dr. Meyer,* of Bonn. I had received so much attention from him in Germany, that I could not in my heart apologise for not showing him proper hospitality, and explaining the circumstance of my unhappy family! . . He has spent the better part of this day with me. . . He says that T.'s case is one of decided *melancholia;* and that he ought to be put under supervision and medical treatment. He acknowledged,

* With whom his son had been placed. See Letters from Bonn, 1820.

however, that there might be danger of injuring his mind, by suddenly placing him in an asylum; and thought it would be better to have a keeper in the house, because, I believe, he pitied the poor mother when he saw her, as might be expected, dreadfully shocked at the idea of consigning him to such a place. I know, however, what will happen if a keeper comes to enforce medical treatment. Neither his mother, nor possibly myself, will be able to stand the sight and sound of a man employing force. It will require cooler minds than either she or I possess, to draw the right line of distinction between the force which a man must *fairly* employ, and the improper violence which we may suspect him of employing. I told Matilda this; but her abhorrence of an asylum could not be overcome.* To-day she called on Mrs. Denman, who enforced my view of the subject in the strongest manner; and when she came home, she acknowledged her fears that a keeper in private lodgings will *not* do." . . . "Dr. W. fairly warned me that the expence of *his* plan would be very great. My own conviction is, that, if we are justified in doing anything, we are justified in placing him in an asylum; and to this, I believe, it must inevitably come. Matilda will very soon perceive the necessity of this; but I feel myself called upon, both in prudence and delicacy, to leave her change of opinion, as far as possible, to its own course. . . . Taking him to Sydenham is out of the question.† In short, I have thought with the most earnest calculation of probabilities on this subject; and, though not able to explain to you the reasons for my decision, so clearly as I could wish, I feel I *must* decide against the plan of treating him at home. . . Here the matter rests. I have had, as you may imagine, little sleep since I saw you. T. C."

* † In explanation of this feeling, the reader is referred to the note, page 351.

The event turned out exactly as Campbell had foreseen; the youth became less and less manageable, until Mrs. Campbell herself admitted that there was no alternative but an asylum. In the performance of this most painful duty, inquiries were made in various parts of the country for a temporary home, where the youth might have the double advantage of a kind friend and an experienced physician. This was happily discovered in the house of Dr. Finch, near Salisbury, where arrangements for his reception were instantly made; and thither the afflicted parents had the painful task of conducting their only child in the beginning of October. The records of this melancholy journey are preserved in a most interesting letter from Campbell to a friend, which I venture to give with very little abridgment.

"LONDON, *October* 15, 1822.

"I was in too violent a state of agitation to send you a distinct answer on Saturday. . . To-day, Monday, I came home with Matilda, by the Salisbury coach, at seven in the morning, and have slept an hour or two since. . . It is much better that I have taken her to see our poor boy's abode, and the good people to whom I have consigned him. Their establishment speaks for itself; their kindness inspires unlimited confidence; and I have gained over my wife to an opinion that, in a case like the present, confidence should not be given by halves. I was determined, had the institution disappointed me, to have brought my boy back. As the case is quite otherwise, I have put him into Dr. F.'s hand, implicitly; and with a promise that he shall not be troubled with family interference. On this subject, it is not easy to tell you what I have felt.—The consolation on which Matilda dwelt was

that her boy should be well looked after; that her sisters* had all promised to go in succession to see him; and that the people of the institution should be well watched. It would not have been proper to argue harshly against this only prospect of comfort which a poor desolate mother proposed to herself: yet it was an alarming prospect to me."† . . "Dr. F.'s asylum is too good to be submitted to injudicious espionage. A word of discontentment from Thomas, or an invidious remark of theirs, might have set things all at sixes and sevens.

..." A sight of the house and patients, and a conversation with Dr. and Mrs. F., have left the most unequivocal conviction on my mind, that they are both intelligent and humane persons—zealously interested in the recovery of their patients, and that the soul and spirit of their system is *mildness*. I inquired what Dr. F.'s ideas were as to the *effect* of friends and relations visiting their patients. On that question I found that it was a high point of honour with him to prevent the suspicion of there being any secrets of the prison-house in his establishment. Every thing is open at all hours to inspection. I believe that if he could consciously commit an error, with regard to treatment, it would be this,—that, let the consequences be what they might, he would admit perhaps an ill-timed visitor sooner than risk his reputation by a breath of surmise, that anything under-hand can go on in his house. I asked him if the visits of friends were not sometimes prejudicial? 'Yes—very frequently,' he said: 'A lady, whom I now have, was on the point of recovery, when her husband would see her; and I reckon her to have been thrown

* Mrs. Sellar, Mrs. Wiss, of Liverpool, and Miss Sinclair, of Bath.

† One of Mrs. Campbell's sisters [page 351] was at this time afflicted by a similar complaint: therefore he says—My sisters-in-law—excellent as they are—" are not fit to be a committee on the treatment."

back a year in consequence of the interview. Observe, however, that a duty which I owe to myself is only to *advise* the friends of the afflicted to abstain from premature interviews; for, if I commanded them to do so, I should throw back my establishment instantly into that class of houses which are averse to being visited from suspicious motives.' . . I then told him that, having come to rely on his faith, kindness, and professional knowledge, I should not place *my* reliance with one grain of drawback.—I had perceived that, in my poor boy's case, Dr. F. had believed the taint to be of long standing, and that the cure, though not violent, might be stubborn. I therefore told him that I was aware the restoration of a human mind was not a job like restoring the colour of a pair of stockings. . . I shall not, I said, put my boy in your hands with a view to let you be teased with importunate and impatient demands to have him back. I shall require to be *personally* informed of your mode of treatment, and his progress at moderate intervals. I know you will tell me everything: but his mother's mind is overwhelmed by the agony of maternal instinct; and she has relatives who, with the best intentions in the world, might ask to see him at improper times; and you must co-operate with me in preventing the possibility of this. 'You are right, Mr. Campbell,' he said: 'it shall be so. I approve entirely of your sentiment, that confidence is not to be given by halves; and you shall not repent your having trusted me implicitly. . . . I will inform you distinctly of his progress, and of the steps I take with him for his recovery.'

"I am happy to say that, before our departure, Dr. F. had won Matilda's confidence so completely, that, without an effort, she abandoned the idea of her sisters' and cousin's taking journeys to see our boy. She did not even look at his bed-chamber; but Thomas told us himself that it was

a very good one. We saw his fellow-patients, and his fare, and heard them speak in their absence of the incessant kindness of their host and hostess. His poor mother on the whole behaved very well." . . . "I trust I shall now be able to rally my scattered thoughts; fix them to business, and devote myself to reading and writing. Whether I have gained the harbour or not, I feel in retrospect, at least, as if I had been tossing at sea in a hurricane! . . ."

When his mind had become a little more composed, the particulars of the journey were thus continued:—

. . "16*th*.—Having got only as far as Stockbridge on Friday night, I was put into a room infested by rats. I thought their revels behind the wainscotting would have terminated in their holding a dance in my bed. In fact, I was obliged to call up the landlord at midnight, and demanded another apartment. He came up with the best-natured astonishment, protesting that such a thing as a noise had never been complained of in that room. Then the landlady appeared and confirmed his testimony by declaring that Mr. Such-a-one had slept in the apartment for four months, and had discovered that the noise proceeded not from rats, but from the rustling of branches that had somehow or other got in between the lath and plaster. But whilst the branches were so ingeniously mimicking the races of rats, I knocked against the wall, and they were so obliging as to stop their noise. After a short pause, however, they began by degrees to imitate the scratching and squeaking of vermin, and that, even to mine hostess's conviction; so I got another bed; but I could not obtain repose from thoughts that were not much pleasanter than rats. In the morning, as you may suppose, I was exceedingly nervous.

"When the postilion was fairly mounted, I could only bid him proceed to Dr. F.'s at Laverstock. . . Presently

we came to a garden terrace, at the end of a house. A female, dressed like a nun, was parading the terrace. She was the worst sign-post that could have belonged to the establishment, though indeed this part of it is not strictly his but his mother's. The appearance of the woman baffled description. Not that she was ill dressed, or violent; on the contrary, she was rather a lady-like person, and threw up the ample veil that covered her head and shoulders, with a graceful movement of the arms. I addressed her, and she answered with dignified civility, that this garden belonged to Mrs. F. the elder, not to the Doctor. It is possible, at this moment, that she was the saner person of the two: but there was an air of quiescent madness in her gray eyes, and red porous features—something indefinable in her physiognomy—that came over me, as if a bucket of cold water had been thrown on my shoulders. I trembled for her effect on T.; but he continued perfectly quiet, and took no notice of her. By and by, a poor man came out—a pauper patient—limping and hanging his pallid head: he attempted to point to Dr. F.'s gate, but we could not make out his stammering. Then, turning the lane, we heard a dismal howling, but very soon discovered that it proceeded from dogs; for Dr. F. keeps a pack of hounds for his patients to hunt with. But the momentary belief of its being the voice of human beings, made one's blood run cold. At last, we came in full sight of a beautiful house and spacious grounds. Still I did not like the approach: the black man, who opened the outward gate, I have since understood to be an excellent creature; but, under recent impressions, I did not like his countenance. As we walked up the avenue, some palish-faced ladies leered at us, as I imagined; and some gentlemen came to the windows with a bustling and comic curiosity, that was not much more agreeable than the

dramatic air of the nun, who, indeed, might have been a heroine for Lillo.

"Mrs. Finch's reception of us, in the Doctor's absence, completely effaced all those inauspicious feelings. She reminded me, in spite of a different complexion, of my dear Mrs. Dugald Stewart. Her countenance, though not regular, is remarkably winning and expressive; and her manners are most easy and captivating. She quite took my affection, as if I had anticipated years of kindness that she should show to my poor son. God grant that he may need them for a much shorter space! Her conciliating tones of voice—her assurances, which I could not disbelieve, that everything was done by the Doctor through *mild* means, and her whole impression upon me, filled me with such gratitude that I was glad to get into a room by myself, where I could sob to my heart's content with abundant but not bitter tears. . . ."

"Dr. Finch on his arrival by no means disappointed me; still, however, I remained under considerable anxiety. The terms on which he takes patients are proportioned to the comforts he allows them—and vary from two to ten guineas a week. Of course I anticipated, in coming to an explanation with him, that, whatever desire I might feel to give my poor boy all indulgencies that could be commanded in such an establishment, I could not afford to place him among the class of boarders who paid at the rate of five hundred a year; and I feared that, in arranging matters with economy, I might expose both his own and his mother's sensations to a certain degree of mortification. I therefore told Dr. F., when we came on the subject next day, that, although I should not mind for a few months, or even a year, to encounter pretty high terms; yet that, to speak frankly, if he continued a long time, I should be obliged to place him on the lowest terms, since

even on these, he would probably cost me about 150*l.* a year. At the same time, you may believe, I did not compromise the pride of your poet by making a poor mouth to the Doctor. His answer was one of those touching instances of kindness, which come not within the range of describable things. 'Mr. C.,' he said, 'I perfectly understand you ; I am sure we shall not differ about terms ; but on whatever terms you choose to place him, be assured that there is not a comfort, or luxury, which the richest of my patients commands, that shall not be afforded to your son in my house.'

"Of course, with a man who spoke thus, I could not chaffer about pounds and shillings ; at the same time, I neither intend, on the one hand, to avail myself meanly of his kindness ; nor, on the other, to injure my own circumstances by an absurd reluctance to avail myself of his moderation. I have therefore left the matter open to a future settlement by correspondence.

"Sunday passed very agreeably, till the hour of our departure by the coach for London. T. looked better, and, although still wrongheaded, he was not sullen, but talked mildly with the Doctor's nephew; and, by way of amusing the lad and himself, took to drawing from a book of prints that was on the parlour table. We were also favoured at dinner with the company of two very well-behaved patients ; one of them an intelligent middle-aged woman, the other a lovely girl, regularly beautiful, and without the slightest appearance of ever having been deranged. . . ."

"It is very odd what sensations of humour the freaks of these harmless patients afford each other. The conversation ran on some of those that were in the neighbouring rooms ; and the two ladies at dinner with us, listened, and even shared in it, with the appearance of perfect cheerfulness. . . One lady, we were told, was 'behaving in a

much more ladylike style than yesterday;' when, it seems, she had applied some epithets to Mrs. F. which scandalised everybody. . ."

"The Doctor amused us with an account of a very high-bred gentleman, whose soliloquies rival those of Mathews, in the imitation of companies, with whom he imagines himself conversing. He goes to the opera, and is completely amused with the scene; he silences the disturbers of the music; applauds, encores, or disapproves of the ballet; picks a quarrel with some one in the box, and settles it to his own satisfaction. To-day, as the Doctor informs us, he has had a large party at dinner, was excellent company, and maintained a lively conversation, till one gentleman offended him. At first, he was very moderate with the offender; but the disagreeable fellow at last behaved so ill, that he was obliged to turn him fairly out of the room! Just as he had shut the door on him, Dr. F. stepped in, and asked his patient what was the matter? 'The matter? nothing, Sir, nothing.' 'But I heard a noise in your room?' 'Oh dear no, Sir; it is quite a mistake. The noise, you may depend upon it, came from another apartment!'

"Another of the patients is a gentleman whose mind was deranged by a shock of fear. You may remember a horrible incident that occurred, a few years ago, on the Salisbury-road, when a lion broke loose from a caravan. All escaped into a house but two men, one of whom was killed by the wild beast on the spot; the other flew to an adjacent house. It was locked by those who had fled to it for shelter. The poor fugitive saw the lion, after killing his companion, stalk slowly towards the house. He shrunk up to the side of the wall. The monster glared upon him; but, by some unaccountable accident, passed him and went on. At that moment, he said, he felt

exactly as if the half of his head had been torn off! Nevertheless his senses did not immediately forsake him; for he proceeded to London, and had composure to draw up a distinct account of the catastrophe. But his intellect soon after fell into ruins; and he is now, Dr. Finch thinks, an incurable patient.—But, alas, I have gone on so long that I fear you will think some of the Doctor's folks have *bit* me. T. C."

* * * * *

Campbell now changed his domicile from Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, to a small house in Seymour Street West, which he immediately fitted up as a permanent residence; and, in the arrangement of his library, the decoration of his parlours, and his multifarious duties as editor,* found some relief from the great anxiety with which he had been alternately agitated and depressed.

To Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh, who had sent him a copy of his new work, he writes, November 12*th*:—

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your elegant and tasteful volumes, to thank you for sending them, and to express my satisfaction at seeing my own lyrics so well set in your work. It is, however, a disagreeable drawback on my pleasure, to be obliged to acknowledge to you, that I am not master of the copyright of the ballad entitled 'The Spectre-boat,' or of any which has hitherto appeared in the *N. M.* The exclusive privilege to set them to music

* Among the lyrical pieces, which had enlivened the pages of the Magazine during the two previous years, were the following:—"The Brave Roland;" "The Lover to his Mistress on her Birthday;" "Absence;" Song, "The Evening Star;" "The Spectre-boat;" "Adelgitha;" Song, "Men of England;" "The Maid's Remonstrance;" Song, "Drink ye to her;" "Earl March;" and several others not acknowledged—though not without merit.

has been disposed of to a publisher. I am very sorry, I assure you, that the appearance of 'The Spectre-boat' in your collection, is prevented by this circumstance. T. C."

A visit to his favourite Sydenham, the settlement in his new house, and a report from Dr. Finch, are thus briefly but strikingly noticed :—

"10, SEYMOUR STREET WEST, *December* 5, 1822.

". . I am not without an interest in my fortunes, that I might communicate; but why trouble you with never-sleeping cares? One of the pleasantest things I can tell you, is, that I passed an evening, and part of a day, at Sydenham, last week. . . . I went into the garden, and walked round it alone: I thought your shades were about me; I saw your images in my mind's eye; and I assure you that, without affectation, or in the slightest degree enforcing my enthusiasm, I had a most placid and delicious reverie. The bench on the lawn, the trees, the green-house, the garden-seat, seemed to me all holy and haunted ground. *I shall never have such associations with any other piece of ground!* . ."

"As to my private affairs, I am yet uncertain how it is to be: the Journal and 500*l.* a year, I have a decided partiality to retain, but fear it will be wrung from my pride rather than my inclination. I have written one or two little pieces, which I will show you, if they do not appear in the Magazine. You are quite right about the last part of the 'Song of the Greeks';* indeed, about poetry, I

* "Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free!"
POEMS, *page* 179.

cannot say when I have thought you wrong. . . I find myself altogether more pleased and happy in my new house than I could expect: it is a beautiful *creation;* and I have a peep from the windows of my study into Hyde Park. . . I have had a letter from Dr. Finch, giving a most ambiguous and vague account of Thomas' case. He does not, perhaps, think so himself; but I cannot help fearing that he is slumbering over it. His method I believe, on the whole, to be best; it has the angelic quality of mercy; and I take him and Mrs. F. to be among the best of human beings. . . I am, however, resigned to patience on this subject; but I must own to you that there is a want of *special* observation in the report. T. C."

"10, Seymour Street West, *December* 26, 1822.

"I scarcely expected to have been so busy this month with the Journal: it is a sort of voluntary trouble I have undertaken. The promised appearance of Las Casas' Account of his Residence at St. Helena, and of Napoleon's Military Memoirs, dictated by himself, created a great sensation in London. . . I determined to make the notice of the book myself. I was hard pressed by reams of other reading, which I had to get through, and had only one entire day to get up a sheet on the occasion. It is very ill-written: I had to read through four volumes, and feel the effect of the operation at this moment on my eye-sight; but the amusement has interested my mind beyond description. I own to you that they have so 'carried my imagination off its feet,' that I feel as if I had been fighting the campaigns of Italy, disposing the Council of Five Hundred, living in the cabin of the *Northumberland,* or on the rocks of St. Helena, for the last half of my life! In the mental impressions which the book has left, I find nothing that changes my abstract opinions, or moral feelings.

I regard him, on some points, with precisely my former feelings of disapprobation: but I find facts irresistibly different from what they were given out to be. I have no doubt remaining that the poisoning at Jaffa is all a fiction. One of the stories I used to believe against Buonaparte, was his bearing an envious grudge to Moreau. It is curious, that, after the lapse of almost the fourth part of a century, I should meet with convincing proofs—or, at least, strong grounds of belief—that this surmise was also a fable. I remember, when I was in Bavaria in 1800, two countrymen of my own talked a whole evening with Count Klenau and other Austrian officers, discussing the conduct of Moreau. Sir J. Ingleby and Father Maurus translated to me what the Austrian officers said of Moreau's conduct during that Campaign on the Rhine: they described the blunders of it, and the probable result. I thought to myself, 'They are inveterate in their prejudices against Moreau; I do not believe their opinion; and the result will show that Moreau is right.' He gave them the battle of Hohenlinden, and I thought my own opinion confirmed. But on looking at Buonaparte's notices of this campaign, the very movements and the place are described; and this opinion of Klenau and his brother officers is confirmed. This is a singular coincidence."

"I continue to be much delighted with my house. Mrs. Campbell, however, has been alarmed at hearing a *mala fama* about our neighbours; but the morals of London, I fear, are so corrupted, that there are more streets infested with neighbours of this description than free from them. On the whole, we must remain, I believe; for I shall never meet with a house so much to my mind in all respects." . . . "I have got up a double library; one in my parlour, which looks very handsome, with books that cost me *half-a-crown* apiece for half-binding; and the whole

wall of my own study is covered with the unbound books. The air is so pure and good, that I feel a sensible change in my health by removing even twenty minutes' walk from a more populous vicinity. In this dry weather, I experience the bracing effects of the situation, and can now *sleep*, though a vile barking cur endeavours to *cur*tail my slumbers. I think I have been at no period of my life—all sad circumstances considered—more elastic in mind and body than now.

"In the course of the incoming spring, I expect to be very industrious; but as to the success of one's efforts, who can be positive? Certainly I cannot. You will see that the * * * thinks me qualified to translate German war-songs! Confound them, I say. Set me to the rhapsodics of German poetry? A friend more zealous than discreet, and hitherto unknown to me, came to show me a letter which he meant to send, abusing them for proposing such a task, and saying that it would be better for the Germans to translate my poetry!! I told him not to publish his letter, lest it should be suspected of being a puff, encouraged by myself; but I was angry nevertheless with my praises. . . I have received your kind note, with ——'s poetry—alas, poetry!—tears on tombstones could not deplore it enough! T. C."*

* * * * *

"10, Seymour Street West, *February* 1, 1823.

"I have reproached myself with not writing sooner. The truth is, I am not writing poetry, but projecting it; and that keeps me more idle and abstracted than you can conceive. I pass hours thinking about what I am

* In the various correspondence that follows, the poem of "Theodric"—a subject to which his thoughts had been often directed since his visit to the Rhine—is frequently alluded to.

to compose. The actual time employed in composition, is but a fraction of the time lost in setting about it. . . .

"To-day I have been at a touching scene—and it must be so to touch me, through the blunting medium of so many disagreeable associations. M.'s sister, the beautiful, simple, and unfortunate widow, has recovered from her illusions, but is dying. She has always been a meek and kind family connection to me, and expressed her pleasure at seeing me; though I verily believe she cannot live many days, and can scarcely speak. I may be wrong, and trust I am; yet if she could retain the possession of her mind, it were a pity that so innocent and pretty a creature should die! She looked like patience and simplicity itself under afflicting blisters, and the anticipation, as she said, of her struggle not being likely to last long." . . "Mrs. W.'s formerly rich husband, too, has lost sixty thousand pounds in the Spanish Loan. His carriage is given up; his house is changed. I am truly sorry for him; he is a very honest man. . . . The mention of the Spanish Loan obliges me to think of the late melancholy news, and of the state of public affairs. I dare say that the audacity of the French Ultras has offended you, as it has myself. I can scarcely imagine you wishing well to the Army of Faith and the monkey General of the Bourbons."

"I have made acquaintance with B—y C—l within these few days. He is a modest, or rather, sober-minded young man—delicate in health, rather serious and discursive than lively; and, on the whole, very rational and interesting. He allowed me to be quite free with him on his predilection for the Wordsworth school, and the hasty, sketchy way of writing dramas; and seemed unaffectedly humble in confessing the imperfections of his own style,

and came near to avowing his belief that art and supra-prosaic relief in language was the better system." . . .*

After six weeks of ill health and mental anxiety, he attempts that serio-comic mood in which we so generally find him, when more than usually depressed; but it is only the voice of the sorrowful striving to be gay :—

"*March* 13.

" . . . Afflicted with morning coughs, nightly headaches, depressed and dispirited by indifferent accounts of Thomas, and embarrassed with business, which is the more harassing that it is insignificant. . . Alas, for any good that this bulbous excrescence has for weeks performed for me! Saving the perusal of what goes into my journal—answering the complimentary petitions of blue-stocking misses to insert their verses, 'in consideration of my universal character for generosity and candour'—declining invitations to dinners and at-homes, I might as well have carried about my unfortunate skull under my arm as worn it where it now stands. Still my heart has been, like a well-meaning friend, always vigilantly reminding me of my duty. Apropos of hearts:—I have a blank seal, and consulted Foscolo t'other day about a device for it. He came back in a few hours, looking as wild as Friday when first caught by Robinson Crusoe; and, in his most perfectly bad English, called out, 'I have got a device for you, and a drawing for the seal, my dear Camp-bell! It is

* The letter concludes with this painful confession :—"Dr. Finch has been in town; he gives me no great hopes of T., and I have been otherwise distressed by a subject of domestic concern—that is, with my Scotch relatives—the veriest dilemma in which I ever found myself. . . T. C."

a perfect type of your character; a *sleeping* swan with the motto, *Cor vigilat*—the heart watches! I call this your proper motto,' said Foscolo, 'for your genius is reposing.' I looked at the drawing, and was overcome to fits of laughter at the unhappy resemblance which the intended swan bore to a *goose*. 'Yes, Foscolo,' I said, 'this is a very nice satire upon me—a sleeping goose!'

"On the subject of seals I long to show you one which I got from General Pepé, who says it is three thousand years old. The stone is calcined with age. I have not got the advice of any sapient person here about it; do you know anything of iconography? . . You must have read the account of Pepé's duel. He called upon me, poor fellow, the day before he went out last; and he said, afterwards, he would have told me of the affair, but thought me very unwell, and did not wish to give me any unnecessary trouble. He looked tranquil, as he always does. Do you know anything of Sir Thomas D——r? Though he is a whig, I think your heart will warm towards him when I tell you that, since Pepé's last arrival, he made the patriotic exile an offer—and strongly urged his acceptance—of 400*l.* a year, whilst his circumstances required it. Pepé has enough for his wants, which are very moderate, and insisted on declining it; but he felt the magnificence and kindness of the offer very deeply. I assure you it made me proud of my countryman. . . I have just returned from seeing Haydon's Lazarus—many fine things in it: but why will he substitute a bad and blasphemous novelty,* for that picture which tradition has consecrated? T. C."

* He refers to the figure of our Saviour—drawn, I believe, from a living model.

The following extracts will be perused with deep sympathy :—

"Seymour Street West, *April* 29, 1823.

"Well, I have been a poor invalid this winter : I thought I should have added an unit to the marvellous bills of mortality. . . I was never, I think, so weary of my life as under this influenza—nothing less than epidemic. The lime-kiln sensation of fever in the head was past all description. I think I would rather die than endure a week of it again. As to other things—the main care of my heart about Thomas remains the same. Finch's opinion, on the whole, is favourable, but still wrapt up in all the uncertainty of an oracle." The complaint, indeed, admits of no certainty. Finch has persuaded me to postpone my visit to him, in hopes of giving his mode of cure a further trial. If I were single, I should not be able to bear this ; but the consequences of my going to Salisbury, he says, might be fatal ; and then I could not prevent others from going as naturally as myself. Ah—it is sometimes an agonising business ! . . I can bear the day-time—but, when I attempt to sleep, I dream of Thomas—I have horrible dreams. I see them torturing him—I waken—and can sleep no more. . . ." "I think that, about the end of the twelvemonth, I may be able to take him again under my own charge. . The uncertainty about this issue makes me feel at times as if I were to be tried for my life at the end of a few months ! Well—the most unhappy beings will have their hopes."

"In the meantime I have not been able to write poetry, and with difficulty competent to the dry task of editorship ; but if I had not done that, I should have done nothing else. Was it not better then, to do something than nothing—something that enabled me to pay my apothecary's bill ? "

"I was at S. ten days ago, and was struck by the kindness of your nephews, Dacres, Mayow, and William Pitt.* Dearest boys! I would not for anything tell them how much I feel their young attentions to a man growing old; for it would spoil the unconsciousness of their kindness. When Dacres, especially, absent on all other occasions, comes to help me on with my great coat, I feel as if I had grown old—even to a second generation, in your family. . . ."

"Now, in my own private affairs, I can tell you nothing greater than that the Lord Mayor has invited me to dine with him on the 17th of May. If that does not inspire you with respect for me, I know not what will. T. C."

The interval between this and the preceding date was marked by nothing that could relieve the anxiety under which his health was sinking; and besides, he writes:—

"*June 27th.*— . . My oldest sister is come to town in very bad health, and looking much more ghastly than your ordinary well-favoured ghost." Then turning to his own case, he adds:—"A French proverb says, conspiracies are not put on paper. Heaven knows *we* are not conspirators: but how many things have I to say to you, how many little things—but great things to little me—to consult you upon, that I cannot sit down to write. They would interest, at least, if they did not amuse you; but to detail them would be to write a rigmarolliad of petty cares and anxieties.

"In looking at the bright side of things, I am fain to think that I shall get two grand objects accomplished—

* These talented young favourites, Campbell, before he died, had the pleasure to see prospering in life. He felt the *contrast*. The passage quoted is very characteristic of the Poet—a forty years' friend of that family.

the settlement of my sister, and the furnishing of my house. Ay, you smile at the conjunction of ideas; but the latter object is no trifle. . . It will keep me in good humour—enable me to open my house to my friends, and to see society as I ought.* . . . In the meantime I am going to Cheltenham with Matilda to visit Mrs. Sellar, and drink the water. Mr. S. being there, and having the civility to include me with my wife, will prove a very opportune incident for making trial of the Spa. If I can be spared for a whole month, young Roscoe is to be my *locum-tenens;* and, in case of emergency, I can be summoned to town. T. C."

His visit to Cheltenham was short, but, in regard to health, very satisfactory. The improvement, however, could neither be ascribed to the water nor the walks, in which, at first setting out, he had promised himself great indulgence. He went very seldom out of doors, and made no trial of the Spa: yet the change of scene and respite from labour restored him to comparative health and spirits; and, in a confidential letter to Mr. Gray, he sends a ludicrous report of his "new furniture," with one or two striking observations respecting his last poem in the N. M.

"SEYMOUR STREET WEST, *Sept.* 5.

. . . Every article of the drawing-room is now purchased: the most amiable curtains—the sweetest of carpets—the most accomplished chairs—and a highly

* "I give you a sketch of the first dinner party which I mean to give:—Mrs. —— is to be sent for from Wales, and she will no doubt come to meet Lord L.; farther down, I mean to place Lady B., flanked by T. H.; Lady H. by Mr. C.; A. M. Porter and T. Courtenay; Mrs. Siddons and Mr. R. S. The entire party I have not determined upon: but it will certainly contain Mrs. J. Baillie, Miss Benger, Horace T., Mr. Kean; and, if poor Mrs. Allsop be alive and forthcoming, I do not see why she should not join us—["a mirthful mixture of incongruities."]—T. C."

interesting set of tongs and fenders! I hope to have the pleasure of shewing you through the magnificent suite of chambers—the front one of which is actually *sixteen* feet long!".

"Did you see 'The Last Man' in my late number? Did it immediately remind you of Lord Byron's poem of 'Darkness?' I was a little troubled how to act about this appearance of my having been obliged to him for the idea. The fact is, many years ago I had the idea of this Last Man in my head, and distinctly remember speaking of the subject to Lord B. I recognised, when I read his poem 'Darkness,' some traits of the picture which I meant to draw, namely, the ships floating without living hands to guide them—the earth being blank—and one or two more circumstances. On soberly considering the matter, I am entirely disposed to acquit Lord Byron of having intentionally taken the thoughts. It is consistent with my own experience to suppose that an idea which is actually one of memory, may start up, appearing to be one of the imagination, in a mind that has forgot the source from which it borrowed that idea. I believe this. Nevertheless, to have given the poem to the world with a note, stating this fact, would have had the appearance of picking a quarrel with the noble bard, and this appearance I much dislike, from the kindly feeling I have towards him, in consequence of his always having dealt kindly by me. Another consideration was, that the likeness of our subjects does not seem to strike any reader of my poem so much as I expected; so that, unless charged with plagiarism, I may let the matter rest. . . . T. C."

On the 20th of October, Campbell announces, in sorrowful terms, that the period to which he had looked with intense anxiety* had expired; but that little, if any,

* See his own remarkable expression, page 420.

benefit had resulted from the experiment to which he had resorted on behalf of his son. "Thomas," he writes with desponding brevity, "is come back to us!" and again his correspondence became tinctured, for several weeks, with the complexion of his own sad thoughts. Yet his keen and delicate sympathy in the sorrows of others was never blunted—though he often affected to think otherwise—by the severity or frequency of his own. To an intimate friend, who had just lost a sister, he writes:—"*Dec.* 23.—I cannot for a moment pretend to measure my grief with yours; but I *feel* that I have lost a friend, and a branch of the family dearest to my friendship. I tender you the consolation of one who had a sincere affection for her—deeply connected, in mental associations, with affection for yourself. I have been touched by your attention in communicating these tidings—melancholy as they are; but I have really no words to express how much I enter into your present feelings.—T. C."

His contributions* to the New Monthly for this year were of a superior stamp; and at their head stands his admirable poem of "The Last Man."—The next letter is addressed to his cousin, Mr. Gray:—

"Seymour Street West, *January* 9, 1824.

"I love you too much, my dear Gray, not to accept a present; but I cannot be a beggar of presents; and I know you have too much delicacy to let me be so. Your procuring these for me is a real favour; for every second time that I buy a kit of herrings in London, I am cheated with a bad article; and eating a pickled herring,

* I find among the MS. of this autumn an elaborate review of the Horæ Ionicæ—a congenial subject, which he treats with a perfect knowledge of its classic antiquity and the condition of modern Greece.

like reading Homer, at breakfast time, is become by long habit a thing necessary to my existence. I have no very important intelligence to communicate. . . . Thomas is but so and so. . . How do you like Pyramus and Thisbe?* My friends would not let me put my name to it; though I say, who should not, it is the sweetest thing I ever warbled on my lyre.—And now that I am my own panegyrist, I must tell you what an incorruptible Liberal I have shewn myself in these corruptible times! . . I had a communication from the Secretary and several Members of the —— Association, offering to place my name among their Honoraries, with a hundred a year under the royal endowment. I declined accepting it. You probably know that this society is nothing else than an effort to buy the literary men of the country to what they call the cause of religion and loyalty—which may be interpreted canting and time-serving. . . As something of personal kindness, however, might have mixed with the choice of those who proposed me, I declined the office in civil terms. They will get few but milk-and-water men into their fraternity. Moore is blacker than myself in the great man's books; I dislike him as much as he; but I congratulated myself when the offer came, that it arose, in some shape, from a negative propriety on my part, of having never been a scurrilous writer. I do think that great truths and great causes may be always defended without personality. . . T. C."

"*February* 4, 1824.

". . . I have found my silver box,† I need not say with what delight; and the sight of it comforts me so

* See New Monthly Magazine.

† For the history of this friendly souvenir, see his Letters from the Isle of Wight, 1807, page 108.

as to support a bad cold with more than my usual patience. Wretched catarrh! were it not for thee, I think I should be to-day very happy, and not even worry myself for having behaved so like an old, or a young, child on the occasion of my false alarm. Alas, 'Men are but children of a larger growth!' as the undiscoverable poet said who was quoted in Parliament. After all, there is something excusable in my liking my little pocket companion almost to foolishness. It was given me when my mind was comparatively young and romantic to what it is now; and though I have forgotten the exact feelings with which I first looked on your three names engraved inside, friendships are no doubt all the better for being old. Yet there is still in the early commencement and youth of our friendly feelings towards any object, a tinge of romance—a kind of gratuitous and generous prophecying that the object will never disappoint, or become indifferent to us, which has all its peculiar charm. I received this little token from you when all the compound sensation of faith, hope, and novelty was strongly operating on my mind: and my mind, I know not how, has acquired a habit of always summoning up associations more or less complacent, but always, to a certain degree, soothing and complacent when I look at this token. It is true we have all had our trials in the interval of time over which it carries my memory: but I have had many happy days which I owe to you—many a hearty welcome—and never a moment's defalcation of hospitality and kind offices. It is not wonderful, therefore, that this souvenir of far by-gone days, should be an amulet of a very pleasing and touching spell to my recollection. I say this in no exaggerating state of mind, but on a very calm and fair retrospect of our whole acquaintance with each other. T. C."

"*February* [16], 1824.

". . . . . I spent a delightful day yesterday at McKenzie's, where, besides Mina, there was Sir W. Congreve, who has given me a general invitation to see him at Woolwich. Possibly your martial minds may be so far interested in the science of warlike engines, as to wish to see the practising with his rockets—as well as with a new invention—namely, the discharging of small rockets from muskets which are only four pounds weight. This invention will be a new era in military science. But don't let your humanity shudder; for philosophers say that war is always less bloody in proportion to the destructiveness of the weapons. This is a little paradoxical, to be sure; but there is no doubt that ancient battles were more bloody than modern ones.

"I admired Mina * very much, and sat next to him. His French, to be sure, is very Spanish; and he squeezes hands, and is too cordial, with every body at the very first interview. His features are rustic,—it would be wrong to call them coarse, and his appearance is more like that of a good, plain, honest man, than a high-bred soldier: but his face, I should say, is one of the most prepossessing I ever saw. The expression is so loveable, that I was at times on the point of thinking him handsome—although he resembles in a very little Madame de Staël. He has something of the fire of her eyes, to be sure, which were very fine. I may bring him down to see you. T. C."

"*March* [15].

"It is a mean thing, they say, to count debts amongst friends; but thinking you were in debt to me a

* Mina, born 1782; arrived in London, November 30, 1823; obt. December, 1836.

letter, and expecting every day to hear from you, I did not write. Indeed, I lead such a life, that what can I send you unless commentaries on books which I am reading, or narrate my dreams? for, except in books and dreaming, my mind has no occupation."

"*April* 11*th.*—I wish some of you, my friends, would come to town—particularly to look at the exhibition of the new society of British Artists. I hardly know what to think—though I trust it will be found rich and strong, according to my first conception of Haydon's chief picture. I long to converse with you about it; its colouring is certainly dropping odours—dropping wine; yet I begin to fear that the colouring is not perfect. Come, my friends, and see this hiving of our artists! I think you will own with me that it shows British talent shooting into farther directions than it has hitherto done. Phillips told me that the host of young Artists ought to be called the Army of Martyrs!

"I have a new design upon you—I have an Italian poet, an improvisatore, to bring down. He was sent to me by Admiral Sir Grahame Moore. His case is interesting. Pepé had determined not to introduce him, for fear of troubling me; but Sir Grahame gave him a strong and particular recommendation. He had no earthly connection with the Carbonari of Naples; but had written a line about the blessings of Freedom, and was sentenced to banishment without a trial! Sir G. Moore generously took him into his own cabin, where he was a great favourite, on account of his improvisatore talents; and the Admiral, and all his officers, I suppose, helped him liberally with money—bravo, British generosity!- T. C."

An unpremeditated visit to Sydenham, attended with some inconvenience to his friends, drew from him the

following explanation and apology. The incident is very characteristic of the Poet, in his "moods of mental abstraction."

"SEYMOUR STREET WEST, *May* 8, 1824.

"Yes; when I came home I reflected on the urgency and importunity with which I had pressed myself on your hospitality. I felt very sorry that a simple solution of the difficulty had not occurred to my mind. It *appears* strange; but to any who knew how ill I have slept of late, and what an unsocketing my nerves have received, it would *not* appear strange that my memory is fallacious. I thought only of the disagreeableness of sleeping out of your house—never recollecting that the books, which are necessary at night to lull my mind into a disposition for sleep, could have been carried with very little difficulty to any lodging for the night. Had I remembered this trifling circumstance, I should not have given you all the disquiet about lodging me, which I *have* given you. I must have appeared very selfish; and yet I feel that it is not in my nature to be so. Pray forgive me! On very short reflection, I saw the impropriety of my having allowed one of your own kindred inmates to leave the house on my account. Do me the kindness to recal the exorbitant favour which I asked in my nervous state. It is true my disease of sleeplessness has returned; but how like infatuation it seems that I never recollected that, even sleeping at the "Grayhound," I could still have had from your house plenty of books to answer the purpose of making me *weary* at night. In a word, though I am ashamed to own it, I really fear I laboured under a nervous illusion, when I pestered Mr. A. and you with my regrets at your house being full; but I comfort myself with thinking that your friendship for me will long survive this absurdity on my part. T. C."

"Seymour Street West, *July* 5, 1824.

"Had I not been privately performing the part of a great philosopher, I should have been dreadfully soured by the cross accident that prevented me from going to S. on the day appointed. I bore it heroically, but I must positively make out my visit next week, for fear I should become a mere dead letter—a stalactyte in your memories—or, as the Academicians phrase it in their catalogues, wrought into marble! Now, what a dreadful fate it must be to be wrought into marble! . . Your friend Sydney Smith called on me for a few seconds—I can scarcely say minutes—talked about a thousand things, and went away laughing. I don't think the worse of his heart for this flighty way; it is his head that is distracted by the multitude of his engagements and acquaintances in London. Dr. Strahan* says he never met such pleasant people in all his life—with an Aberdeen shortness of emphasis upon the *all*, that is purely northern. Dear good man! I like him for his affection for you. . . He met Sir Charles Morgan at my house; and now Dr. S. and Lady M. are to meet and become friends. . . . He likes to see all the *lions*, he says; so I brought him yesterday morning to a den of large roaring ones. We sat down nineteen to breakfast; Generals Lallemand and Pepé—Lord Dillon, loudest of all—Washington Irving, half lamb, half lion—and a long list of *etceteri*. The Canadian Pastor was highly pleased.

"Have you happened to see the notice of the author of ——— being brought to Newgate bar? . . There is something in this event that shocks me more than it ought to do. I knew, though not intimately, that man, and met

* The Right Rev. Dr. Strahan, late Bishop of Toronto, Canada.

him in the house of ——, in Edinburgh Castle; so you may guess he was not in bad company. He was a man addicted to gallantry, but was the handsomest man ever seen. But of his probity in money matters, there was then no suspicion. He had married an heiress, lived in good style, and was said to be worth 2000*l.* a year. That was twenty years ago. A few weeks since he called on me to borrow, or rather beg. I gave him a trifle, and since, I suppose, desperate distress has driven him to this crime. He had a child—the beauty of which is now before my mind—a little angel. Alas! I fear it is the same being who is charged as an accomplice in the robbery, and supposed to be his son. T. C."

* * * * *

Having been applied to by one of those exiles, who so often experienced the active generosity of his friendship, for an advance of money upon certain objects of vertu, Campbell writes to a confidential friend:—August [5], 1824—"I beg you will recommend me to some judge of antique seals and medals, who will at least tell me their value, if he should not choose to purchase some of them." "Colonel Stanhope," he adds, "has been pressing me to go to Greece; but it won't do. I can't get away; but things are going on there better than our newspapers represent." He then announces, for the first time, a new enterprise in his own more special field, and says, "I have a new poem—Theodric—a very domestic story, finished, and about 500 lines long, common heroic rhyme; so so, I think; I am rather in good heart about it, though not over sanguine.—T. C."

The criticisms of his friend, to whom the MS. poem was submitted, are thus acknowledged and approved:—

"*August* 14, 1824.

". . . I have thrown in a great many elucidating lines into my new poem, which I hope you will find sufficient to obviate the obscurity you complained of. . . . I don't know whether I am not over sanguine; but *you* and I have now motived my story better. I have accounted for Constance's death in a more natural way, by a renewal of the family strife; but you will judge when you see it. I now perceive very clearly that the story is too abrupt as it stands. T. C."

The state of his son's health, meanwhile, had become more and more discouraging; and to the same friend he writes:—"Thomas is not more outrageous, but more dogged and disagreeable, if possible; excessively anxious to convince us how very cordially he hates both his mother and me. . . . But I must really determine not to let this misfortune depress me. . . ."

Such was the daily state of feelings under which this poem was composed, corrected, and published.

* * * * *

As editor of the "New Monthly," Campbell had frequent opportunities of showing the "frater feeling" which warmed his heart in all transactions with literary men. He was very fastidious as to his own writings, but indulgent to those of others; yet, in the exercise of his functions as censor of the articles, so various in subject and merit, that were brought before him, he showed that sound taste and discrimination which speedily raised his journal to a standard of excellence which left it without a rival. With all his vigilance, however, he was deceived more than once as to the merit of papers to which he had given his sanction, and the mortification was acutely felt. His

kindly feelings at times got the better of his judgment. Whenever poverty and distress came before him, his critical severity was too apt to be disarmed; and while he thought he was but paying a just tribute to merit, he was, in fact, yielding to the compassionate impulse of his own heart. . .

Of the grateful acknowledgments thus called forth from the recipients of his patronage or bounty, many instances might be adduced; but I will merely add one example, and a very pleasing one, of his solicitude to serve a meritorious stranger:—

"*Oct. 2nd.*—I feel remorse in troubling you again, though it be to offer you my *hearty* thanks for your attention so kindly manifested to my friend's Essay. We are both sincerely obliged to you; and I trust you will find no cause to repent of your encouragement of a most intelligent and interesting foreigner. You have learnt, undoubtedly, the happy art of conferring a favour in a manner that renders it doubly valuable. For my own share in the business, I return you many, many thanks. Were I likely to recover, I would ask my dear friend, Joanna Baillie, to procure for me the pleasure of a personal introduction to you; but my days wax few; and it will be some gratification to you, perhaps, that you have contributed *your* part to the many consolatory circumstances which cheer their decline. I cannot conclude without expressing a hope, that the literary intercourse thus begun between Madame de —— and yourself may not end here. She unites with me in regard, . . MARGARET HOLFORD."

We are reminded by the correspondence of this autumn, that Campbell had paid the liberal annuity to his two younger sisters, commenced in 1801, and continued without interruption.—November 11th, he regrets that the

day of publication is postponed, but that his poem will certainly appear in the course of the month; and writing to his sister, he says—"I am sorry there should be any great expectation excited about the poem, which is not of a nature to gratify such expectation. It is truly a *domestic* and private story. I know very well what will be its fate; there will be an outcry and regret that there is nothing grand or romantic in the poem, and that it is too humble and familiar. But I am prepared for this; and I also know that, when it recovers from the first buzz of such criticism, it will attain a steady popularity.—T. C."

These remarks show the author was not insensible to the radical defects of the poem; but, unhappily, he did not live to see his prediction realised as to its popularity. In judging of "Theodric," however, the fact should always be kept in view, that it was composed in the midst of distracting cares, when the inspirations of poetry were vainly contending with the stronger feelings of the parent.

An event that now affected him most deeply, was the second removal of his son to Dr. Finch's. Another twelvemonth had elapsed; and as no mitigation of the malady had taken place, it was found absolutely necessary to resort to the same measure as before. This painful step again unhinged the mind of Campbell; and notwithstanding the assumed hilarity with which he strives to act up to his philosophy, we can discover, under a cheerful mask, the traces of a deep and settled melancholy. He went more into society; he saw company frequently at his own house; but in the intervals of business or amusement, he was oppressed with a sense of heaviness which nothing could remove. Mrs. Campbell was also in a very delicate and irritable state of health; so that, with this last affliction, the cheerfulness of domestic life was

permanently obscured; yet the fond mother, he writes, "was still buoyed up with the idea that the cure was to be instantly accomplished." . . .

In very significant allusion to this event, he writes—

"*Nov.* 16*th.*—You have heard what prevented me from writing. Matilda has continued to bear the event very well; and I have resumed my studies with tolerable tranquillity. We have had one comfortable letter from Mrs. Finch, stating that T. is reconciled to the place, and amuses himself, both with dress and with active amusements. . . I have just been reading the Report of the House of Commons on Asylums for the Insane, published many years ago; and there I find the description of Dr. Finch's house holds a conspicuous superiority. The gentlemen-patients have a space of nine acres of pleasure-ground. In short, the more I think of Laverstock, the more mitigated I feel my poor boy's misfortune. Still, I feel as if I needed a day's repose at Sydenham very much. My late cold, too, has shaken me out of all the benefit I had derived from Cheltenham, and has left a plaguing cough. . . But let not living man complain. . . I am to be out in print on Monday; and if I should not see you on that day, *Theodric* will. T. C."

The poem accordingly appeared at the time mentioned; and, "in a week," says the author, "full of accidental occupation and anxiety."

Change of scene was again recommended; and on the 23rd of December he writes to Mr. Richardson:—"I am engaged to go westward, to Althorp, and spend the holidays at Lord Spencer's. . . I am tempted to Althorp by the hope of seeing books, to which I should otherwise have no access. Nothing but this would have made me

break my resolution of keeping close to my study; although the Spencers invited me with a cordiality, which, as my friend, you would have felt pleased with. . ."

"I am very glad that Jeffrey is going to review me; for I think *he* has the stuff in him to understand *Theodric*. You have no conception of the blazing letter which Mrs. F. has written. . . Is it not a shame that the stories of Medwin are not publicly contradicted? . . T. C."

* * * * *

Of his visit to Althorp, Campbell has left several memoranda, from which I make the following extract:—

"*December* 28, 1824.

"Here I am in Althorp—a most beautiful Castle of Indolence—lounging and learned indolence. I am breathing refreshment from the fatigues of the last month. I find it setting me on my legs again. Unhappily, however, I have seen nothing but the house and its domain; for it has rained wretchedly all but one day, and on that arrived Colburn's close pages for revision! . . On the 23rd, before leaving home, I sat down to the composition of the pages heading the Number, at eight A.M., and finished at two next morning. It is twenty close-written pages. At five, I rose, and got to the Northampton Stage, which started at seven. . . I got to Althorp just as the family and a large party were sitting down to dinner. One gentleman, about my own age, took upon himself the payment of hospitable attention to me. . . Imagine my surprise, when I heard him addressed as Mr. L., at the sound of which all associations of satire and Dr. Parr's wig thronged my imagination; but the trick of taking Parr's wig and wearing it at dinner with the Doctor, he persists in denying. . ."

"The time goes on very pleasantly in the family: all are so unexceptionable, that it would be almost invidious to speak of one more than another. Their hospitality is like a genial atmosphere; you breathe it refreshingly without feeling its weight. You are left so much at leisure, and yet can always find society in one or other of the Libraries. We have Lord Duncannon and his brother, Col. Ponsonby, whose military anecdotes are very amusing. We had yesterday the reinforcement of a Keeper of the Records named Patric, a man of great information, in the Lysson's style, and Dr. C——tone, who shows to more advantage here than at Oxford. I did him injustice in forming a rash opinion of him. I have been talking with him the greater part of the morning; and it verifies a remark I have often made, that if you get hold of a well-informed and well-bred man, it is your own fault if an hour or two cannot be pleasantly got over with him. He is just gone to examine some books on a commission which Courtenay gave him. . . I shall regret to be obliged to leave this place on the second of January; for I have pressing reasons to get an interview with my London booksellers. . . T. C."

Among the smaller poems of this year were *Reullura, The Ritter Bann,* and *A Dream**—all familiar to the readers of poetry, and exhibiting the Lyric Muse of Campbell in a new and attractive dress. In the last of these pieces, as it strikes me, there is throughout a marked allusion to his own private fortunes in the race of life. It is worthy of its predecessor, *The Last Man,* which it much resembles, but does not reach, either in poetical conception or expression.

* These lyrics appear from the MS. to have undergone much judicious alteration before they were admitted to a place in the authorised edition.

CHAPTER XIV.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE next event in Campbell's life, was the part he took in founding the London University—an event to which he always looked back with peculiar satisfaction—"the only important one," as he modestly expresses it, "in his life's little history." The project of a great metropolitan school had dwelt upon his mind, and occupied his serious thoughts, ever since his return from Germany ; but it was only to a select few of his private friends, that he had ventured to propound the scheme, and ask the benefit of their suggestions. During the past year, however, his opinions had become gradually matured by communication with those in whom he had confidence, and on whose talents and co-operation he could fully rely, whenever his plan should be brought before the public. This experiment was now to be tried ; and to prepare the way for its favourable reception, private conferences were held, where the merits of the scheme were freely discussed, and arrangements concluded for a public meeting on the subject. From various documents regarding these meetings, and the first stage of the University-scheme, I annex the following particulars in the words of the writer :—

"*Saturday, Feb. 12th*, 1825.—The establishment of an University in London has for a considerable time been a favourite object with my friend Thomas Campbell. It is now more than a year since he first mentioned the project to me. I agreed with him as to the great importance of such

an Institution; but I did not concur with him in the probability he thought there was of raising money to carry his project into execution. In several subsequent conversations, he developed his plan, which was comprehensive; but I still remained in doubt that money could be raised to carry it into execution. About a month ago, Mr. Campbell told me he was resolved to bring his project before the public, that, at least, it might be known; that he was sanguine of success, from the assistance which making it known would procure for him. . . . On the 31st ult. a gentleman called upon me, said he had dined with several other gentlemen the preceding evening, at Mr. Brougham's; he named the gentlemen who dined there, and among them, Mr. T. Campbell. After dinner, he said, Mr. Campbell talked of his project of a London University, which was countenanced by all who were present. Mr. Campbell, he said, evidently calculated on the assistance of every one of them. It was this, I conclude, which induced Mr. Campbell to publish his letter to Mr. Brougham, on the 9th inst., in the *Times* newspaper, as a project for a University.

"In a conversation which I have just had with Mr. Hume, he informed me that there would be a dinner on Monday next, at Mr. John Smith's; where Mr. Mill, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Campbell, and himself, would be guests; and he hoped something would be done to promote Mr. Campbell's project. I told Mr. Hume that I saw but one obstacle to it, and that was want of money; and this obstacle I did not expect would be removed. Mr. Hume replied, that if a sketch of what Mr. Campbell intended, as well in teaching, as in moral discipline, and expence to students, were drawn up, he doubted not that he could procure subscribers to a large amount, which he named; and this induced me to promise, on the part of Mr. Campbell, that such a paper should at once be drawn up. I objected, however, to Mr. Hume, that the large sum he had named might not be subscribed; and that he might be disappointed. To this he replied—'Get the paper drawn up, and trust to me to make good my promise.'

"*Sunday, Feb. 13th.*—Mr. Campbell has been with me, and has undertaken to produce such a paper as Mr. Hume requires. I have no doubt that his project will be crowned with success."*

From these memoranda regarding the University, we

* "The substance of notes which I made when the proposal for an University in London was first countenanced by Mr. Campbell's friends.

"FRANCIS PLACE."

turn to the Poet's own account of it, in a more advanced stage.

"Seymour Street West, *April* 30, 1825.

". . . I have had a double-quick time of employment since I saw you. In addition to the business of the Magazine, I have had that of the University in a formidable shape. Brougham, who must have popularity among Dissenters, propounded the matter to them. The delegates, of almost all the dissenting bodies in London, came to a conference at his summons. At the first meeting, it was decided that there should be *Theological* chairs, partly Church of England and partly Presbyterian. I had instructed all friends of the University to resist any attempt to make us a Theological body; but Brougham, Hume, and John Smith came away from the first meeting, saying:—'We think with you, that the introduction of Divinity will be mischievous; but we must yield to the Dissenters, with Irving at their head. We must have a *theological* college.' I immediately waited on the Church of England Men, who had already subscribed to the number of a hundred, and said to them;—You see our paction is broken: I induced you to subscribe, on the faith that no ecclesiastical interest, English or Scotch, should predominate in our scheme; but the Dissenters are rushing in—What do you say?' They—that is, the Church of England friends of the scheme—concerted that I should go, commissioned from them, to say at the conference, that either the Church of England must predominate, or else there must be no church influence. I went with this commission; I debated the matter with the Dissenters. Brougham, Hume, and John Smith, who had before deserted me, changed sides, and came over to me. Irving and his party stoutly opposed me; but I succeeded, at

last, in gaining a complete victory. . . The Dissenters themselves, I must say, behaved with extreme candour: they would not even suffer me to conclude my reply to Mr. Irving, but exclaimed, 'Enough, enough. We are convinced, and concede the point, that the University shall be without religious rivalship.' The scene concluded amicably: Lord Althorp appeared on the part of the Church, and coincided in the decision.

"A directory of the association, for the scheme of the University, is to meet in my house, on Monday; and everything promises well. . . You cannot conceive what anxiety I have undergone, whilst I imagined that the whole beautiful project was likely to be reduced to a mere Dissenters' University! But I have no more reason to be dissatisfied with the Dissenters, than with the hundred Church of England subscribers, whose interests I have done my best to support. *I regard this as an eventful day in my life.* T. C."

The co-operation of Mr. Brougham and Mr. Hume was a public guarantee for the success of the experiment; and by the union of private and parliamentary interest, Campbell had the happiness to see his scheme taken up with spirit, and carried triumphantly through all its successive stages. To a friend deeply interested in the undertaking, he writes:—"*Monday.* . . . You will not grudge postage to be told the agreeable news that Brougham and Hume have reported their having had a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Liverpool; and that they expressed themselves not unfavourable to the plan of a great College in London. Of course, as Ministers had not been asked to pledge themselves to support us, but only to give us a general idea of their disposition, we could only get what we sought, a general answer. But

that, being so favourable, is much. I was glad also to hear that both Mr. Robinson and Lord Liverpool approved highly of no rival theological chairs having been agreed upon. Mr. R. even differed from Mr. Hume, when the latter said that, of course, getting a charter is not to be thought of. 'I beg your pardon,' said Mr. Robinson, 'I think it might be thought of; and it is by no means an impossible supposition.'

A copy of my scheme * of Education, but much mutilated and abridged, is submitted to their inspection. I mean, however, to transmit to them my scheme in an entire shape, and to publish it afterwards as a pamphlet. In the meantime, I must for a while retire,† and leave this business to other hands—now that it seems *safe* from any mischief which hitherto threatened it. I send you this intelligence, because it is an *event to me*, or at least a step in a promised event, which will be, perhaps, *the only important one in my life's little history*; and your correspondence has been a register of my affairs for a long time, and I hope will always be. T. C."

"30*th*.—I rejoice to find the wisest Churchmen and the wisest Dissenters decidedly agreeing on this point—that we ought, in this scheme, religiously to avoid all chance of *religious controversy*. Mr. Irving said that learning and science were the natural enemies of religion; but, if he said so, I paid him home for it very well. . . He came and shook hands with me at the conclusion."

* * * * *

* Vide Appendix.

† The retirement, to which he alludes, was from the business part of the arrangements. He appears to have attended the committees; and, though naturally averse to steady and continued exertion for the attainment of other objects, to have shown on this, at least, unabated zeal and perseverance.

The principal difficulties in the undertaking were now surmounted: the course was smooth and open; and in connection with those who had ably supported him in his patriotic views, Campbell had the happiness to feel that the subject became every day more popular. Public meetings were held; patrons multiplied; subscriptions poured in; and, before the end of summer, he had the certain prospect of seeing his expectations realised.* The scheme of education which he had proposed, was intended to combine various points in the German method, with whatever appeared more eligible in the systems pursued at home; and thus, out of the elements of British and Foreign universities, it was resolved to construct a system of academic discipline, that should accord with the advanced state of science and literature, and meet the actual wants and wishes of the community.

To test the German system by experiment, to collect various facts and materials connected with the method, and the internal arrangements of the building itself, Campbell resolved to make a visit to Berlin; and there, by a careful inspection of the University, to ascertain how far it might be safely adopted as a model for that of London.

The almost exclusive attention he had given to this subject, had the happy effect of diverting his thoughts from domestic sorrows; but its result upon his health was very unfavourable; and, long before the time he proposed to start for Prussia, he had the appearance of a confirmed invalid.

On the 10th of September, Campbell embarked for Germany; and on the 13th thus announces his arrival in

* He complains, however, and apparently with some reason, that after the difficulties had been overcome, the importance of his service in the cause was rather questioned than acknowledged. Be this as it may, it is satisfactory to know that the honour of having originated the scheme of a university in London, belongs exclusively to Campbell.

Hamburgh: "*Tuesday Evening*, 5 P.M.—I have just arrived, after a voyage of three nights and two days; the steamer more noisy and turbulent in her motions than a sailing-packet; very sick, and slept but little; agreeable passengers; and if our voyage was not finished in sixty hours, as promised, it was over in eighty. I expect to sleep soundly at the house of a private friend*—a countryman, whom I have found by chance; very fatigued. T. C."

Of his further progress, he writes:—

"HAMBURGH, *September* 14.

". . I amused myself with looking at the changes which twenty-five years had produced, particularly those occasioned by the siege, and the subsequent demolition of the walls. . . But local recollections can have no interest to those who are unacquainted with the spot. . . The only person whom I had known there, or about whom I cared, was Anthony Mac Cann—the real subject of my *Erin go bragh*. I found my Exile of Erin as glad to see me as if we had but parted a quarter of a year, instead of a quarter of a century. I left him, in 1801, as poor and delicate a youth, as a youth with good character and disposition could be. . . He won the heart of a young widow of Altona some years after I left him. He got a fortune with her, and has been long established there, as one of the wealthiest and most respectable of its inhabitants. He took me round a great part of the country in his own carriage; and I spent a day with him and Mrs. Mac Cann, who is a very sensible and agreeable person. . ."

"Tony and I repaired to the spot where we had often

* Mr. Elliott, agent for Lloyd's, who met him on board the packet.

walked when the day-star was setting in the west,* over our country. It is now a 'Tea-garden,' on a hill that overlooks a long course of the Elbe; and the prospect from it is compared, by the natives, to the view from Richmond Hill. . . My friend said he was as happy as a man could be, out of his own country; and should be *perfectly* so, if he were allowed to revisit it.† I went with him to see my old friend, Baron Vocht; but, on the day he invited me to dine with him, I was obliged to set out for Berlin. . . At Hamburgh, I could do nothing towards the express object for which I came to Germany; in truth, I foresaw a shower of invitations hanging over my head, and was glad to get away from them. I therefore took leave of Mr. Elliott, who, the moment he met me on board the packet, insisted that I should make his house my home, and was meditating a succession of dinners in his house, and out of it, on my account—a very kind proceeding on his part.— T. C."

"BERLIN, *September* 20.

"No part in Germany is more dreary and uninteresting, and no carriages I have ever sat in are so bone-shaking and uncomfortable, as the Prussian. The road is principally through sandy tracks, sometimes covered with stunted forests. . . The depth of the sand makes you expect to be overturned, and buried in it; and the moment

* "The day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!"

† Long ere this period, Campbell had made zealous but ineffectual efforts to procure this pleasure for "the Exile." In a letter to a friend, he says:—"*Jan.* 10*th*, 1817.—Making all the interest I am able for Anthony Mac Cann, but discouraged. More bigotry in the world than I thought or could have believed."—*Letter to R. Stevenson, Esq.*

you get out, you are so bumped and cudgelled on the causeway, that seems to be made with stones ejected and cooled from Etna, that you wish yourself quietly inhumed in the sandy desert! . . This road, however, is not a fair specimen of either the soil or appearance of Prussia, which has produced so many names distinguished in Arts, Science, and Literature. But I could not help wondering, that a country, containing such a line of land, divided by such miserable communications, could have to boast of ranking among the second-rate powers of the world. One cause—and one that is very honourable to the reigning family of Prussia—is the encouragement given to universities."

"I got to Berlin last night, and fixed myself at the best hotel in the town—the *St. Petersburg*, which is nearly opposite the University, in the finest street in Berlin, broader, I should think, than Portland Place, and containing some noble palaces. Berlin, as you have probably heard, is half-filled with barracks; and I have seen this morning, probably, the most imposing spectacle it has to produce—namely, its parade of troops. Nine thousand, horse and foot, marched in platoons under my windows, in their review attire, and with military music that beats Astley's all to nothing."

"21*st.*—I have just been through the University. I have taken the dimensions of its rooms, and got some books which give an account of its institutions. I have also given my letter of introduction to the Librarian [Dr. Spiker], who has given me the liberty of getting out any books I may wish for. . . I told you in my letter from Hamburgh that I should go to Leipsic; but I was soon after informed that Berlin is a place much preferable for my object, and superadds other *agrémens.* T. C."

"BERLIN, *November* [*October*] 5, 1825.

"I have spent a week at Berlin, my dear M., in excellent health and spirits. At my first arrival, I had a slight fever for some days—brought on by the fatigue of the journey; but of late, I have enjoyed myself much more. I have got every piece of information respecting the University, and every book that I wished for. I have done my business, and have taken out my place for next Sunday, in the coach for Hamburgh. How long or how short I shall delay there, will depend on circumstances. It is in contemplation among some of the English there, to give me a public dinner; and I have received a letter from one of the projectors of the plan, to consult my inclination on the subject. I thanked the people very kindly, who set on foot the proposal, and promised to accept of the hospitality of my countrymen, whether it may be shown me by a small or a great number. There are, already, about thirty individuals who will certainly meet to pay me the compliment of drinking my health; but my friends are ambitious to make it a more public matter, and to wait for the arrival of some persons, now absent from Hamburgh, whose presence would give importance to the entertainment. I am not sure, however, whether I shall be able to wait for this latter distinction—nor shall I know of what nature the entertainment will be, till I get to Hamburgh."

"Berlin is now as empty as London—the King at Paris—and none but Vulgarians in town. I have a vulgar taste, however, and have been very glad to find that some of the Hof-raths and well-born Herren—to whom I had introductions—are in the country. Among the few professors whom I have found, I have met with great civility. The librarian of the University, in particular, Dr. Spiker, has

sent me every book to my lodgings that I wanted to consult. I begin to speak German—so as to be able to support conversation; but still there are many inconveniences that a stranger feels, from incomplete acquaintance with the language of a place. These I should have felt in many instances, had I not fortunately met with a couple of my countrymen, who are studying medicine here, although they have actually entered the London College of Surgeons. These young men make me feel very old, for they pay me such attention that I think I must appear in their eyes as venerable as Nestor! They regulate their business for the day, so as to keep themselves at my service—as they phrase it—whenever they can be useful; so that I have no trouble but to eat, and drink, and go about to see sights! From anybody, such attention would excite a kindly feeling; but from young men of most respectable attainments, and gentlemanlike manners, it is even flattering. I am not suffered to carry my own cloak or umbrella, nor to bring anything for myself that I want; and they offered even to write out a translation of some difficult German, which I have had to get through, to the amount of sixty very large-sized and small-printed quarto pages. As they are in very good circumstances, the offer was perfectly gratuitous—but I thought it would be unfair to allow them to sacrifice so much time from their own proper studies. Finally, my devoted friends have taken out their places for Hamburgh, in order to be present at the dinner to be given me, whether it shall prove public or private. This is more zeal than I would show for Tom Campbell myself!—for, unless I were obliged to return by way of Hamburgh, I would not undergo the thumping of a German coach four hundred miles—to hear Mr. Tom Campbell's health drunk, for the whole city of Hamburgh.

"Berlin is a handsome town, on the whole; and the University is just such a building as I would wish for the London one. It was the Palace of Prince Henry—the brother of Frederick the Great—and was the private property of the present King, when he gave it to the noble Institution which he had endowed. The sight of it made me, for the first time in my life, envy a king. By the way, the more that I see of Prussia, and hear of the King's character, I am inclined the more to respect him, and to regret that he belongs to the 'Holy Alliance.' He has become an alarmist about reformation of late, as well as his minister, Hardenberg; but the good which Hardenberg did, whilst he was himself a state reformer, ought to cover all his faults, and make posterity his debtor. At one blow he emancipated the whole peasantry and feudal holders of Prussia—an event, I think, parallel in importance with the Magna Charta in England.

* * * * *

"Berlin is, like all the world, uncomfortable if you compare it with London. The unpaved streets make you hobble along most wretchedly; and the furniture, carriages, and all productions of manufactures are miserable, in comparison with ours. But, in one respect, it is a glorious place—at least to my taste—and that is for cookery! It is a positive fact, my dear M., that the Berlin *carbonado*, or veal-cutlet—yea, start not—even the beefsteak is better than our own; and the carp, the eels, and the wild pork are delicious, and scientifically cooked! In London, it is impossible to get a tolerable dinner at a coffee-house under half-a-guinea. Here, I go to the royal restaurateur's, and get soup, stewed eel, carbonado, and half-a-pint of Barsac, for three shillings.

* * * * *

"I have been at the Opera, and been greatly delighted

with Madlle. Sonntag's singing.—A Mrs. Stück, also, who is at the head of their tragic actresses, appeared to me very lively and interesting in Schiller's 'Marie Stuart'—but the piece itself is so dull, that I could scarcely sit it out. The best painter here—a Mr. Wach—gets two thousand dollars, *i.e.*, 300*l.*, for his portraits. I was introduced to him yesterday, and saw one which he had just finished of the Crown-princess, who is a beautiful woman, and makes, to my taste, an admirable picture—though, with all Wach's finish and labour, one misses the sport and grace of Lawrence. Yet, excepting Lawrence, I think he matches any of our artists. You have not heard of the sculptor Rauch, I dare say; and in revenge, the Berlin people are profoundly ignorant of Chantrey. I went yesterday to see his *chef-d'œuvre*—the full-length image of the late queen, in a sleeping attitude. Away with comparisons—I have patted Chantrey's little cherubs so often, and with such delight, that I cannot bear to say anything comes near *them*. But certainly, this sleeping-beauty is a very touching work—I could not help kissing it."

Among the noted characters of the place, he says:—

"A famous linguist appears so like a barber, that he was called off the street one day by an officer who wore a long queue, and ordered—after a sharp reprimand for stopping so long—to come in and cut the gentleman's hair instantly! The Professor—to humour the joke—said he had forgot his scissors. He was furnished with a pair, and before the officer was aware, cropped his head close to the skull. He then retired from the forlorn 'croppy,' advising him never again, while he lived, to trust his head in the hands of a Greek Professor!"

* * * * *

"I trust to being in London by the 20th, which will be just in time for me to see some of the sheets of the 'New Monthly,' before they go to press. If this reaches you in time enough to admit of a letter reaching me, you may address 'to the care of Anthony Mac Cann, Esq., (Exile of Erin), Altona, near Hamburgh.' I shall be *there* on the eleventh. T. C."

The two Englishmen* alluded to in this letter, are both ornaments of the profession which they were then studying at Berlin; and through their kindness I am enabled to insert the following particulars—a "recital of the general impression left in the writer's mind:"—

"I was introduced to Mr. Campbell," says Mr. Spry, "at the Royal Library, by Dr. Spiker, and was very much struck by his enfeebled appearance. I could not help feeling surprise, that a person, in his delicate health, should have undertaken so long and wearisome a journey, without some strong motive, or urgent necessity—neither of which, in his case, appeared to exist. He was very glad to obtain the assistance of an English medical student; and, during his stay at Berlin, we spent several hours daily in each other's company. His spirits were, at times, very buoyant; and he endeavoured to persuade himself that he was young enough to live over again the student life he once enjoyed in the South of Germany, and of which he delighted to narrate various anecdotes. But his physical powers were unequal to the task. He found the labour of sauntering about the Libraries and Museum, sufficiently fatiguing; and did not attend any of the levees of the leading professors. As far as I could learn, he wished to refresh his recollections of the German system of teaching, in reference to its adoption in the London University. . . ."

"My friend Coulson and I had arranged a visit to Göttingen, before the commencement of the regular classes, in the winter *semestre;* and as Mr. Campbell had accepted an invitation to an entertainment, from the English residents at Hamburgh, we thought it would be an act of kindness to accompany him, and render him that medical aid, which we much

* William Coulson, Esq., London, Editor of Blumenbach's *Comparative Anatomy*, &c., &c.; and E. J. Spry, Esq., of Truro.

feared he would require. . . . He supported the fatigues of the journey * much better than could have been expected, and was warmly welcomed on his arrival. . . . Mr. Canning, our Consul, presided at the feast. . . ."

"I left him at the *Schulter Blatt* at Altona, much recruited in mind and body; but I parted from him, with sincere regret at the too certain approach of premature decay. . . . For any little attention shown him, he was exceedingly grateful; and I should say that the impression he left on the minds of those with whom he came into familiar intercourse was, that he possessed a benevolent disposition and a warm heart. When I called with him to take leave of Dr. Spiker, he inscribed in the Doctor's album these lines :—

'To live in hearts we leave behind
Is ne'er to die.' †

"The *literati* of Berlin evinced considerable curiosity to see, and to be introduced to, the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' in which character he was best known to them; but they all appeared to share the surprise experienced by myself at his decrepid appearance.

"E. J. SPRY."

"TRURO, *August 26th*, 1847."

With respect to the public dinner given him at Hamburgh, I find but a very brief notice in one of his letters :—"*Oct. 14th.*—I have been invited to a public dinner by the English residents of Hamburgh, to the number of above eighty. The managers of the entertainment tell me they could make it a much more numerous meeting, but are anxious to have it select. . . The day is to be *Thursday* next; and on Friday I shall embark for England. . . In the meantime I am at two entertainments every day, and have to *study* every morning the *extempore* verses which I am to insert in the Ladies' Albums. Not one of them lets me escape without inscribing my name;

* In pleasing confirmation of this, Campbell, writing from Hamburgh, October 14, says, "Except a rap on the knee by a fall on the iron steps, I may say it was a *pleasant journey*. The carriage, on this occasion, was remarkably well hung and stuffed; and I had my amusing young doctors—Coulson and Spry—for my fellow travellers."

† See Poems. Ode, "Hallowed Ground," page 225.

and, of course, I must add something loving and complimentary. . . This idle life, however, tires me; and in the midst of gaiety, I am filled with uneasiness. . . . My fears conjure up what I trust will turn out to be phantoms.* T. C."

"*Oct.* 28*th.*—I have just reached town from Harwich after a stormy passage, but a short one. Though I have been travelling nine hours in a post-chaise, I still feel the motion of the ship, as if I were balancing on the slack-rope. In one and the same morning, I have ascertained the joyous news that Thomas is tolerably well, and that my Sydenham friends are so likewise. . . At present I write with all my heart, but none of my head; yet the journey has certainly done me good.—T. C."

At a public meeting, held at Freemasons' Tavern on the 10th of November, Campbell appeared among the strenuous supporters of the Western Literary and Scientific Institution; and, in a speech that called forth repeated bursts of applause, thus alluded to the grand object of his late efforts in the cause of literature :—

". . . Since I first heard of the proposed Institution, I have never ceased for one moment to consider it at once commendable in its motives, and practicable in its objects; and I am much deceived if I am wrong in hailing it as a prognostic of advantages that will outlive our own generation. It is a fresh mark that the desire of knowledge is germinating fast, and widely, in the field of public opinion. It is one of the vernal promises of an intellectual harvest, that will ultimately cover the whole domain of society. . . . I am loth to intermix a single remark, personally regarding myself, with the opinions I express on a subject of so much public importance. But my motive for doing so, is my anxiety to show, that my ardent good wishes, for the success of this establishment, are perfectly consistent with opinions which I uttered, before I knew that your institution was contemplated; and I throw myself on your momentary

* In allusion to apprehensions respecting his son's recovery.

indulgence for making this explanation. In urging the plan of a London University—and if it succeeds, I *shall ask for no better epitaph on my grave*, than to have been one of its successful instigators—I declared my belief that institutions, of the kind now proposed, could never constitute the sufficient means of public education for youth. No: the truth only amounts to this, that such institutions cannot answer the purposes of universities, not being in their nature intended to be available for such purposes. The education of an university ought to be adapted to the management of youth, who cannot manage themselves. It implies authority, and responsibility, and the power of examination on the part of the teachers; and it involves many particulars that could not enter into your scheme. It is no inconsistency, therefore, on the part of the most strenuous advocate for a London University, to wish that institutions, like this, may increase and prosper. Welcome be your success!—it will expand, and corroborate the desire for mental improvement. Most welcome be your chairs—to be filled by able and eloquent teachers! They will be wholesome rivals to those of our University; for who knows not that competition is the parent of all excellence? No—the literary institutions of London will be no impediment to her University; on the contrary, they will be so many redoubts, and flanking towers, around the great fortress of public instruction." *

On his return from Germany, Campbell found that he had a considerable lee-way to make up in his editorial duties; and on these, with harassing cares from another quarter, his improved health was too soon exhausted.

Nov. 25th, he writes—"I passed last night in the most dismal conjectures. It is now, however, unnecessary for me to talk thus. I ought to tell you how I am employed in the little world in which I move. . . . . I am immersed in the obscure points of the history of the Greek drama; and some of them I am in hopes of settling, at least, to my own satisfaction. I patronise, you know,

* This speech, of which the preceding is but a short extract, was followed by others in the same spirit from Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. D. Kinnaird, and various gentlemen less known, and less eloquent, but not less zealous in their endeavours to promote the good cause.

the Attic dialect and the Athenians; but the Doric dialect has put in most impudent claims on my attention to priority in the drama; and I have found Theban inscriptions of very hard digestion. . . . But never mind. Attic salt and a stout stomach will digest them all. Our glorious old English Bentley, and the best modern German scholars, present views and proofs of the subject, beyond what I had dared to hope for, analogous to my own involuntarily formed opinions.

"Do not think I am becoming a *speechifier*, or a people-hunter, if you hear of my attending, or presiding at, public meetings for new institutions. . . . I am only complying with the earnest solicitations of bodies of men, whose intentions I consider praiseworthy and virtuous; and I firmly believe that popular sobriety will be the result of this popular love of literary institutions.* T. C."

On the 30th of January, a letter, full of characteristic sympathy, was drawn from him by the death of Mrs. Gray:—"My dear Gray, I hasten to offer you and all your family my deepest condolence on this sad event. It excites feelings beyond the reach of expression. A being so dear to you as your departed mother, I am convinced, was never taken from you.—I can enter into your sorrow with no ordinary sympathy: for, as you know, and as I have often told you, I never knew her superior

* In the spring of this year, Campbell entered into correspondence with President Jefferson, of Virginia, with the view of serving his friend, Mr. R——, who purposed to emigrate and establish public schools in that State, upon the Scottish principle. The enterprise was warmly espoused by Jefferson; and, in a long letter to Campbell, full of kindness to himself and anxiety to serve his friend, he gave a minute account of the educational system adopted in his own State, where a University had just been opened; and adds—"Should Mr. R—— pursue this chance, I should cordially give him any aid in my power, and be very happy to receive him at Monticello.—T. J."

in gentleness—in principle, and in pure conduct. My heart loved her as a child, and I shall always venerate her memory. What woman ever left a more beautiful memory to the love of her surviving kindred—among whom I am proud to rank myself? Only 'the actions of the just smell sweet, and blossom in the dust!' Commend me with a full heart to all your family. Mrs. C. joins me in best regards to you—nothing was necessary to increase my regard for you, dear Gray: but this event makes me feel to the utmost extent, how much I am your sincerely attached cousin. T. C."*

As a contrast to the preceding, and one of numerous instances where he seeks relief from pressing cares, by forcing his thoughts into new channels, I subjoin a lively paragraph regarding the decorative process in his new house:—"*Feb.* 12*th.*—Yesterday I was greeted all day long with the glad notes of preparation; namely, the hammering down of the partitions which are to throw the whole domicile into one spacious study, eighteen feet by fifteen! I have bargained with the mason to finish it for a reasonable sum,† considering that the iron door alone, which is enjoined by Act of Parliament where partitions are entered between separate houses, will cost ten guineas. I have also carried a great domestic point, which is, that the drawing-room is to be stript of every book; and I propose to treat myself with a handsome new carpet, as well as to some elegant leathern chairs.‡ I have moreover bargained with myself that I shall smoke no more in my study, but transfer all my *fuming* meditations to a

* To William Gray, Esq., on the death of his mother, the Poet's "favourite cousin." See page 288.

† This and other *reasonable* sums, as will appear, turned out to be three times the amount calculated upon.

‡ Most of this furniture Campbell retained until his death at Boulogne.

spare garret. My fancy also riots by anticipation in the luxury of a geranium-coloured paper, with gold leaves, to harmonize with the glory of my gilded and red-bound books! But here my poverty and my vanity are at loggerheads. And who knows whether this study may not at last send me to the spunging house? With regard to the bust,* I daresay my sculptor thinks me mad not to let him finish it; but, alas! I have neither leisure nor fortitude for another sitting. T. C."

* * * * *

The first hints respecting the functions of Lord Rector, to which he was very soon to be called in his native University, are thrown out in the following reply to a communication that "he had a strong party among the students of Glasgow, who, if he accepted their invitation, would insure his election."

"SEYMOUR STREET WEST, *February* 28, 1826.

"I own to you that, although now approaching to what is called a Dumbarton youth, I have still youthful ambition left to wish to visit Glasgow on such honourable terms; and really, I do not think it would do any harm to the good cause, if it did take place—so far, at least, as to prevent the *Tories* getting replaced in their Rector-elections. I have a *presentiment* that it will take place; though I have completely fortified my mind against eventual disappointment. Belief is something towards its own realisation. Grotius, in describing the success of the Batavians, in breaking the Spanish yoke, says beautifully—*Credendo fecerunt!* Let us go on in this belief. . . Meanwhile, whatever be the issue, believe me, that I shall feel

* By E. H. Baily. Ordered by Mr. Thomson, by whom a copy was presented to the Glasgow University. See vol. I. Note, page 106.

equally sensible of your kindness, whether it be that I sup with *you*, as Lord Rector, at Glasgow; or that you dine, and condole with *me* for my non-rectorship, in London.

"I have added a side-house as a study to my establishment, where I am getting up my books in capital order; and when you come to town, for the aforesaid purpose of consoling me for my disappointment, it is *there* we shall laugh over the matter. T. C."

This topic, once started, supplied materials for regular correspondence with his Glasgow friends, whose confidence in the result was daily increased by passing events. It is unnecessary, however, that we should enter into these with more minuteness than is merely sufficient to show the progressive steps by which the object was attained; and, while endeavouring to perform this duty, I shall continue such extracts* as may bring before the reader the more private, but not less interesting, traits of the Poet's life, during the exciting period that had now commenced.

By the end of March he announces, with much satisfaction, that he had taken possession of his library, and asks the congratulations of his friends on the propitious event. But the happiness he had promised himself in this, as in other important arrangements, ended in, at least temporary, disappointment; for he writes—"I have had sad, racking head-aches, occasioned by the smell of the paint in my new study; yet, thank Heaven, I *have* got into it; and it is comfortable in all other respects." In a few days later, he adds, "I am thankful that my head-

* In selecting some of these paragraphs, the reader, perhaps, may think me injudicious; but I cannot exclude instances of various humour which, however apparently beneath the notice of a great mind, are very characteristic of the Poet, and show that habitual gravity is no test of superior philosophy.

ache, having no longer the pretext of the smell of paint for tormenting me, has modestly spared its visits; and I find my twenty-feet room a more agreeable asylum than I even expected; but still—still I long to breathe the air of Sydenham!"

Again—"I like the extent and quiet of my study; for it seems to give me room and repose to think of all things pleasant—and among these, there is nothing pleasanter than to be entitled by old use and wont—which constitute a right—to be, your affectionate friend. T. C."

May 7th.—"On Saturday morning I projected a trip to Sydenham, just to breathe the fresh air and to lunch with you. But no; I was obliged to coin an *extempore* in the course of five hours. Our poetical department was desperately desolate this week; so I was kept at work from eleven till five, making five very so-so stanzas. Then I had to dress and go to the anniversary dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund; while, all the way, I had to muse on the pleasing uncertainty whether it would be necessary for me to make a speech! . . During my hackney-coach journey to the Freemasons' Tavern, I composed *ten* sentences, making each of my fingers—thumbs, of course, included—the representative and remembrancer of a sentence.

"Well, I arrived at the place of execution; dinner began, the room was 'heatified' to suffocation; whilst the conversation on all sides prevented me from rehearsing to my own devout soul, what I should possibly say. . . I felt a head-ache—such as I had on Monday—coming on. . . . I asked Mulready, who sat beside me, if he could get a list of the *toasts* intended. He succeeded in getting one. Overjoyed, I saw that there was no mention of *my* name; my head-ache left me, and my spirits rose to serene gaiety!

Moore was but second from me, and the conversation delightful. When, horrible to relate! Mr. Shee got up, and, in *spite* of the written list, proposed Moore's health and mine! Moore, the rogue, had evidently a neat speech by heart, about stars and astronomy.—But I will save you further agony on my account. I looked earnestly at my thumbs and fingers, and then spoke for about ten minutes without break or hesitation! A plague on public dinners, with their *afterpieces* and gluttonous insincerity! Yet, after all, I was *not* insincere in my gratitude to Moore, for rising first, and allowing me time to count my fingers. . . The Honourable F. Robinson was chairman, and spoke very well in the chair. He alluded to his father, with an affectionate ardour that touched a string in my heart, which vibrates still. I lost sight of the statesman in the man; and it was this that made me feel really flattered, when he spoke of me kindly in his speech, and came up and shook hands with me, when the meeting was breaking up. T. C."

"*June 6th.*—My old friend having ceased to manage the opera, I applied to the only man who can now give me tickets. He has promised me a box to the piece you mention; but, I am sorry to say, he has more than once disappointed me, and has the character of a *promising* genius; but I will try to keep him to his promise. . . . I was provoked with myself for overlooking the vile misprint in the "Wild Flowers," where birchen glades are printed *broken* glades."*

* "I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And birchen glades breathing their balm:
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened its calm."—POEMS, page 235.

Early in August, Campbell lost the younger of his two brothers, whose brief history has been given in the introductory chapter of this work. To the circumstances there mentioned, I will merely add, in one short sentence, a trait of feeling and delicacy which this event called forth, and which was very characteristic of his heart. Writing to a private friend, and not knowing in what circumstances his brother's family might have been left—yet fearing to give pain by a direct question—he begs him "to apply the bank note inclosed in his letter to the purchase of mourning for his sister-in-law and her infant family." In acts of this kind—and several have come to my own personal knowledge—Campbell always enhanced the kindness by anticipating the request, doing "good by stealth, and blushing," it might truly be said, "to find it fame."

While the arrangements for the election of a new Lord Rector were in active progress, Campbell was kindly, but urgently requested by his friends to make his personal appearance amongst them. A serious return of illness, however, had again laid him up; and, to an application from the same quarter, he replied as follows:—

"SEYMOUR STREET WEST, *October* 10, 1826.

". . I write in such torture with the rheumatism, that I can hardly hold a pen; yet, thank God, not so ill as I was. I was at one time on the eve of writing to you, to advertise my inability to go down to Scotland—whether the election were to succeed or not—and thus prevent my name being put up at all. But now, though I have not got rid of pain, I have got above the alarm and despondency which exhaustion occasioned; and you will agree with me, that this nomination having been once talked of, I ought, as a brave man, to face even the danger of defeat. I may be worse—I may be driven to Bath as

a last cure; but the election will be over this month, and it would be a pity to anticipate my case getting worse. . . I must leave the matter entirely to your own discretion, in which, as in your zeal and kindness, I have unlimited confidence. The subject of my letter to D. is to thank him for his public eulogium, which certainly deserves my gratitude, and shows a very warm heart. I write in a state of pain that makes it difficult to collect my thoughts; but the election, as I have said, must be in the main left to itself. T. C."

This attack was so protracted and severe as to preclude the hope of visiting Scotland within the limited period; but, after three weeks' confinement, the subject is thus resumed:—"*Nov. 3rd.*—I have recovered from the paroxysm of rheumatic pain, in which I was yesterday. I really wish I had not troubled you so much about the business of the Glasgow rectorship. If you have made it known in G. that I expressed to you the fear of being able to visit you, I must abide by the natural effect of my writing under too strong and painful excitement: but, otherwise, my commission to you is, to do nothing. Let us wait the event. I know that you are by much too prudent to have done any thing too much in the way of assisting me; and now I am convinced that, with all your friendship, you cannot do too little. We must let the matter take its course. T. C."

"*Nov. 6th.*— . . . In any discrepancy which you may perceive in the tone of my letters, you must make allowance, not only for my being very unwell, but for my being in a state of great uncertainty about my pecuniary affairs. I am now better—but my affairs are not. I got in bills on Saturday morning, for the making up of my new house,

treble the amount expected; and also confirmation of an acquaintance being bankrupt, for whom I had advanced the deposits on three shares in the London University. . . : . . I could not *now* accept the rectorship, if it were at my option. If I travelled to accept it, it must be on borrowed money. Friends I have in plenty, who would lend—but I fear debt, as I do the bitterness of death. . . . I know not what is going on about the election, more than a vague rumour that some of the students meant to propose me. Last week I saw nothing that could induce me to forbid my name being put up; but before its close, I have seen that, let my chance be great or small, I could not accept the honour if it were offered me. I request you therefore to thank, in my name, such of the students as intended to vote for me; and to assure them, that I am fully sensible of their kindness; but that I beg not to be considered as a candidate. . . . . I trust you will add that the circumstances, on being explained to you, appear to be very cogent,* and make it impossible for me to leave my family at this time, without the most serious inconvenience. T. C."

How far his friend and relative acted upon this candid avowal does not appear; but, with the generosity of his character, it is known that the pecuniary obstacles that stood in Campbell's way were removed as soon as mentioned. To this, also, the payment of a legacy materially contributed; and all other objections being waved, the partialities of the students were allowed to have free course.

* Circumstances connected with the painful state of his son's malady are here stated, which far outweighed all pecuniary obstacles, and apparently left him no alternative but to decline the honour proposed. But other views were soon presented which enabled him to accept the high office to which he was invited.

In the meantime, the canvass went on with great spirit: all the machinery employed on similar occasions was called into action. Wit and eloquence—satire, epigram, and pasquinade—were brought to the service of the rival candidates; and the election was contested with a skill and perseverance that, added to political excitement, heightened the interest of the scene, but left the result neither tedious nor doubtful. By an immense majority—"the unanimous vote of the four nations"—Campbell was returned duly elected; and received the following notification of the fact from the Very Reverend the Principal of the University:—

"GLASGOW COLLEGE, *November* 15, 1826.

"SIR,

"I beg to inform you, that you have this day been elected Rector of the University of Glasgow for the ensuing year. The statutes require that your acceptance of the office be notified within fourteen days.

"I have the honour to be, respectfully,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"D. MACFARLANE,

"*Principal of Glasgow College.*"

"TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq."

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